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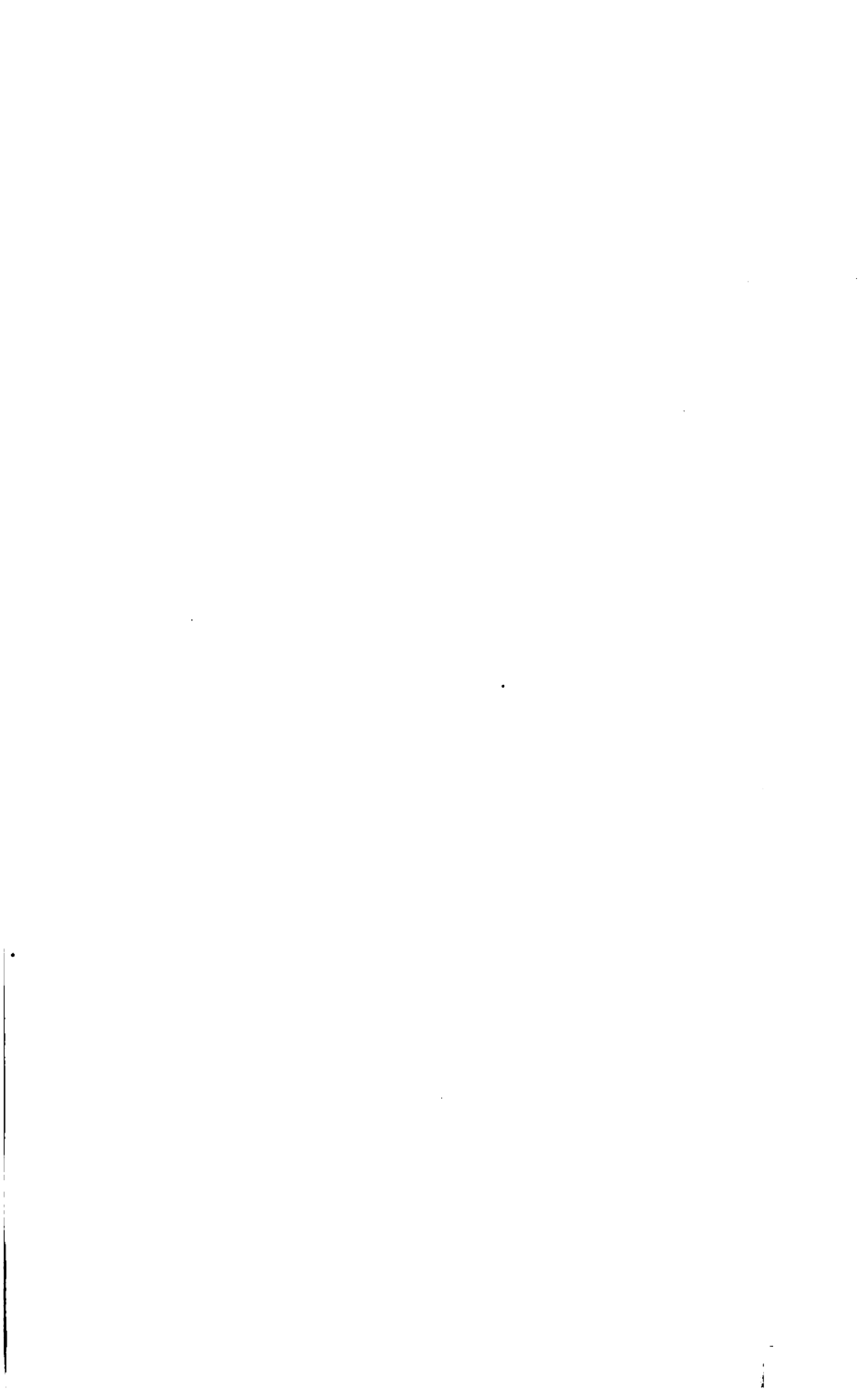


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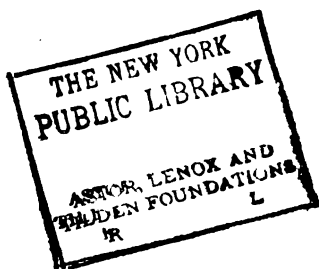
THE  
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THE  
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

MAY, 1853

- ART. I.—1. *A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory: including their Organization, Habits, and Relations; remarks on Classification and Nomenclature; an Account of the Principal Organs of Birds, and Observations relative to Practical Ornithology. Illustrated by numerous Engravings.* By WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY, A.M., LL.D., Professor of Natural History, and Lecturer on Botany in Marischal College and University, Aberdeen. 5 vols. 8vo. London, 1837-52.
2. *Biographical Account of the late William Macgillivray, A.M., LL.D., late Regius Professor of Natural History in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen.* Communicated by ALEXANDER THOMSON, Esq. of Banchory. Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal for April, 1853.
3. *The Natural History of Ireland: Birds.* By WILLIAM THOMPSON, Esq., President of the Natural History and Philosophical Society of Belfast. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1849-51.

IN a recent Article we discoursed concerning the birds of Ireland compared with those of Britain, and were constrained to commence by an expression of sorrow for the untimely death of Mr. William Thompson of Belfast, the most skilful and accomplished Zoologist of the sister island. His ornithological labours had fortunately been completed before his removal from among us. We are now called on to record a parallel case which has recently occurred in the decease of Mr. William Macgillivray, one of the most assiduous and successful cultivators of Natural History in Scotland. He, too, had just terminated the corresponding portion of his manifold labours—his “History of British Birds,”—commenced and carried forward

during the unceasing pressure of an almost toilsome professional application to various other subjects of a literary and scientific nature, in no way uncongenial to his tastes, but requiring to be performed in a more rapid and unrelenting manner ~~than~~, but for the frequent and alas! too often fatal "*res angusta domus*," would have been pursued. His ~~researches~~ in ornithology were, however, carried on, for a ~~series~~ of years, deliberately and with great determination; and his exposition of the internal structure of birds, especially of the digestive organs, so intimately connected with the haunts and habits of the species, forms an almost novel, as it is undoubtedly a most valuable feature in his volumes. These contain, as he has himself stated, (Preface to Volume V.), the only full and detailed technical descriptions hitherto given in this country; and the manners of the various kinds are treated of with equal extension in every case in which he had it in his power to study them. In our further exposition of Ornithology we shall pay regard, in so far as our limits may admit, to whatever is of general interest in his recently completed work. We view it as the best we have upon the subject—certainly the most carefully wrought out from earnest and long-continued actual observation, and the most free from hasty or superficial compilation of any which has hitherto been laid before us. Many may read our present pages who knew the largely-gifted, though somewhat peculiarly constituted person now named—who remember his activity and perseverance both of mind and body—who may not only have studied with profitable pleasure his numerous works, but, associated in his labours, may have seen him ascending with vigorous and unwearied steps the sides and summits of our highest mountains, bearing with ease the accumulated products of the various "Kingdoms," from the almost imponderable specimens of Entomology, to the more bulky yield of the Botanical collector, and the "killing burden" of the geologist's heavy sack. Many are the wondrous scenes he must have witnessed during his long-continued wanderings along the wild and weather-beaten shores of the far Hebrides, (where he sojourned several years,) over their arid rocks, their dark moors, and stagnant mosses, or, on the broader mainland—up into the heart of many a mountain-mist, or clambering with cautious steps among the craggy and cloud-capt peaks of the more central range of the lofty Grampians. In the days of his strength, like the eagle whose haunts he scaled, and whose habits he has well described—

"He dallied with the wind, and scorned the sun."

Patient of thirst and hunger, regardless of summer's heat and of winter's cold, except in so far as the changing seasons brought

some accession or alteration of those varied organic forms, on the structure of which it was ever his delight to dwell, he seemed himself so constructed in his bodily frame and constitution as to sanction a reasonable hope of lengthened life and long-continued labour. But it was otherwise ordained. An insidious disease, it may be occasioned by early and imprudent exposure, or aggravated by anxiety and want of rest, made rapid and fatal progress, which a tardy removal to a more genial climate (without, we fear, a corresponding period of mental repose) could in no way stay. After a short residence at Torquay he returned to Aberdeen, where he had for some years held a professorship of Natural History, and died there on the 5th day of September 1852, aged fifty-six.

"His health," says Mr. Thomson, in his pleasing though brief biography, "began to fail about a year and a half before his death, and he never appeared to recover from the fatigue and exposure of a month spent, in 1850, in exploring the central region of the Grampians, the district around Lochnagar. In November 1851 he was obliged to repair to the south of England, in the expectation of benefiting by the milder air of Devonshire, and at first there was some ground to hope; but after his arrival at Torquay he was suddenly deprived of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached; and from this blow, though he received it as a man and a Christian, he appears never to have rallied; he gradually became weaker, and though he never ceased to work, it was most distressing to his family to see his exertions, the mind and will resolutely striving against the weakness of the body. He was confined to bed for a few days at last; spoke much and affectionately to his children when pain did not prevent him; looked forward with calmness and hope to his last struggle; expressed in the clearest terms his simple trust in his Saviour alone, and at last gently fell asleep to be for ever with the Lord, whose works he had so ardently admired on earth, and in whose atoning blood he trusted for acceptance with his God."\*

In addition to his distinct or independent works, Mr. Macgillivray's writings, (both avowed and anonymous,) in the form of contributions and translations for scientific and other periodicals, were numerous and diversified.† He was not only an assiduous

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\* *Edinburgh New Phil. Journ.*, No. cviii. p. 205.

† It is not now possible to trace all our author's minor essays, but the reader will find an ample list in the memoir above referred to. His separate publications seem to have amounted to about 20 volumes. Besides these he contributed 6 papers to the Transactions of the Wernerian Society; 12 to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*; 9 to the *Edinburgh Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*; 3 to the *Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland*; 2 to the *Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science*, to say nothing of the helping hand which he gave to various authors. He, moreover, translated above a thousand pages of *Natural History* from French and Latin, and sent many papers to the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, and the *Edinburgh Journal of Natural His-*

observer and correct reporter of details, but had a good taste in general literature, and indulged successfully, when so inclined, in that more discursive, though rather dangerous style of composition, which, well enough it may be, when married to "immortal verse," is sometimes unfortunately found disjoined from precision and even from truthfulness of scientific statement when applied to mortal prose. His impressions of all external objects, whether relating to their minuter features or their broader characters, were clearly conceived and accurately expressed, and an almost poetical vein sometimes shewed its golden courses among the otherwise barren heaps of his descriptive details. He loved nature in all her aspects, and—

" Would walk alone

Under the quiet stars, and at that time  
He felt whate'er there is of power in sound  
To breathe an elevated mood, by form  
Or image unprofaned, and he would stand,  
If the night blackened with a coming storm,  
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are  
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,  
Or make their dim abode in distant winds."

With a proud, we should rather say a praiseworthy, spirit of independence, he became a teacher of others as well as of himself, and in very early life assumed, and efficiently performed, the functions of parish schoolmaster in a remote region in the Island of Harris. His place of birth was Old Aberdeen, and after a youthful sojourn in Harris, (where he had some near relations,) he returned to that city, and placed himself under the tuition of an excellent scholar, Mr. Ewan M'Lachlan. In due time he entered on his classical curriculum in King's College, and also renewed his connexion with Harris, residing there for the greater portion of several seasons, (during which period it was, we presume, that he engaged in teaching,) and attending the winter sessions of his University for the completion of his own scholarly attainments, and the study of medicine, in which latter department, however, he never graduated. As an alumnus of the University and King's College of Aberdeen, he eventually took the degree of A.M.\* Some of his earliest

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tory. We understand he has left, ready for publication, the two following works :—

1. A History of the Vertebrated Animals inhabiting the counties of Forfar, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin, and Nairn, with the adjoining parts of those of Inverness and Perth.

2. The Natural History of Balmoral from Notes made during an Excursion to Braemar in the autumn of 1850.

\* Through the kind attentions of Mr. James Campbell Tait, of Edinburgh, and Mr. C. Shaw, Sheriff-Substitute, Loch Maddy, North Uist, we have recently

Essays in Natural History having speedily attracted the notice of Professor Jameson, he came to Edinburgh (where, we believe, he had some years before attended a course of lectures on his favourite subjects) about the year 1823, under the auspices of that distinguished veteran in science, assuming the functions of assistant-keeper of the University Museum, and devoting his evening hours, with great determination, to scientific lucubrations, and the writing of abstracts and translations, chiefly for the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal. His daily duties in the Museum, and in connexion with Professor Jameson's course of lectures, necessarily gave him constant access to the treasures of that great collection, and speedily rendered him familiar with a multiplicity of natural objects, for a knowledge of which he would have elsewhere sought in vain. After eight years continuous labour under Professor Jameson, he was appointed (in 1831) keeper of the Museum of the College of Surgeons, where he had the advantage of longer intervals of leisure, for the furtherance of his own more special pursuits, with access to the very valuable collections in osteology, prepared chiefly by the late eminent and excellent Dr. Barclay. During this period he devoted himself much to the study, by dissection, of the structure of birds, and made careful measurements and drawings of their internal parts. He also commenced and completed a series of coloured representations, generally as large as life, of nearly all the British birds, exhibiting them in their characteristic attitudes, and accompanied by those accessories of scenery, whether mountainous, marine, or woodland, by which he knew them to be encompassed in their natural haunts. His drawings were more accurate than artistical. He had a quick eye and a steady hand, but the pictorial result was sometimes too like what, in architectural language, might be called the *elevation* of a bird, being deficient in roundness and solidity of form, as well as in depth and intensity of colour. However, the *minutiæ* were well given, and we believe that, in zoological drawings, general effects are necessarily, to some extent, sacrificed for the sake of the more distinct and elaborate expression of details. His skill as a draftsman, such as it was, seemed to arise rather from that determination of character which induces perseverance, more or less successful in the end, than from any great natural bias towards pictorial

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been favoured with ample and accurate materials for an account of Mr. Macgillivray's early life. We hope that these may not eventually be lost to the public; but meanwhile we are constrained, by editorial arrangements, to debar ourselves the pleasure of laying them before our readers at this time. We beg to thank the Venerable and Reverend Finlay M'Rae, minister of North Uist, and Mr. D. W. Macgillivray, of Eoligary, in Barra, (a brother of our author's,) for their long and interesting communications.

representation, or any quick or clear appreciation of the pervading principles of art. We have little more, in the two recent volumes now under review, than heads and bills; but these stand no comparison with the corresponding parts either in Bewick's exquisitely truthful representations, or in Mr. Yarrell's beautifully elaborated work. They rather resemble drawings made from preserved specimens in some neglected and forlorn museum of the olden time. It may be that failing health unfortunately produced enfeebled hands. His love of drawing, however, proved a solace to the last. Very shortly before his death, he had finished the representation of a trout. It was at one time his intention to publish these drawings upon a large scale, similar to those of Mr. Selby, of whose work his own would have been but a vain repetition, to say nothing of the fact that all the feathered tribes of Britain are necessarily included in Mr. Gould's sumptuous and successful volumes on the "Birds of Europe." We think he became less sanguine of the success of such a scheme, when, after making it known among his friends, he found, during a lapse of many years, that he had obtained only a single subscriber, the late liberal-minded Mr. Witham of Lartington. The first three volumes of his "British Birds" were prepared and published while he held the keepership of the College of Surgeons' Museum. In 1841 he was appointed Professor of Natural History, and Lecturer on Botany, in Marischal College and University, Aberdeen, and there he continued to labour, both professionally and privately, with his accustomed zeal, passing many manuscripts, perhaps too many, from his own hands to those of his publisher, on the various departments of natural science which he had so successfully and unceasingly cultivated from his youth upwards. Towards the close of 1844, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University and King's College, Aberdeen.

In the course of 1851, his health became seriously impaired, and, in November of that year, he retired for a time to Torquay. There, in the ensuing month of March, he had occasion to write the preface to the fourth volume of his *British Birds*, and a melancholy contrast might now be drawn between the rejoicing hardihood with which, in earlier life, from the storm-swept hills of Harris, he had so often fixed his earnest gaze on that wild combination of steadfastly enduring rocks and ever-heaving sea,—

"The throne  
Of chaos, and his dark pavilion, spread  
Wide on the wasteful deep,"

and the altered eye with which he now despondingly beheld scenes in themselves so much more "bright and fair." We still,

however, perceive the continuance of the ruling passion,—the accurate observance of nature.

“As the wounded bird seeks some quiet retreat, where, freed from the persecution of the pitiless fowler, it may pass the time of its anguish in forgetfulness of the outer world; so have I, assailed by disease, betaken myself to a sheltered nook, where, unannoyed by the piercing blasts of the North Sea, I had been led to hope that my life might be protracted beyond the most dangerous season of the year. It is thus that I issue from Devonshire the present volume, which, however, contains no observations of mine made there, the scene of my labours being in distant parts of the country. . . . It is well that the observations from which these descriptions have been prepared were made many years ago, when I was full of enthusiasm, and enjoyed the blessings of health, and freedom from engrossing public duties: for I am persuaded that now I should be in some respects less qualified for the task, more, however, from the failure of physical than of mental power. Here, on the rocky promontory, I shiver in the breeze which, to my companion, is but cool and bracing. The east wind ruffles the sea, and impels the little waves to the shores of the beautiful bay, which present alternate cliffs of red sandstone and beaches of yellow sand, backed by undulating heights and gentle declivities, slowly rising to the not distant horizon, fields and woods, with villages and scattered villas, forming—not wild nor altogether tame—a pleasing landscape, which in summer and autumnal garniture of grass and corn, and sylvan verdure, orchard blossom and fruit, tangled fence-bank and furze-clad common, will be beautiful indeed to the lover of nature. Then, the balmy breezes from the west and south will waft health to the reviving invalid. At present, the cold vernal gales sweep along the Channel, conveying to its haven the extended fleet of boats that render Brixham, in the opposite horn of the bay, one of the most celebrated of the southern fishing stations of England. High over the waters, here and there, a solitary gull slowly advances against the breeze, or shoots athwart, or with a beautiful gliding motion sweeps down the aerial current. At the entrance to Torquay are assembled many birds of the same kind, which, by their hovering near the surface, their varied evolutions, and mingling cries, indicate a shoal, probably of atherines or sprats. On that little pyramidal rock, projecting from the water, repose two dusky cormorants; and far away, in the direction of Portland Island, a gannet, well known by its peculiar flight, winnows its exploring way, and plunges headlong into the deep. . . . It is not until disabled that the observer of the habits of wild animals becomes sensible of the happiness he has enjoyed, in exercising the faculties with which his benign Creator has endowed him. No study or pursuit is better adapted for such enjoyment, or so well fitted to afford pleasure not liable to be repented of, than Natural History.”\*

Turn we to the final page of his long-continued labours, which terminated only with his life. It is characteristic of the

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\* *British Birds*, Preface to vol. iv.

author to the end, exhibiting an almost defiant feeling towards his fellow-creatures, softened if not subdued by a pervading sense of the grace and goodness of his omnipotent Creator. And truly, when compared with these, all other things are as the morning cloud and the early dew.

"I have finished one of the many difficult and laborious tasks which I had imposed upon myself. Twelve years have elapsed since the first three volumes of this work were issued to the public, and I had scarcely hoped to see its completion when I was most unexpectedly encouraged to revise the manuscript of the two remaining volumes, containing the Wading and Swimming Birds, of which the history, in so far as I am acquainted with it, is now given on the same plan as that adopted for the Land Birds. Commenced in hope, and carried on with zeal, though ended in sorrow and sickness, I can look upon my work without much regard to the opinions which contemporary writers may form of it, assured that what is useful in it will not be forgotten, and knowing that already it has had a beneficial effect on many of the present, and will more powerfully influence the next generation of our home ornithologists. I had been led to think that I had occasionally been somewhat rude, or at least blunt, in my criticisms; but I do not perceive wherein I have much erred in that respect, and I feel no inclination to apologise. I have been honest and sincere in my endeavours to promote the truth. With death, apparently not distant, before my eyes, I am pleased to think that I have not countenanced error through fear of favour. Neither have I in any case modified my sentiments so as to endeavour thereby to conceal or palliate my faults. Though I might have accomplished more, I am thankful for having been permitted to add very considerably to the knowledge previously obtained of a very pleasant subject. If I have not very frequently indulged in reflections on the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as suggested by even my imperfect understanding of his wonderful works, it is not because I have not ever been sensible of the relation between the Creator and his creatures, nor because my chief enjoyment when wandering among the hills and valleys, exploring the rugged shores of the ocean, or searching the cultivated fields, has not been in a sense of His presence. 'To Him who alone doeth great wonders' be all glory and praise. Reader, farewell."\*

The preface to his fifth and final volume is dated from Aberdeen, 31st July 1852. Like the stricken deer he had returned to his long familiar home, and there, as we have said, he died on the 5th day of September following. His mortal remains lie interred in the Cemetery of Dean, near Edinburgh.

Mr. Macgillivray was a person of strong feelings and warm affections, much devoted to his own family, and remarkable, in whatever he engaged in, for his love of truth. He never pretended to know a thing with which he was not actually well

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\* *British Birds*, vol. v. p. 676.

acquainted, and he knew that the most common and familiar matters are often those of which we are essentially ignorant. The large circle of his own acquirements enabled him to feel all the more distinctly the breadth and depth of the many mysteries by which he was surrounded, and which, to the thoughtful student, not seldom throw over even the familiar face of nature, the aspect of an unknown world. When asked a question regarding any natural object with which he was but slightly, or not at all acquainted, he gave no evasive superficial answer, as so many, with a view to cloak—while they expose—their ignorance, are apt to do. He would say at once, "I do not know its history, or attributes, but leave it with me for a time, and I shall endeavour speedily to let you know about it." During his explanatory statements his words were few and well chosen. He knew the value of time, and the incomprehensible richness of his science, and so, in discussing a topic in natural history, he told you, as he best could, whatever it was most necessary to know of its essential character, without tracing its recorded history downwards from the days of Sesostriis, or making the weary and bewildered listener feel as if even "the grasshopper were a burden." He was somewhat restrained in the society of strangers, and possessed a less enlarged circle of personal friends than might have fallen to his lot, had not a peculiar and not unfrequent combination of pride and prejudice not only prevented his seeking the society of others, but even induced the groundless fancy that he was intentionally disregarded by them. Something of this morbidity of mind remained even after he had ceased to lead a life of seclusion and solitude, and had attained to a highly respectable professional, or professorial, position. It appears to us, that he never amalgamated sufficiently with his fellow-creatures, notwithstanding the ameliorating effect of his studies in the great and inexhaustible book of nature, which, while they assuredly lead to the glorification of the wonderful works of God in the highest, should also conduce "to peace on earth, and good will to men." It has been well said, that the bright and varied field of natural history is spread before our race as a charm to diversify those bitter endurances which ever throw their dark shadows over human life and action. But with Mr. Macgillivray, though he so sedulously poured over the sweet and solemn pages of the "*Biblia Naturæ*," certain feelings of acerbity, arising either from his mental temperament or physical constitution, seldom altogether left him, even in the unrestraining presence of the few with whom he was familiar, while in more general society he seemed "cabined, cribbed, confined," by the very ease of intercourse which now so usually prevails in social life. The last occasion on which we chanced to meet him—and

we never did so without advantage—was in the society of several grave and reverend, if not very “potent” seniors, whose somewhat prolix exposition of their own steady and stereotyped views of the grandeur and goodness of “our admirable laws and constitution,” almost galled him. He knew that all laws and constitutions required amendment from time to time, and probably felt that our own were admirable mainly by reason of their power of conformability and adaptation to the changing spirit which is gradually evolved from age to age. He would not, however, take the trouble to express his views in that commonplace way, but, seizing upon a momentary pause in much prosing, he suddenly shot forth the sentiment, that “no doubt the best thing which could happen to this country at the present time would be a good rattling revolution.” Yet his own excellent work on “*British Birds*” is dedicated “To Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, . . . with the most profound respect, by Her Majesty’s most faithful subject, and most devoted servant, William Macgillivray.”

Although there was a great deal of quietude, even of reserve or shyness, in his general bearing, there is no doubt that he was a person of great determination of character, and much more likely in a fray to offer the clinched fist than the cheek to the smiter. But he was mild and gentle in manner to those whom he esteemed, or from whom any kindness or attention had ever emanated. His mental constitution, in its combination of resistance and placidity, might be likened in a measure to those great granitic ranges of the Grampians, which he has himself so well described, and where we witness the enduring firmness and rigidity of rocky structure, not unadorned by the more gentle emblems of the floral kingdom, which maintain a precarious beauty among many a wild and Alpine solitude,

“Where winter lingering chills the lap of May.”\*

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\* We may here note, that a sort of literary onslaught was made, many years ago, upon the lamented Audubon, by Mr. Waterton, the ingenious author of several excellent contributions to natural history. It was Mr. Waterton’s opinion (see *Naturalist’s Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 215) that so great was the improvement of style manifested in the American author’s “*Ornithological Biography*,” compared with the character of his composition in some former miscellaneous Essays, that he could not be the writer of the more recent work. We think we have it in our power to explain precisely how this matter stood, and do so the more readily as the explanation is not inappropriate to the preceding biographical notice of Mr. Macgillivray. When Mr. Audubon came down to Edinburgh in the winter of 1830-31, to arrange the materials and superintend the printing of his great work on the birds of America, he applied to a friend to read over and correct the manuscripts, with a view to their being put into the printer’s hands in their full and final state. This friend having “other fish to fry,” declined the labour on his own account, but recommended Mr. Macgillivray as a person in every way qualified for such a task. That gentleman took it in hand accordingly, “for a con-

We shall now take a brief survey of the two great orders in Ornithology, on which, so far as regards our comparative view of British and Irish species, we did not formerly enter, viz., the *Grallatores*, or wading birds, and the *Natatores*, or swimming kinds, commonly called web-footed. Both of these great groups may be designated as water birds, as almost all betake themselves, at least at certain seasons of the year, to the sides of rivers, the margins of lakes, or the shores of the sea, although many of

sideration," and soon found that, although the ample and interesting materials committed to his care were written out with great fluency and animation, as well as accuracy, the sentential structure and form of expression were frequently peculiar and unidiomatic, and that on the whole it would be easier for himself, and better for the printer, that he should make a uniform transcription of the MS., rather than a patch-work correction here and there. This he executed to the improvement of the work, his own personal benefit, the original author's entire satisfaction, and the undoubted advantage of the reading public. But Mr. Audubon's merits were none the less, as the admirable observer and accurate recorder of all that we are there told of those "birds of gayest plume," which throw such sweet sunshine through the leafy wildernesses of the Far West. At the same time Mr. Waterton was right in detecting some change of style in the written work, but wrong in supposing that there was anything so unusual or illegitimate in the extent of aid afforded as to deprive Mr. Audubon of the actuality of authorship. The work was truly his own.

We believe that Mr. Macgillivray afforded much more solid and essential aid—something beyond the mere resetting of another person's jewels—in the assistance given to a work entitled, "Observations on Fossil Vegetables, accompanied by Representations of their Internal Structure as seen through the Microscope." By Henry Witham, Esq. of Lartington. 4to, 1831. The reputed author, without whom we should assuredly have never seen the excellent book in question, was an English gentleman of intelligence and discrimination, the possessor in bygone times, and again eventually, of ample fortune, who, in mature years and when too fat for fox-hunting, took a great fancy for the study of Geology, and the branches which bear upon it in the organic kingdom. He pursued these studies so pertinaciously, and with such success, that he ere long discovered a new mineral, (that is, one which was nearly as old as the others, but had been previously overlooked,) which, in his commemorative honour, has been called *Withamite*. In the course of his researches among fossils he naturally came into connexion with the late ingenious Mr. William Nicol, whose exquisite mechanical manipulations in the slicing of petrified woods is well known. It had been found that the true organic structure of these woods, and consequently the natural characters of the tribe of trees or plants to which each originally belonged, could be determined when extremely thin translucent slips were carefully examined with the microscope. On the subject of this discovery two or three assembled together, and finally made the book above named. Mr. Nicol cut and ground the slips, Mr. Macgillivray executed the drawings and wrote the descriptions of structure, while Mr. Witham organized the publication, guaranteed the paper-maker and the printer's bills, and gave several excellent dinners during the progress of the work, which was very considerably dedicated to Mr. Nicol himself. A poet of a preceding age has somewhere said or sung,—

"Most authors only steal their works, or buy,  
Garth did not write his own Dispensary :"—

A curiously prophetic intimation, by the bye, of the fact, that an instructive publication on the "History of the Highland Regiments," by the late General Stewart of Garth, was not written by that hoary veteran, but (from his collected materials and reminiscences) by the ingenious and ready-handed James Brown, LL.D., now no more.

the Grallatorial groups pass a considerable portion of their lives on upland pastures, or the sides and even summits of Moorish mountains. It is this frequent diversity of habit, even among allied species, which renders many of the generalizations found in books more pretentious than correct, and even the structural characters of the orders and genera are by no means absolute, or capable of unexceptional application to all the component parts of a great natural group. But the characters of species, if properly perceived and accurately expressed, are always applicable to every individual of that particular kind in its natural or normal state—the fact being, that *species* alone are clearly established by nature, all other and greater groups being merely arbitrary or conventional (we shall not say artificial) associations, more or less natural, no doubt, but established for convenience, and varying according to the individual views of systematic writers. Nevertheless, they are natural groups in their way, although to be received only for what they are worth, and under no delusive fancy that they are positive scientific facts, excluding the possibility of any other truthful combination. The lines of generic demarcation may, at least in certain groups, assuredly be drawn with almost equal truth in varying places. It is only in this way that we can account for the difference of systematic views and arrangements taken by many observers, equally zealous for the ascertainment and exposition of truth, and not greatly differing from each other in their natural power of perception, appreciation, and expression. No doubt, the disagreement is often more apparent than real, and arises rather from changes of name than of nature—a weakness to which zoologists are very prone, and which occasions the same inconvenience in the practical comprehension of what is actually indicated, as would the calling of the muster-roll of a regiment composed continuously of the same individuals, if the designations of these were arbitrarily altered from time to time.

It has been said that there is scarcely a single character common to all the Grallatorial species. This is nearly our own belief. What, then, are Grallatores, and how are they distinguished and defined? Mr. Macgillivray asserts that there is no such order in existence, and that all definitions ever given of these birds are incorrect and inadequate. It is true that great groups, though not in themselves unnatural, can scarcely ever be accurately defined, so numerous are the exceptions, or, in other words, so few the characters of universal application. Therefore, instead of adopting a single ordinary group of Grallatores, Mr. Macgillivray arranges these birds into four distinct orders—1st, *Cursores*, or Runners, containing the cranes, bustards, pratincoles, &c. ; 2d, *Tentatores*, or Probers, consisting of

plovers, lapwings, oyster-catchers, sandpipers, curlews, snipes, woodcocks, &c. ; 3d, *Aucupatores*, or Stalkers, such as bitterns, herons, storks, ibises, and spoon-bills; 4th, *Latitores*, or Skulkers, including rails, water-hens, and coots.

One of the most remarkable instinctive characteristics of the so-called Grallatores, especially of that section named above as *Probers*, consists in the frequent exhibition of stratagem or simulation, by which they seek to withdraw the attention of intruders from their eggs or young. No doubt, the partridge also at times pretends to be lame of a leg or wing, and several of the smaller birds (our songsters) flit away from their nests with an apparently enfeebled flight; but these feigned ailments are far more frequent and perceptible among the Grallatorial groups than others. Birds of prey (*Raptores*) being by no means as merciful as they are strong, never employ stratagem. The Peregrine falcon,

“ So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,  
Like war’s wild planet in a summer sky,”

no sooner perceives a raven or hooded crow come near his eyrie, than he launches into the air to attack and drive away the sable intruder.\* We have seen a pair of ravens tower, by successive ascents, above an eagle in its “pride of place,” and so persecute him by frequent sudden darts downwards, as to send him far away “to prey in distant isles.” Birds of rapine, when excited by the cries of their endangered young, will fearlessly attack even the Lord of the Creation, of whom, at other times, they entertain a wise and salutary dread. But a more curious thing is this practice of *deceit* among the gentler or more feeble species. Even among these, the male is sometimes bold and clamorous, but the fond female will flutter along the ground, as if in mortal agony from broken leg or dislocated wing, and will draw you onwards, and away in the direction it desires, always getting just a little stronger as you think yourself about to seize it. No sooner are you brought to a sufficient distance from the nest, and are unlikely to return to or discover it again, than the bird flies off rejoicingly, as if cured of its *mortale vulnus* in an instant.

“Some persons,” says Mr. Macgillivray, “have moralized on the cunning of birds. They cannot believe that they should naturally possess any instinct leading them to acts such as in men are accounted evil. But a rational being, and an instinctive animal, have no moral

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\* When, however, species of opposed or contentious natures breed upon the same rock, or otherwise near each other, there seems to be a kind of compromise or truce established, and it is only the unknown and suspected stranger that is persecuted.

affinity. Why should not animals use stratagem in defence of themselves or their young? Is cunning a greater crime than murder? And yet, who finds fault with an eagle for tearing a lamb to pieces, but the shepherd and his master, or with a lion for devouring a Bosjesman or a Dutch Boor, but other Bosjesmen or Boors, who may dread the same fate? If a myrmeleon digs a pit, and lies in wait to seize and devour the unhappy insect that has fallen into it, do not men—moral men—make pits to entrap elephants, hyenas, wolves, and other beasts? Who blames the fisher for his practices, although his whole art is a piece of mean deceit? He lets down into the dark sea a web of cord, and persuades the silly herrings that there is nothing in their way. He busks a pointed and barbed hook, casts it on the water, and says to the trout, there's a nice fat fly for you! He impales a sprawling frog, and letting it down the stream, pretends to attend to the comfort of the hungry pike, who is not insensible of his good fortune until he feels the steel points thrilling his pneumo-gastric nerves. The hunter and the sportsman have at least the qualities of boldness and openness, but the angel is a mere cheat.”\*

We shall let that last arrow pass from the quiver of an early friend. It is certain that perfect candour, however much professed with smiling mien and a most sunny air, is seldom practised among men, even amid their more severe and solemn avocations; that hospitality itself is often a vain and heartless show; that the very amusements and indulgences which we may seem the most to share with others, have their foundational spring in selfishness; and that, whenever a “wise consideration” is resolved on, it is usually put in practice rather for our own behoof than that of our neighbours. The pleasure of all sporting propensities, especially, is merely the result of that ample and inconsiderate encouragement which we give to a certain class of subjective feelings within ourselves, to the total exclusion of all kindly objective considerations towards the beasts that perish. But we fear that naturalists must not be sentimental.

A curious discordance, as we may call it, exists between the habits and structure of certain species of the Grallatorial order. We may instance the common Water-hen, (*Gallinula chloropus*), which is classed with the wading birds, and like the majority of these has long slender toes, slightly margined, but entirely free from webs, and yet it haunts habitually the surface of waters, swimming as easily and almost as constantly as any of the Natatorial kinds, and diving, when alarmed, with equal facility. The grey plover and the golden are very nearly allied in structure and general economy; but the one is in Britain a migratory shore bird, but seldom seen among the mountains,

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\* *British Birds*, vol. iv. p. 64.

while the other inhabits our moorlands during the breeding season, and descends to the marine shores in autumn. This diversity of form and habits among the grallatorial tribes has occasioned a corresponding diversity of opinion regarding the true component parts of the order. The bill is formed after so many different models, in beautiful accordance with the instinctive habits of each genus, that its structure cannot be generalized except in relation to certain limited groups, each distinguished by a structure of its own. The feet and legs are very generally of a slender and lengthened form, admirably adapted for those running and wading habits which usually characterize the species, and hence the title of *Grallatores*, as if they went on stilts. The French term *Echassiers* is of similar derivation, and refers to the resemblance of their lengthened legs to the *Echasses* so frequently used by the natives of the sandy *landes* of Aquitaine. They are connected by means of the flamingoes and other half-webbed kinds to the true *Palmipedes* or *Natatores*, while a disjunction has been effected in modern times, partly from the latter order, partly from the original *Grallæ*, of the grebes, the Surinam plover, the phalaropes, &c., which now form, according to the views of many, under the name of *Pinnatipedes*, a distinct and intermediate, but by no means a natural order.

Although several species, as we have said, dwell during the gladsome summer season on the barren sides and summits of the great mountains, the majority seek their food along the banks of rivers, the sides of lakes, and, especially during winter, by the sea shore. In the last-named locality they congregate in vast flocks, and then, though more shy and wary than among the upland solitudes of the breeding season, afford a favourite pursuit to the sportsman, who not seldom makes amends by the successful result of a single savage discharge among the feathered flocks, for the caution by which his approaches may have been previously met and baffled for the greater portion of a day. The heron tribe, with bills like bayonets, feed on fish, which they do not seize by snapping up, but actually transfix or run through the body, although eels and other slender kinds are captured with opened mandibles. Such species as have a soft or somewhat flexible bill feed on worms and insects, small shells, and crustacea, while a more limited number, for example, the land-rail or corn crake (*Rallus crex*) are partly graminivorous, and so affect a drier soil. Many of the species are of migratory habits, and the young and old almost always perform their more lengthened flights in separate groups. Innumerable hordes gather together during the breeding season in the northern swamps of Europe, from which they wing their way before winter, and have afterwards been met in arid sultry regions—

“ Where on their slender feet there lay  
The desert dust of Africa.”

These migratory movements are no doubt determined, in a great measure, by the necessity of obtaining food, which ceases to be available in the congealed waters and frost-bound soil of the extreme north. The unrelenting rigour of a Scandinavian winter entirely indurates the moist forest lands of Sweden, and the swamps of Lapland, and thus the woodcock and other kinds, which live by *probing* their mother earth, are necessarily driven to seek for food and shelter in the comparatively genial copses of Britain and Ireland. The land-rail, on the other hand, is with us a native-born or summer bird, and migrates in autumn to more southern regions, where it is probably known only as a winter visitant.\*

Let us now notice a few species of the Grallatorial order. The Plovers (*Charadriidæ*) are a pleasant tribe, with their bright or beautifully contrasted plumage, and their large and lustrous eyes. The name is probably derived from the French *Pluvier*, applied “pour ce qu'on le prend mieux en temps *pluvieux* qu'en nulle autre saison.” A correspondent of Mr. Yarrell's, writing in reference to the Great Plover or stone-curlew, (*Ædicnemus crepitans*), observes, that “they breed on the fallows, and often startle the midnight traveller by their shrill and ominous whistle. This is supposed to be the note so beautifully alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in his poem of the Lady of the Lake—

‘ And in the plover's shrilly strain,  
The signal whistle's heard again ;’

for it certainly sounds more like a human note than that of a bird.” Now, the species in question is among the rarer and more locally restricted of the British kinds, being almost confined to the south-eastern counties of England, certainly not hitherto found further north than Yorkshire, and consequently altogether unknown in our northern quarters of the kingdom. Fitz-James must have had a quick ear to hear that wailing cry from the far passes of Benledi. However, the bird which our mighty min-

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\* The last land-rail we have met with was the denizen of an obscure apartment (up three flights of stairs), in the old town of Edinburgh, which we chanced to visit with other than ornithological views. It had been captured when young, in summer, about the suburbs of the city, took kindly to its new abode, and was healthy, and, we hope, happy all winter, being probably the only creature of its kind at that period in Britain. It fed on grains, grated meat, and gravel, and had been about a year in confinement when we first made its acquaintance. It was perfectly tame, gliding familiarly about the room, and would sit contentedly on any good man's hand held out to it. It had never been known to utter the very peculiar cry of *orake, orake*, so frequently heard in corn fields and pastures during early summer.

strel had in mind was in no way the one in question, but merely the Golden Plover (*Charadrius pluvialis*), so universal on our moors and mountains. If in this small matter one great poet was right, we fear another, in a corresponding case, was wrong. Burns, in one of his letters tells us, that he could "never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry." Now, we have our own ornithological doubts whether he,

"Who walked in glory and in joy,  
Following his plough along the mountain side,"

and had not much to do at that time with the sea coasts, ever either saw or heard a grey plover, which is with us a winter shore bird, but slightly addicted to either field or fallow:—so for grey let us read golden. Whoever desires to know the difference between the two, be he a great poet or a great proser, has merely to attend to this:—The golden plover has only three toes, all anterior; the grey plover has a small posterior toe, in addition to the other three.\* Mr. Macgillivray has given a good account of both kinds.

The green plover or lapwing, (*Vanellus cristatus*), in Scotland called the "peeswit," from its own peculiar cry, is a beautiful and abundant species. Its breeding localities have of late years been much curtailed by drainage and other agricultural inroads on moist waste land. Many must have noticed how anxiously this bird flies over and around the human (even though humane) intruder on its upland haunts, and how incessant for a time are its quick and clamorous cries. It is usually the male which threatens this onslaught, and the object of the brave bird is to attract attention to himself, and withdraw it from his brooding mate. An affecting historical fact is traditional in the dislike which in some parts of Scotland is borne to this innocent creature:—

"The country people," says Sir Walter Scott, "retained a sense of the injustice with which their ancestors (the Covenanters) had been treated, which shewed itself in a singular prejudice. They expressed great dislike of that beautiful bird, the green plover, in Scottish called the peaseweep. The reason

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\* Sir Walter Scott himself was not always free from ornithological slips of the pen, as when, in describing (Lady of the Lake) an ancient battle-field, he says—

"Henceath the broad and ample bone,  
That buckler'd heart to fear unknown,  
A feeble and a timorous guest,  
The *Meld-fare* framed her lowly nest.

The species named is not a summer-bird in Britain, and in Scandinavia, where it is called 'the nightingale of Norway,' it builds on trees."

alleged was, that these birds being, by some instinct, led to attend to and to watch any human beings whom they see on their native wilds, the soldiers were often guided in pursuit of the wanderers, when they might otherwise have escaped observation, by the plover being observed to hover over a particular spot. For this reason the shepherds often destroy the nests of the bird when they meet with them.\*

In most things, even though seeming evil, we find some power of compensation, like to "the precious jewel of adversity." An ancient Lincolnshire family, the Tyrwhitts, have three peewits for their armorial bearings, with the traditional legend, that the founder of their house having fallen in a skirmish sorely wounded, was saved by his followers, in consequence of their being directed to the bloody hollow where he lay, by the hovering flight and oft-repeated cries of lapwings. Both these birds and the golden plover have a deluded, and to themselves most dangerous habit, when fired at in congregated groups, of wheeling back directly over the sportsman, or even when high in air and out of reach of shot, of diving down towards him after the ineffective discharge of the first barrel, and so subjecting themselves to destruction by the second. The evolutions of the lapwing during its evening ascents, and when assembled in vast multitudes, are extremely beautiful. The entire flock will at once and instantaneously change their position, and this occasions a flash of silvered light, from the exhibition of the lower portion of the plumage, suddenly turned again to darkness when the surface of the back and broadened pinions comes to view. In Holland, as Sir W. Jardine tells us, where the prospect on all sides is bounded by a low horizon, thousands may be seen at once gleaming brightly in the setting sun, or, if between "the orb" and the spectator, appearing like a moving cloud. It is this species which supplies the London and our other southern markets with the so-called plovers' eggs.†

The dotterel (*Charadrius morinellus*) differs from the preceding in being only a spring and summer visitant, some remaining with us to breed, while many more proceed further north than Scotland, and reappear during their southern migration.

\* *Tales of a Grandfather*. Second Series. Vol. ii. chap. vi.

† We may observe regarding an antiquarian notice, much diffused through books, which records a thousand *egrittes* as having been served up at a celebrated feast given by Neville, Archbishop of York, in the reign of Edward IV., that these birds could not have been, as too frequently supposed, the rare heron called egret, (*Ardea garzetta*), now unknown as a resident British bird, but much more probably (as Dr. Fleming long since pointed out) our common lapwing, the head of which is so beautifully adorned by that composite plume of feathers which our continental neighbours call *aigrette*. The egret heron is so named from this distinctive character, and our Saxon predecessors may have misapplied the term to the equally adorned lapwing.

It is a rare, or rather an unfrequently observed species, its haunts, nowhere numerous, being always among wild, secluded places. The best account we have of it is by Mr. T. C. Heysham of Carlisle. Dotterels shew themselves in the vicinity of that city early in May, in small flocks of from five to fifteen, resorting for about a fortnight, if not disturbed, to heaths and barren pastures in open and exposed places. They ere long retire to breed upon or near the summits of the highest mountains, among which we may name Helvellyn, Saddleback, Skiddaw, Grasmoor, and Great Gavel. Among these glorious hills they prefer the localities covered by the woolly fringe-moss (*Trichostomum lanuginosum*) which grows so profusely on many alpine heights.

"In these lonely places," says Mr. Heysham, "they constantly reside the whole of the breeding season, a considerable part of the time enveloped in clouds, and almost daily drenched with rain or wetting mists, so extremely prevalent in these dreary regions, [dreary when so enshrouded, but how lustrous in "holy light" after the soft uprising of that sombre veil:] and there can be little doubt that it is owing to this peculiar feature in their economy that they have remained so long in obscurity during the period of incubation. The dotterel is by no means a solitary bird at this time, as a few pairs usually associate together, and live, to all appearance, in the greatest harmony. These birds do not make any nest, but deposit their eggs, which seldom exceed three in number, in a small cavity on dry ground covered with vegetation, and generally near a moderate-sized stone or fragment of rock."\*

There is no doubt that the dotterel breeds on similar alpine heights among the Grampians, our sportsmen frequently meeting with small family groups, about the commencement of the shooting season. Prior to their departure in the autumn, they congregate in greater flocks. They do not seem at any time to frequent the sea-shore, like the grey and golden plovers. Our knowledge is, in fact, confined to their breeding places and their summer habits; of their winter stations we know nothing. As on these points ornithologists are agreed, we therefore read with some surprise, in an interesting and otherwise accurate work with which we have been favoured, the following passage:—

"This bird makes its appearance" (in the Orkney Islands) "in September and October, remains during winter, and leaves in spring for more northern regions. A large flock appeared in South Ronaldshaw in May 1830."†

Now, we can easily comprehend the temporary stay, during

\* *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. ii. p. 295.

† *Natural History of Orkney*, Part I. p. 58. By W. B. Baikie, M.D., and Robert Heddle. Printed for private circulation.

both spring and autumn, on these northern isles, of a bird which is well known to breed as high at least as the 67th parallel; but as it has not been ascertained to winter either in Ireland, or in any part of Continental Europe, its continued sojourn at that season in the Orkneys will form a singular exception to its geographical rule, if it shall be found that no other species has been confounded with the one in question. We may conclude by observing, that as the nesting places of the dotterel are infrequent, its eggs are highly prized by collectors of rarities, and that the parent birds are much sought for on account of their plumage, a portion of which is held in the highest estimation by anglers for the dressing of artificial flies.

The oyster-catcher, or sea-pie, (*Hæmantopus ostralegus*), is a grallatorial species of a peculiar kind, its plumage marked by strongly contrasted masses of black and white, the legs, feet, and bill being of a brilliant orange red. It possesses a great range of locomotive power, being able to fly, run, swim, and dive, with great facility, although it rarely exercises the two latter functions except in cases of danger or distress. It is a common shore bird, and breeds habitually by the sea-side; but Montagu was mistaken in supposing that its haunts were exclusively marine, as it often flies far inland, and sometimes deposits its eggs at a great distance from the sea. However, their favourite places are sandy shores broken by mussel scalps, and other rocky shelves, containing pools of water, where they search for food on the recession of the tide. Old and young congregate in vast flocks in autumn, resting, in lengthened regimental lines, along the shore at high water, and then descending eagerly to their feasting places, as these become uncovered, or shew themselves through the fast-shallowing sea. Oyster-catchers may be regarded as rather anomalous species, differing from, or rather not connected with, any very near neighbour in the ornithological system. Although the English name indicates a particular food, (the Latinized Greek term *ostralegus* means merely *shell-gatherer*,) we have no reason to suppose that these birds do or can prey upon oysters, which are a shell-fish very fond of keeping themselves ensconced beneath a considerable depth of water. Hence the *dredgery* to which the fisherman is of necessity subjected. The geographical distribution of the species, though singular, has, till recently, been misunderstood. The British kind, though widely dispersed along the shores of northern Europe, and eastwards into Russia and Kamtschatka, is quite unknown in the new or western world, where, however, two distinct species are found. There is likewise an African representative, and two others occur in New Holland.\* There

\* Sir W. Jardine, in an excellent footnote to his useful edition of Wilson's *American Ornithology*, (vol. iii. p. 35,) states that "the black oyster-catcher (*Hæm.*

is probably no country of large extent in all the world which has not its species of so-called oyster-catcher, although it may be predicated that those of the southern hemisphere are distinct from their congeners of the north. M. Lesson describes one as native to the Malouin Islands, distinguished from all the others by having the legs and feet *white*. It is therefore named *H. leucopus*. One of the north American oyster-catchers, supposed at that time to have been identical with the European species, had nearly occasioned the death of Alexander Wilson, the great ornithologist. It is clear, however, that the naturalist was the aggressor, and the risk seems to have been reciprocal.

"The oyster-catcher," he narrates, "will not only take to the water when wounded, but can also swim and dive well. This fact I can assert from my own observation, the exploits of one of them in this way having nearly cost me my life. On the sea-beach of Cape May, not far from a deep and rapid inlet, I broke the wing of one of those birds, and being without a dog, instantly pursued it towards the inlet, which it made for with great rapidity. We both plunged in nearly at the same instant; but the bird eluded my grasp, and I sunk beyond my depth. It was not till this moment that I recollected having carried in my gun along with me. On rising to the surface, I found the bird had dived, and a strong ebb current was carrying me fast towards the ocean, encumbered with a gun and all my shooting apparatus. I was compelled to relinquish my bird, and to make for the shore, with considerable mortification, and the total destruction of the contents of my powder-horn. The wounded bird afterwards rose, and swam with great buoyancy out among the breakers."\*

The crane (*Grus cinerea*) is the tallest and most stately bird of its order ever seen in Britain. It is now, however, but a rare and almost accidental visitant of such far western isles as Great Britain and Ireland, although not seldom seen in other parts of Europe—in spring during its migration as a breeding bird to the lonely swamps of Lapland, and other northern solitudes—in autumn *en retour* to more genial quarters in the south. It is widely spread eastwards, being, according to M. Temminck, well known in Japan. Though so rare with us in these degenerate days, there seems little doubt of its former occurrence in much greater plenty. It is mentioned by Giraldus (*Top. Hibern.*, p. 705) as so numerous in Ireland, "*ut uno in grege centum et circiter numerum frequenter invenies.*" It made its

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*niger*) is found in Australia and Africa." We doubt if this is consistent with, or has been confirmed by, recent observation. Mr. Gould makes no mention of other than *Ham. longirostris* and *fuliginosus* as Australian species, and in his "Table of the range or distribution of species," although he assigns to them a vast extent of Australia and Van Dieman's Land, he takes no notice of their being found in any other portion of the world.

\* *American Ornithology*, vol. iii. p. 38.

appearance at Archbishop Neville's famous feast to the amount of 204 specimens at one time, (Dugdale says the price of a crane during his days in London was ten shillings,) and Sir David Lindsay records it as a portion of the bill of fare at a grand hunting entertainment given by the Earl of Athol to James the Fifth and the Queen Mother, in the now solemn seclusion of Glen Tilt.

The common heron (*Ardea cinerea*) is a beautifully picturesque and well known species. It generally builds on trees, sometimes on rocky ledges, very rarely on the ground. As we quite agree with Lord John Russell (see his speech at a Literary Institute in Leeds) in his admiration of Mr. Hugh Miller, we shall here quote a paragraph from that remarkable writer, although its essence is geological, with only a casual bearing on the bird in question. He is describing a scene in the province of Moray, where the river Findhorn, "after hurrying over ridge and shallow amid combinations of rock and wood, wildly picturesque as any the kingdom affords, enters on the lower country, with a course less headlong, through a vast trench scooped in the pale red sandstone of the upper formation."

"We stand on a wooded eminence that sinks perpendicularly into the river on the left, in a mural precipice, and descends with a billowy swell into the broad fertile plain in front, as if the uplands were breaking in one vast wave upon the low country. There is a patch of meadow-ground on the opposite side of the stream, shaded by a group of ancient trees, gnarled and mossy, and with half their topmost branches dried and white as the bones of a skeleton. We look down upon them from an elevation so commanding that their uppermost twigs seem on well-nigh the same level with their interlaced and twisted roots, washed bare on the bank edge by the winter floods. A colony of herons has built from time immemorial among the branches. There are trees so laden with nests that the boughs bend earthwards on every side, like the boughs of orchard-trees in autumn; and the blenched and feathered masses which they bear—the cradles of successive generations—glitter grey through the foliage in continuous groups, as if each tree bore on its single head all the wigs of the Court of Session. The solitude is busy with the operations and enjoyments of instinct. The birds, tall and stately, stand by troops in the shallows, or wade warily, as the fish glance by, to the edge of the current, or rising, with the slow flap of wing and sharp creak peculiar to the tribe, drop suddenly into their nests. The great forest of Darnaway stretches beyond, feathering a thousand knolls, that reflect a colder and greyer tint as they recede and lessen, and present on the horizon a billowy line of blue. The river brawls along under pale red cliffs wooded atop. It is through a vast burial-yard that it has cut its way—a field of the dead so ancient that the sepulchres of Thebes and Luxor are but of the present day in comparison—resting-places for the recently departed, whose funerals are but just over. These moulder-

ing strata are charged with remains, scattered and detached as those of a churchyard, but not less entire in their parts—occipital bones, jaws, teeth, spines, scales—the dust and rubbish of a departed creation.”\*

How Mr. Southey, who often had his eyes about him, although he did not frequently enough lay down the pen, should have gravely told us (in one of the letters in his “Life and Correspondence”) that he never saw a heronry, is surprising. In the course of his occasional journeyings to visit his renowned associate William Wordsworth, he must assuredly have many a time and often stood entranced by the most marvellous and long-continued splendour, first, of the restricted waters of the peaceful Wyburn, reflecting its castellated eagle’s crag, and many a nameless knoll of almost equal beauty; next, by the deeply embosomed and more circular sweep of Grasmere’s gracious mirror; lastly, by the “sylvan majesty” of Rydal’s varied lake, of which the most conspicuous and prevailing feature is a certain island thickly embowered by tall and stately trees. Now, these trees contain and constitute a heronry, one of the most picturesque and peculiar of its kind in England, and there you see the soft and delicately plumaged birds,

“Proud of cerulean hues,  
From heaven’s blue arch purloined,”

either reposing peacefully on verdurous boughs, or with “sail-broad vans,” retracted neck, and long-extended limbs, winging their outward or their homeward way through the still and odorous air of that enchanting region. If Southey never noticed this heronry he was greatly to be blamed as well as pitied, for there it is and has been for immemorial years, to rejoice the sight alike of poets-laureate, and of meaner men. For what other purpose was he himself provided with a nose as aquiline as any eagle’s, and eyes dark and lustrous as those of the gerfalcon, but that he might cleave his onward way, and see and comprehend whatever lay around him of the features of this fair earth. Let Mr. Tennyson, our present “laurel-honouring Laureate,” now, we rejoice to hear, a frequent and prolonged laker, look to it in time.

As an example of the less usual kind of heronry, where the “manition of rocks” is selected as a place of safety, we may mention the ivy-mantled front of one of those grand *ghauts* called the Sutors of Cromarty, which guard the entrance to that halcyon bay, the *Portus Salutis* of the ancients, so famous as a place of shelter on our iron-bound eastern shores, and where many a brave mariner has gratefully passed the “septem placida

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\* *The Old Red Sandstone*, 1st ed. p. 217.

dies" of a boisterous life. As respects their lowlier sites, we may state that there is an island in a small lake on the southern borders of Sutherland, between the Oikel and the inn at Altnagalkanach, where herons breed upon the ground; and in the island of Islay, about three miles from Ardimersy Cottage, there is a well-known colony of these birds, also breeding on the ground.

The Bittern (*Botaurus stellaris*) is now a very rare bird in Britain. The only Scottish specimen we ever chanced to see, was shot many years ago in the island of Colonsay, by the present Lord Justice-General. Even in the moister and more boggy "Sister Isle," they but seldom hear,

"At evening o'er the swampy plain,  
The bittern's boom come far."

Yet Goldsmith remembered, when a boy, with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village, and how the people regarded it as the presage of some sad event. If anybody died it could not be otherwise, for the "night-raven had foretold it." If nobody died, then at least a cow or a sheep might go the way of all flesh, and so the prophecy was fulfilled by a less dread completion.

"Those who have walked," says Goldsmith, "in an evening by the sedge sides of unfrequented rivers, must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowl; the loud scream of the wild goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, and the tremulous neighing of the jack-snipe; but of all these sounds there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. It is impossible for words to give those who have not heard the evening-call an adequate idea of its solemnity. It is like the interrupted bellowing of a bull, but hollower and louder, and is heard at a mile's distance, as if issuing from some formidable being that resided at the bottom of the waters."

We are not in use to quote that pleasant compilation, "Animated Nature," as an authority for either actual or disputed facts, but the above bears the impress of personal observation, and so we think may be relied on.\* The generic name of *Botaurus*, now bestowed on bitterns, may be presumed to have reference to this bellowing note. The Linnean title of *Ardea stellaris*—the heron of the stars—is also a fine one, alluding as

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\* Whoever desires an example of the bombastic combination of fact and fiction which so frequently flows from the pen of the ready writer, when a mere *Littérateur* indulges himself in the discursive style of zoological narration, may turn to Mr. Moodie's account of the bittern, ("Feathered Tribes of Great Britain,") where the ingenious author ceases "confusion worse confounded," by commingling the habits of that rare bird with those of the common snipe. As Mr. Waterton observed of Professor Rennie, we fear his bog-education has been much neglected. Rien n'est beau que le vrai.

it does to the creature's frequent upward flight in spiral circles—"excelsior!"—higher and higher into the blue profound, till lost to mortal sight. What may be the meaning or intent of these sublime gyrations—away and away from this dim spot which men call earth, and of its thus "commercing with the skies," no naturalist has ever told us. It is one of the many things, mysterious though familiar, which are not even dreamt of in their philosophy. This bird is not seldom referred to as an image of desolation in the sacred Scriptures, where the fate of Babylon is foretold as "a possession for the bittern, and pools of water." (Is. xiv. 23.) However dismal to our ears may be the bittern's booming cry, we may pretty confidently agree with Goldsmith, that, from the circumstances and season of the year in which it is most frequently uttered, it is in reality both a call of courtship and a token of "connubial felicity." We may also feel assured that every creature has its own enjoyments, and a mode of shewing happiness peculiar to itself, and also of expressing it in the most appropriate way, according to its particular appreciation of the case. Of course it would be by no means becoming in bridal parties of the human race to roar like bulls. There are several others of this long-necked tribe which we cannot here notice, although they occasionally occur in Britain.

The Stork (*Ciconia alba*) is one of the most interesting of European birds, and presents, as Mr. Selby has well observed, a remarkable instance of the laws which direct the migrations of species, and confine them within certain limits. Although scarcely ever seen among the meadows of our "sea-girt isle," it is among the first objects to attract attention in Holland, is likewise well known in France, and spreads northwards during the summer season into Sweden, Poland, and parts of Russia—"observing the time of its coming." Its winter-quarters are Egypt, and the north of Africa. These birds are fondly protected in their breeding places, not only by the Dutch, but by most of the nations among whom they dwell, and they have been observed in the Levant to prefer the house-tops of the Turks to those of the Greeks, who frequently plunder their places of repose. Mr. Thompson was fortunate in finding a pair quietly nestled on the summit of the beautiful column at Avenches (Aventicum), anciently dedicated to Julia Alpinula, whose filial affection is so finely commemorated by Lord Byron. It certainly formed an appropriate resting-place for a species noted both for filial and parental love. The stork does not seem to have been frequent in our own country, even in ancient times, though no doubt formerly better known than now. Sir Thomas Browne, who died in 1682, records having seen it in the fens, and refers to its having been killed among the marshes between Norwich and

Yarmouth. In regard to recent instances, we may mention, that the specimen in the Edinburgh Museum was shot in Shetland some years ago, and another was caught in South Ronaldshaw, one of the Orkney Isles, in 1840.

The spoonbill (*Platalea leucorodia*) may be placed in the same category as the preceding, being now only a casual species in Britain. It is however recorded as indigenous by our older writers. Pennant, we know not on what authority, informs us, that "it inhabits the Faroe Isles," as if it were there a well known visitant; yet we do not find it alluded to in the most recent catalogue of the birds of those Danish out-posts, by an accurate observer Mr. Wolley.

The remarkable and restricted genus *Ibis* is represented, though rarely, in Britain by that species called the glossy ibis, a bird which shared in the mysterious sepulchral honours so mis-bestowed by the ancient Egyptians. It is remarkable for the great extent of its geographical distribution, being found alike in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. It was more common during the preceding century than now in England, and old gunners about Lynn, Yarmouth, &c., have been heard to discourse of the small flocks of "black curlews" which they had seen in their youth. It is extremely rare in Ireland. The embalmed bodies of the green or glossy ibis are still found in the catacombs of Memphis, and other places of ancient sepulture, and the antiquary and the naturalist marvel alike at the wonderful art which, for some thousand years, has handed down almost unimpaired to a far removed posterity, the form and features of so frail a creature. The perfection of an obscurely known process may be said to have hitherto defied the wasting tooth of time, so that the self-same individuals exist in a tangible form which wandered along the banks of the mysterious Nile in the earlier ages of the world, or "in dim seclusion veiled" inhabited the solemn sanctuary of temples, which, though themselves of most magnificent proportions, are now scarcely discernible amid the desert dust of an unpeopled wilderness. It was, however, another species, called the sacred ibis (*Ib. religiosa*) the conservation of whose mystical body chiefly occupied the skill of the ancient Egyptian embalmers. This is the bird described by Abyssinian Bruce under the name of *Abou-hannes*.\* It is now

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\* We were once shewn by the late Baron Cuvier a small plume of feathers of the Egyptian Ibis, which had been found adhering to an embalmed bird. Though probably between three and four thousand years old, they seemed of sound tenacious texture, and in absence of other materials, we should not have objected (with permission) to dress a salmon fly with their sacred vanes. The species is accurately figured in Wilson's "*Illustrations of Zoology*," Plate xix. In M. Savigny's otherwise excellent work, *Histoire Naturelle de l'Ibis*, the representation is unendurable,—a matter to be regretted in regard to so picturesque a species.

considered a European species, in consequence of having been found during recent years in Greece.\*

We must here pass over the curlews, whimbrels, redshanks, and several other interesting though well-known species. The greenshank (*Totanus ochropus*) is a shy and wary, but very clamorous bird, which spreads alarm by sharp, incessant, anxious cries, whenever an intruder ventures within a quarter of a mile of its domains. Although a frequent winter visitant, it was long unknown among us as a breeding bird, till a company of sporting naturalists found its summer haunts in Sutherland, in 1834. Its flight though swift, is devious, and when inclined to rest it alights abruptly, runs a few yards, and then stands vibrating its body. In the northern county just named we observed that it frequently perched on the taller twigs of brushwood, and Mr. Hewitson, when in Norway, noticed it on the top of a lofty tree—an unusual position for any shore-land species.

The birds called *Sandpipers* are numerous and diversified. The English term is applied without much discrimination to many species, which ought to differ in name, as they do in nature. The more maritime kinds, sometimes called shore larks, are *Tringa*, and consist of the dunlin, knott, and many others, very abundant along our sea-coasts and estuaries during winter, but either migrating to far northern countries, or betaking themselves to our interior lakes and marshes, in the spring. Other species belong to the genus *Totanus*, *Actitis*, &c., and enliven by their shrill piping cry the solitary shores of inland waters. One of the most abundant, both in Britain and Ireland, is the so-called fresh-water sand lark, (*T. hypoleucos*, Linn.) It is a migratory species, leaving us in winter and re-appearing in the spring.

Passing over the avocets and long-legged plovers, which can be scarcely now regarded as natives, we come to a noted bird, nearly allied to *Tringa*, called the ruff, (*Machetis pugnax*,) a species which still breeds in England, but is only of casual occurrence in Ireland and the northern portions of the kingdom. It is remarkable for two things—pugnacity and polygamy. Its actions in fighting, as Montagu informs us, are very similar to those of the game-cock, the head being lowered, the bill held out horizontally, the ruff upon the neck, and indeed almost every feather more or less projected, the auricles erected, the tail partly spread, and the entire bird “assuming a most ferocious aspect.” When either combatant can obtain a firm hold of his antagonist, a leap succeeds, accompanied by a sudden stroke of the wing. In cock fighting the leap by which the

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\* Temminck, *Oiseaux d'Europe*. Part iv. p. 392.

enemy is over-arched, is for the sake of driving the spur of one into the head of the other, but the ruff, although it combats after the same fashion, has no spurs. A friend of Mr. Thompson's informed him, that when he was leaving Rotterdam for London, in spring, a huge hamper, containing several hundred ruffs, was put on board the steamer. Their incessant fighting proved a frequent though not very refined source of amusement to the passengers. Their crib was a perpetual battle-field, in which every individual thought it his duty to be at all times engaged as long as his own life lasted. Great was the trampling down of the dying, and about one half were slain before the vessel reached London.

This species, of which the female is called the reeve, is much rarer now than formerly, even in England, owing chiefly to the draining of the fens, and the disturbing influence of agricultural operations. Montagu, whose account was published in 1813, found the trade of ruff-catching in Lincolnshire to be even prior to that period confined to few persons, and scarcely repaying the labour and price of nets. The catchers lived in obscure places on the verge of the fens, and sold their birds for about ten shillings a dozen to others who made a trade of fattening them for the market, and who obtained for them, when fit for the table, from thirty shillings to two guineas per dozen. A remarkable and convenient character of these birds is, that they feed freely the moment they are captured; and although their diet of bread and milk, or boiled wheat, must be as an "unknown quantity" in their native fens, they take kindly to such ingredients on the instant. But such is their pugnacity, that they would starve in the midst of plenty, if their little feeding troughs were not placed here and there at some distance from each other. Few are taken in spring, as they are then apt rather to pine than fatten. It is for other and obvious reasons an unadvisable period of capture, as likely to realize the fable of the goose and golden eggs,—every female caught during the season of incubation producing, by prevention, the loss of four young. The temptation to use the net at that period arises from the birds being observed to *hill*, as it is called, that is, to assemble on small patches of rising ground for the purposes of love and combat. These places are easily recognised by the trodden aspect of the turf. The principal and more appropriate period, however, is in September, when the young birds are on the wing,—these being more delicate for the table, less inclined to fight, and therefore more submissive in confinement.

Regarding a bird so well known as the woodcock we need not here dilate. Yet there are points of interest, even of difficulty in its history, which we, the critical expositor, should ourselves

be glad to have explained. What is the reason of its breeding so much more frequently of late years in Britain than of old, when it was known only as a winter immigrant? Is this to be attributed to a change in our seasons, or (which may have a causal connexion with that change) an increase of woods and plantations, which afford additional and more secure retreats, and a better and more abundant supply of food? Sir William Jardine regards this increase as rather apparent than real, and thinks it occasioned by the greater attention now paid to ornithology, and the more frequent observance and record of all natural phenomena. In Ireland, the occurrence of summer or breeding woodcocks is quite familiar. Let us take the instance of Tollymore Park, the Earl of Roden's, in the county of Down. It is beautifully situated at the base of the mountains of Mourne, which rise to a height of nearly 3000 feet, and present a variety of surface, abounding in wood of different ages, with occasional moist though open glades, which even in a dry and sultry summer afford a suitable supply of food. Although a resident since 1828, it was only in 1835 that Lord Roden's keeper became aware of woodcocks continuing there throughout the year. The first nest he saw was at the foot of a larch tree, and looked like a pheasant's. It contained four eggs, and on these the parent sat so close as to allow him to approach within a foot. When any one went very near, she was always observed to bury her bill to the base in the grass or withered ferns alongside the nest. Since 1838 the number which has remained to breed in Tollymore Park has been on the increase. In 1842 nine nests were seen; in 1843, twenty-two; in 1847-8-9 they bred so abundantly, that no less than thirty nests were found in each of those years, and they are now so frequent and commonplace as to have ceased to attract attention.\* Woodcocks are also well known to breed in Scotland, as, for example, in the Dunkeld woods, Perthshire, at Brahan Castle and Conan, Ross-shire, at Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire, and at Darnaway and Cawdor, in the county of Moray. They are, however, essentially a migratory species both in Britain and Ireland, the great mass arriving in October, and taking an early departure during spring. They cross away north-eastwards into Scandinavia, where (among the almost endless pine forests of Norway) Mr. Hewitson, towards sunset, and for hours thereafter, saw numbers in constant flight to and fro above the topmost boughs. In relation to this comparatively eastern residence of woodcocks, we have sometimes wondered at their greater abundance in Ireland than in Britain. It does not lie in the natural course of

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\* *Birds of Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 249.

their latitudinal migration, and they must instinctively seek it on account of its milder and more open winter climate. Even Islay, the most south-western of our Scottish isles, is more productive of these birds than any portion of the mainland. These facts have been explained to us on the theory, or rather hypothesis, that as woodcocks might come from America, they would naturally soonest reach and most abide in Ireland, and such outlying Scottish isles as Islay. The chief objection to this idea is, that our woodcock does not exist in the western world, and so cannot come from it. The American species, *Scolopax minor*, is quite distinct from that of Europe.

The only other point in the history of these birds to which we shall here refer, is one which to ourselves is still a mystery. They are known to carry about their unfledged young from place to place; and the problem to solve is, by what means is this transportation effected? Of the fact itself there is no doubt. Is it performed by feet or bill?

A few words on rails must conclude our sketch of the Grallatorial order. Of these the land-rail, or corn-crake, is our best known species. Though much given to concealment in the natural state, it is easily accustomed to captivity, as we stated in a preceding note. Its apparently defective powers of flight have led to the belief in certain districts, that it is not a migratory species, but *hibernates* in cold weather, concealing itself in drains and dykes. We have no doubt as to its migratory movements, although a few may remain with us throughout the year in places comparatively free from frost. In Orkney, as well as in Ireland, these birds are sometimes found in winter. "One was observed at Lopness in December 1812, and another in Rousay in 1847; and upon several occasions, when digging up old turf-dykes, land-rails have been found in a torpid condition."\* The *torpidity* here referred to may, we think, be accounted for by a constitutional power or peculiarity in rails not sufficiently known or adverted to. They possess, and frequently exercise the faculty of simulating death when captured. This has been several times noted by trustworthy observers of the British species, and is very remarkable in a nearly allied American bird, (*Rallus Carolinus*), of which Mr. George Ord of Philadelphia, in a communication to Alexander Wilson, gives a good account.†

We shall conclude the present branch of our subject by observing, that the following species, (all of rare or accidental occurrence,) belonging to the Grallatorial order, have been found in Britain, but not in Ireland:—

\* *Natural History of Orkney*, Part I. p. 69.

† See Wilson's *American Ornithology*. Sir W. Jardine's edition. Vol. iii. p. 242.

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|---|--------------------------------|
| 1. Cream-coloured courser,                | <i>Cursorius Isabellinus.</i>  |
| 2. Little-ringed plover,                  | <i>Charadrius minor.</i>       |
| 3. Great white heron,                     | <i>Ardea alba.</i>             |
| 4. Puff-backed, or little white heron,    | <i>Ardea russata.</i>          |
| 5. Black stork,                           | <i>Ciconia nigra.</i>          |
| 6. Spotted sandpiper,                     | <i>Totanus macularius.</i>     |
| 7. Brown or grey snipe,                   | <i>Scolopax grisea.</i>        |
| 8. Pectoral sandpiper,                    | <i>Tringa pectoralis.</i>      |
| 9. Little crane, or olivaceous Gallinule, | <i>Crex pusilla.</i>           |
| 10. Red-necked phalarope,                 | <i>Phalaropus hyperboreus.</i> |

The only Grallatorial bird ever found in Ireland, and unknown to Britain, is the Martinico water-hen, (*Gallinula Martinica*), of which a specimen was found lying dead in a ditch, in the month of Nov. 1845, near the village of Brandon, on the sea coast. It had probably been blown across the Atlantic in a storm, and may serve as an example to its kindred to be more upon their guard in time to come.

We fear our remaining space will scarcely admit of our expatiating on the great and excellent order of swimming-birds, or *Natatores*. These, next to the Gallinaceous kinds, commonly called poultry, are, in an economical point of view, of the highest importance to the human race. The flesh of many is rich, well flavoured, and nutritious; their feathers, being soft and elastic, form the finest materials for beds and bolsters, while their exquisite down is unrivalled for quilts, coverlets, and various articles both of useful and ornamental clothing. They also supply us with *quills*, which are either serviceable or otherwise according to the purposes to which they are devoted, and much may be said on both sides,—which is surely more than can be predicated of that abominable substitute the steel-pen. The flight of many web-footed birds is powerful and long-sustained, and of course they possess an advantage over the strictly terrestrial kinds, in being able to rest themselves on water as well as land. Although their wings, as compared with those of the majority of other birds, are somewhat small and narrow, their almost vibratory movements are so quickly repeated, and the onward impetus of their bulky bodies, once under weigh, is so great, that they probably advance at a more rapid rate than the species of any other order. It is long since Major Cartwright calculated the flight of the eider duck as equal to ninety miles an hour,—a progression which, in the estimation of the bird above, must render travelling *express* by railway train, a most unwarrantable waste of time.

Great Britain and Ireland being now well known to be islands, to say nothing of the Great and Little Cumbrays, our shore and

water birds, compared with those of Europe in general, are relatively more numerous than our land species under the same comparative view. Although the birds which have actually occurred in Europe, counting all exotic and other stragglers, have been estimated at 500, and the British kinds, also counting stray species from the ends of the earth, at 350, yet for the sake of a more correct comparative view, we shall fall back a few years to Mr. Gould's enumeration of the former—being 460; and to Mr. Macgillivray's estimate (in his "Manual") of the latter—being 322. Of these 460 continental birds, 279 are land birds, properly so called, and 181 (much *less* than one half) are water birds and waders. Of the 322 British birds, 160 are land species, while 162 (rather *more* than one half) are water birds and waders. By the former enumeration, continental Europe, in possessing 279 land birds, is richer than Britain by 119 species, whereas in water birds and waders, the excess is only 30.

The following table will shew the relative proportions at home and abroad, of these three great divisions,—

Continental Species.	British Species.
279 Land birds.	160 Land Birds.
78 Waders.	70 Waders.
103 Water birds.	92 Water Birds.
<hr/> 460	<hr/> 322

Let us now pass in rapid review over the principal groups of the swimming birds, or Natatorial order. Of Geese, properly so called, (genera *Anser* and *Bernicla*,) we have in Britain eight different species. Next to the swans, they are the largest of our aquatic kinds. They are gregarious, inhabit during the summer season the swamps and marine shores of the Arctic and Antarctic regions, and migrate before winter towards or into equatorial countries. They walk awkwardly, fly vigorously, (often in a peculiar array, wedge-shaped, or in lengthened files,) swim buoyantly, feed on seeds and grasses, and never dive except when sporting with each other, or to escape when wounded. The wild goose, (*Anser ferus*,) sometimes called the grey-lag, although the supposed origin of our domesticated species, is now a rare bird in Britain, being unfrequent even in winter, and quite unknown among us as a breeder.\* The bill is large and thick, with its terminal nail pale grey or whitish. It is unknown in North America, the common goose there, and throughout the

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\* We bear in mind that Mr. St. John and others have stated it to breed in Sutherland; but we think there must have been some misapprehension of the species. The kind we have several times found there in summer was not the grey-lag.

States, being *Anser Canadensis*. Two of our native species, the bean goose (*Anser segetum*), and the pink-footed or short-billed species (*A. brachyrhynchus*), are frequently confounded with the grey-lag. In both the former the nail upon the bill is black.

The swans are the grandest and most graceful of all our native birds, whether of sea or land. There are eight species known, of which four (besides the tame one) have occurred in Britain. Of these the Hooper (*Cygnus musicus*) is the most common, and like the others is only a winter visitant. It is not, however, the origin of our domesticated kind, or mute swan (*Cygnus olor*), not now found wild in Britain, but still well known in the natural state in many of the northern and eastern parts of Europe. This latter is easily distinguishable from all the others by the large black frontal knob at the base of the bill. Many have marvelled why a bird so silent as the swan should have been dedicated to Apollo, the god of music. During their migrations, the wild species are said to utter loud trumpet-like cries, which when heard high in air are clear and mellow, and resemble "the sounds from a distant band of music." These notes are described as having a peculiarly exciting effect on the human mind, more especially in wild and desert regions, where they give rise to the most agreeable feelings among tribes dependent for subsistence on the chase.\*

Several swans are common to both the Old and New World, and it is not easy to say from Alexander Wilson's description of "the swan," how much he knew about them. The distinctions have been clearly described only in later years. The wild swan of Europe (*C. musicus*) inhabits a great range of the Arctic circle.

The *Anatidæ*, or ducks, are an extremely numerous family,

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\* Wild swans are numerous in Iceland during "the sleepless summer of long light," which pours such a continuous blaze into the meres and marshes of that otherwise dreary region. Some even pass the winter there, and their so-called song is often heard through the darkness of that long enduring night as they are passing, like a stream of snow along the murky sky, from place to place. It is described by writers on Iceland as very grateful to the ear, somewhat resembling the tones of a violin, each note occurring after a distinct interval. This music may probably be regarded as a signal or watchword to prevent dispersion,—“in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night.” The singing of the swan, whether living or dying, is therefore not a fable. It has at least its foundation in truth, as have necessarily most things which have been fabled. Olafsen (th. i. p. 34.) describes it as “most pleasant to hear.” Henderson (vol. ii. pp. 10, 136,) records the wild swan as “singing melodiously;” while in the *Edda* we find Niord, when forced to take up his residence in the interior of the country, uttering in lamentation,—“How do I hate the abode of the mountains! There one hears nothing but the howling of wolves, instead of the sweet singing of the swans who dwell on the sea shores.” (Mallett's *Northern Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 58.) The Icelanders regard the note of the swan as presaging a thaw, and are therefore well pleased to hear it during long-continued frosts.

diversified in their characters and aspect, widely distributed over the earth, and of great economic value, wherever found. We have thirty different kinds of ducks in Britain, many of them, however, being only occasional or accidental visitors. The following is a systematic exposition of the species :—

1. Shieldrake,	<i>Tadorna vulpanser.</i>
2. Ruddy shieldrake, <sup>1</sup>	<i>Tadorna casarka.</i>
3. Common wild duck,	<i>Anas boschas.</i>
4. Bimaculated duck, <sup>2</sup>	<i>Anas glocitans.</i>
5. Common teal,	<i>Querquedula crecca.</i>
6. Garganey,	<i>Querquedula circia.</i>
7. Gadwall, <sup>3</sup>	<i>Querquedula strepera.</i>
8. Pintail,	<i>Querquedula acuta.</i>
9. Blue-winged shoveller, <sup>4</sup>	<i>Rhynchaspis clypeata.</i>
10. Wigeon,	<i>Mareca penelope.</i>
11. American Wigeon, <sup>5</sup>	<i>Mareca Americana.</i>
12. Pochard,	<i>Aythya ferina.</i>
13. Red-crested pochard, <sup>6</sup>	<i>Aythya rufina.</i>
14. Ferruginous scaup duck, <sup>7</sup>	<i>Fuligula Nyroca.</i>
15. Broad-billed scaup duck,	<i>Fuligula marila.</i>
16. Tufted scaup duck,	<i>Fuligula cristata.</i>
17. Surf scoter, <sup>8</sup>	<i>Oidemia perspicillata.</i>
18. Velvet scoter,	<i>Oidemia fusca.</i>
19. Black scoter,	<i>Oidemia nigra.</i>
20. Eider duck,	<i>Somateria mollissima.</i>
21. King duck, <sup>9</sup>	<i>Somateria spectabilis.</i>
22. Steller's duck, <sup>10</sup>	<i>Stelleria dispar.</i>
23. Harlequin duck, <sup>11</sup>	<i>Clangula histrionica.</i>
24. Golden Eye,	<i>Clangula chrysophthalma.</i>
25. Buffel-headed duck, <sup>12</sup>	<i>Clangula albeola.</i>
26. Long-tailed duck,	<i>Harelda glacialis.</i>
27. Goosander,	<i>Merganser castor.</i>
28. Red-breasted Goosander,	<i>Merganser serrator.</i>
29. Hooded Goosander, <sup>13</sup>	<i>Merganser cucullatus.</i>
30. Pied Smew, or Nun,	<i>Mergus albellus.</i>

<sup>1</sup> Accidental, from North-eastern Europe.

<sup>2</sup> Accidental, from Northern Asia.

<sup>3</sup> Rare, from Holland and Northern Europe.

<sup>4</sup> Rare, from Continental Europe.

<sup>5</sup> Accidental, from North America. Supposed by some to be identical with our common wigeon.

<sup>6</sup> Occasional, from North-eastern Europe.

<sup>7</sup> Occasional, from Eastern Europe.

<sup>8</sup> Accidental, from North America.

<sup>9</sup> Rare, from the North of Europe and America.

<sup>10</sup> Accidental, from Northern Asia and America.

<sup>11</sup> Rare, from North America.

<sup>12</sup> Accidental, from North America.

<sup>13</sup> Accidental, from North America.

The wild duck (*Anas boschas*) is the undoubted origin of our domesticated species,—a relationship which does not exist between our wild and tame swans. In the natural state this species pairs,—the male, although he takes no share in the labours of incubation, keeping a careful watch in the neighbourhood of his brooding mate. Tame ducks, on the other hand, lose this more steady sentimentalism, and instead of pairing become polygamous.

The teal is one of the smallest and most beautiful of our ducks. It abides with us throughout the year, breeding abundantly in the northern counties, near our inland waters, and congregating in winter. The wigeon is a most abundant winter species, especially in England, a greater number being caught in the decoys of the southern counties, than of all other ducks combined. Their distribution is somewhat peculiar. Although numerous in Orkney during winter, they are rare in the north of Scotland, and said to be unknown in the outer Hebrides. They increase as we advance southwards, and swarm in the shires of Somerset and Devon. Wigeons begin to arrive in Britain towards the end of September, and depart in spring. So very few remain during the summer, that they were unknown as native breeding birds until June 1834, when a party of naturalists, while exploring Sutherland, found their nests in several lakes of that interesting and well-cared for county.

The eider-duck is one of our most noted species, although of little economic value, as its flesh is fishy tasted, and its breeding places in Britain too few to be of much importance in respect to *down*. Its great haunts are Iceland, and other arctic regions, where it lays from five to eight large eggs of a pale greenish-grey colour, which it imbeds in, and occasionally covers over, with down plucked from its own fair body. This bird is common alike to Europe and America.

The mergansers and goosanders form a peculiar group, distinguished from all other ducks by their straight, lengthened, somewhat cylindrical bills, with the lamellæ of the mandibles narrow, sharp, in some strongly serrated, or tooth like. They seek their food by swimming under water,—not merely by immersing head and neck, like the majority of their congeners,—and in that habit, as well as by their elongated, elliptical, depressed form of body, and lengthened necks, they form a natural transition to the genuine divers, such as the colymbi, grebes, and others.

The grebes (genus *Podiceps*), of which we have four species in Britain, besides the dab-chick, are birds of a very peculiar form, with small wings, and the legs, in consequence of the tibia being covered by the skin of the abdomen, seeming to proceed from the hinder extremity of the body. The feet are fully webbed only at the base, but each toe has a broad lateral ex-

pansion of its own. The plumage of the grebes is soft and beautifully blended, generally on the lower parts of a silky texture and silvery lustre, well adapted for tippets. These birds are piscatorial in their habits, and are scarcely ever seen on shore, where they walk awkwardly, and are ill at ease. They never alight except upon the surface of water, and it is almost impossible to make them take to *flight*.

The divers, properly so called (genus *Colymbus*), are much larger than the grebes. Their bills are compressed and very sharp pointed. Their feet are fully webbed, and their tails are composed of feathers of the ordinary structure, instead of being, as in the preceding group, almost undistinguishable downy plumelets. These birds are remarkable for the immaculate and almost snowy purity of the under parts of their plumage, and the deep glossy blackness of the upper portions,—the latter being exquisitely starred and streaked with white. We have three kinds in Britain, of which the largest and most majestic is the northern diver (*C. glacialis*), perhaps the most beautiful of all those birds which are found on the surface of the great deep. It has never been observed to breed in Britain. The black-throated diver (*C. arcticus*) is another species of considerable size and great beauty. Although at no time numerous, it is by no means an infrequent bird along our northern shores in winter. Till of late years it was unknown as a breeding bird in Britain. We had the good fortune to find its nest, or rather its callow young, (for there was no vestige of a nest,) among some stony herbage projecting into a shallow creek of Loch Craggie, near Lairg, in Sutherland, and we have since seen both old and young in other lochs of that county during summer. The only other native species is the red-throated diver (*C. septentrionalis*), more abundant at all times than either of the two preceding. Nothing can exceed the activity and wary watchfulness of this bird on its proper element. Even the unarmed angler never finds himself on the same side of the loch with it. It swims with excessive speed, and, like others of its kind, seems to possess the power of sinking its body without diving, that is, the observer sees it progressing rapidly with nothing visible but a snake-like head and neck. It obviously belongs to the "uneasy classes," and is never satisfied or at rest. It can seldom be approached in an open boat, but seems less suspicious of larger vessels, and has been seen to rise from under the very bows of a roaring steamer.

The Awks and Guillemots (including the Puffin) form the next group, consisting in all of about eight British species. We have sometimes wondered at the extreme abundance of the Common or Foolish Guillemot (*Uria troile*) on all our seas and

firths, considering that it lays only a single egg. That egg is, however, a large and excellent one, in no degree of fishy flavour, but it must be boiled hard, and then the so-called white becomes firm, though continuing of a somewhat transparent bluish hue. The yolk is granular and oily. These birds lay on narrow shelves or ledges, along the faces of perpendicular cliffs, and it is a marvel to many how the eggs, placed without bedding on the bare hard rock, do not roll away at once into the sea. The fishermen say that they adhere, as if glued by some natural viscosity, but their saying so neither enables the birds themselves to do this, nor others to ascertain that it is done. The Black Guillemot (*U. Grylle*) is a well known but less abundant species. It is called *Geara breac* among the Hebrides, but never *Seraber*, which is the name of another and very different bird—the Manx Shearwater (*Puffinus anglorum*). Now Mr. Martin, in his "Voyage to St Kilda," makes sad confusion by commingling the description of the one with the dissimilar habits of the other, thus pleasantly creating for himself a fictitious bird which has no existence in nature. The black guillemot differs from the common kind in laying from two to three eggs.

The razor-bills differ from the preceding chiefly in the more dilated form, and grooved character of the bill, and the wedge-shaped tail. In character and attributes they naturally conduct us to the awks. We may here note that the genus *Alca* of Linnæus included the razor-bill, the puffin, and the great and little awks. Its constitution is now changed and restricted, only a single species being retained in the genus. This is the Great Awk, or Northern Penguin, as it has been sometimes called (*Alca impennis*), one of the rarest and most remarkable of European birds. It measures nearly three feet in length from the bill to the toes. The prevailing colour of the upper portion of the plumage is black, shading into brown, and slightly glossed with green, while a conspicuous patch between the bill and eye, and all the under parts, are white. So unfrequent has this great sea-bird become of late years that many considerate people begin to question the continuance of its existence upon earth. It has not been known to breed along any of the northern shores of continental Europe for towards a hundred years, and although as recently as Landt's time it was still seen in Iceland, Graba informs us that it is now unknown there, and has not been observed or heard of either in Greenland or the Faroe Islands for many a day. None of our own assiduous northern voyagers ever met with it, and although known in St. Kilda by the name of gair-fowl (*Geir fugl* of the Icelanders), it has now ceased to frequent that lonely isle. Martin says—"he flyeth not at all."

The most recent authentic instances of its occurrence may be

briefly mentioned. The late Mr. Bullock, while visiting the Orkneys in 1813, discovered a male bird, called by the natives King of the Awks, off Papa Westra, and pursued it unremittingly for many hours in a six-oared boat, but such were the rapidity and perseverance of its courses under water that he was completely foiled, and finally gave up the chase. This individual was, however, obtained after his departure, and is now in the British Museum. A female, the supposed mate of the preceding, had been procured in Orkney a few weeks before Mr. Bullock's arrival, but her remains were not preserved. Dr. Fleming, while taking a cruise in the autumn of 1821, with the late Mr. Robert Stevenson, in the Light-house yacht, obtained a live specimen of the great awk at Scalpa (Isle of Glass), which had been captured by Mr. Maclellan some time before, off St. Kilda. It was emaciated and sickly, but improved in condition in a few days, in consequence of being well supplied with fresh fish, and permitted to sport occasionally in the water, being secured by a cord attached to one leg. Even in this trammelled state, its natural movements while swimming or diving under water were so rapid as to have set all pursuit at defiance had the bird been free.\* As it was, its love of liberty eventually proved stronger than the cord by which that liberty was restrained, for during a subsequent washing with which it was considerably favoured, off the island of Pladda, to the south of Arran, it burst its bonds, and was seen no more for ever. Many years afterwards a dead specimen was found floating in the sea, off the isle of Lundy, on the coast of South Devon. Some have fondly fancied that this may have been Dr. Fleming's individual, but it would have been difficult to prove it so, and we believe that, under the circumstances, no claim was made. From the presumed and almost proven inability of this species to fly, and its nearly equal inaptitude for progress on the ground, we do not set much store by Mr. Bullock's statement that an example was found in a pond of fresh water in Buckinghamshire, two miles from the Thames. There are many large geese in the world, and one would suffice either to make or occasion the mistake.† The great awk has occurred in Ireland. A specimen was obtained by Dr. Burkitt of Waterford, who stated to Mr. Thompson that he re-

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\* *Edinburgh Phil. Journ.*, vol. x. p. 96.

† We believe it to be true that the great awk is incapable of flight; but we cannot accept Baron Cuvier's definition of his own genus (*Alca*), where he states, "*Leurs ailes sont décidément trop petites pour les soutenir, et ils ne volent point du tout*," (*Règne Animal*, tom. i. p. 549)—because he proceeds to describe as his first species the Common awk (*Alca torda*), our razor-bill, which when fairly under way flies with great rapidity, passing with ease all gulls, terns, and other birds of merely buoyant flight. The genus *Alca*, however, as now constituted, contains no other species than that truly flightless bird—the great awk, *Alca impennis*.

ceived the bird in September 1834, and that it had been taken during the preceding May by a fisherman, off Waterford harbour. It lived in captivity for four months, feeding more fondly on trout and other fresh-water fish, than on those of the sea. It was rather fierce. A second example was obtained off the Waterford coast about the same time, but falling into ignorant or careless hands, it was destroyed. In February 1844, a note was communicated by the Rev. Joseph Stopford to Dr. Harvey of Cork, stating that one of these birds had been found on the long strand of Castle Freke,—“having been *water-soaked in a storm.*” This is a remarkable expression, and describes, almost in a word, the condition of a bird naturally unable to fly, and so forced to abide, under adverse circumstances, in the “injurious sea.” Mr. Thompson believes, from a description given him by an experienced wild-fowl shooter, on whose powers of observation he could rely, that two great awks were seen together in Belfast Bay in September 1845.\*

The family called *Pelecanidae* includes the cormorants and solan geese,—birds which, differing considerably in the structure of the bill, the colour of the plumage, and the habits of life, are now properly placed in separate genera. Cormorants are seldom seen upon the wing, and seek their food by *diving* for it from the surface on which they swim; solan geese, while feeding, are almost ever on the wing, and *plunge* for prey by a sudden descent upon it from a considerable height in air. The great black cormorant is frequently found far inland on our tranquil lakes of fresh water,—the green or crested species rarely leaves our rocky shores. The gannets never do so. In fact, the latter will rarely cross even a narrow neck of land, but prefer “doubling the Cape,” however free from Caffres. Mr. Macgillivray once saw a gannet adventure across an isthmus (an ill-selected one, as it speedily appeared) about half a mile in breadth. Unfortunately an eagle that happened to be flying past observed and struck it down. It was taken up dead by some people who were standing near the place, and perceived the unexpected onslaught. Gannets are much more gregarious than cormorants, or rather, being less easily satisfied in the selection of a site, they necessarily congregate in the few breeding places which befit them. Their only nestling haunt in England is Lundy Island, in the Bristol Channel. Their sole Irish station is one of the Skellig Islands, on the coast of Kerry. None breed on St. Kilda, properly so called; but the neighbouring island of Borrera, and two huge adjacent rocks, called Stack Ly and Stack Narnin, are covered with them thick “as

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\* *Birds of Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 239.

leaves in Vallombrosa." Two other places in our western waters are frequented by gannets,—Suliskerry, which lies between the Orkney Islands and the Butt of Lewis, and that fine old, though sometimes inconvenient mountainous rock called Ailsa Craig, in the mouth of the Firth of Clyde. Their only place of settlement along our eastern shore is the Bass Rock,—from whence they derive their specific title of *Bassana*. Although gannets are not strictly speaking birds of passage (in the same sense as swallows), yet they leave their breeding haunts during the colder months, spread themselves southwards into warmer regions, and are not seldom seen, even in midwinter, diving for pilchards off the coast of Cornwall. They assemble again upon their rocky fastnesses in early spring.

So many curious things occur in the actual and ascertained history of all creatures, that we cannot see the need of ever stating what is either doubtful or untrue. Yet both the early and more recent records of the gannet are full of "fond inventions." 1st, In O'Flaherty's "West or H-Jar Connaught," a work written in 1684, (published by the Irish Archæological Society in 1846,) we are informed that—"Here the ganet soares high in the sky to espy his prey in the sea under him, at which he casts himself headlong, and swallows up whole herrings in a morsell." Serves them right, and all according to nature. But it is immediately added, "This bird flies through the ships' sailes, piercing them with his beak." Now, we don't admit this feat, not so much because the creature is quite incompetent to its performance, as because having no purpose to serve thereby, he is not likely to try an experiment which might be dangerous as well as unproductive. 2dly, Mr. John Macgillivray tells the following story, and "believes it true:"—Several years ago an open boat was returning from St. Kilda to Harris, and a few herrings happened to be lying in the bottom, close to the edge of the ballast, [and of course among or very near the boatmen's feet.] A gannet passing overhead, stopped and hovered for a moment, and then suddenly dashing down upon the fish, passed through the bottom of the boat [a well-conditioned one, we may suppose, when employed on so exposed a voyage] as far as the middle of its own body; and being retained in that position by one of the crew, yielded compensation by effectually stopping the leak which it must otherwise have made.\* 3dly, Mr. William Thompson, while discoursing on the depth at which a gannet perceives, and will descend to in pursuit of prey, reports the experience of a "worthy resident of my acquaintance," the post-master (in the year 1836) of Bal-

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\* *Edinburgh Phil. Journal* for January 1842, p. 66.

lantrae, a well-known fishing village on the coast of Ayrshire, and the conclusion he comes to is, "that numbers of these birds have been taken in nets at a depth of 180 feet."

"Gannets," quoth the post-master, "are very commonly caught about Ballantrae (chiefly in the month of March) in the fishermen's nets, which are generally sunk from nine to twenty, but sometimes to the depth of thirty fathoms (180 feet), just as the fish, herrings, &c. are lying. They are taken at all these depths when the water is rough as well as smooth, and in both the cod and turbot nets (respectively five and seven inches wide in the mesh). Of the greatest quantity taken at one time, 'John, son of old Alexander Coulter, can make oath, that he took ninety-four gannets from one net, at a single haul, a few years ago. The net was about sixty fathoms long, a cod-net, wrought in a five-inch scale. The birds brought up the net, with its sinkers and fish, to the top, when such as were not drowned made a sad struggle to escape. There were four nets in this train; but the above ninety-four were in one of the nets, and there were thirty-four additional birds in the other part of the train, being 128 gannets in all.'"

Now, we do not think that the excellent historian of the Birds of Ireland has here exercised his customary caution. It does not follow, and certainly the fact is not stated, that on the occasion above referred to the nets had been sunk to thirty fathoms; and the circumstance of the extreme buoyancy of the birds being such as to bring up the net, proves that they were not far from the surface. Sink a solan goose to the depth of 180 feet, and its power of flotation upwards would be much diminished, even were it a free agent. If so, what are we to say to that same power when the poor bird is sorely beset by miserable meshes, and moreover the foot-rope of the net is kept firmly down by weights of lead, or heavy stones thereto attached? But, instead of reasoning on this matter, let us turn up the Admiralty charts of that portion of the basin of the Clyde, and we shall there find that the fishing-bank in question (with which we have ourselves some practical acquaintance) lies at a depth of only from seven to eleven fathoms, its average mass of water being thus not more than one-third of what would be indispensable for the prodigious plunge above recorded.† We therefore back Sir Francis Beaufort and our bold surveyors, even against John Coulter and the post-master of Ballantrae.‡

\* *Birds of Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 258.

† See *Admiralty Chart of Scotland*. West Coast. Sheet II.—Firth of Clyde. Surveyed by Captain C. G. Robinson, R.N., F.G.S. 1846.

‡ We believe that no plunging bird, that is, no species which falls from above merely by the impetus of its own weight, either descends so deep, or swims so far under water as a diving bird, properly so called, that is, as one which makes its dip from the surface, and then progresses downwards or onwards by the continu-

The Terns, or sea-swallows, are an elegant and rather numerous tribe, being generally characterized by a sharp and slender bill, lengthened wings, forked tail, with the crown of the head black, the upper parts of the plumage pure pearl grey, the under white. Their flight is easy and buoyant, and their cry, though neither loud nor long, rather grating. But of these, and the more familiar family of gulls, of which, including the various sub-genera, and taking stray birds or foreign stragglers to account, about nineteen different kinds have been seen along the British coasts, our now exceeded limits warn us to be silent. We shall conclude with a brief notice of one or two rather peculiar species, more nearly allied to the petrels.

The fulmar (*Procellaria glacialis*) in its general aspect is very like a gull, but its bill and tubular nostrils give it an organic relationship to the birds above named. Its principal, if not sole breeding place among the British islands, is St. Kilda, where it is found during the summer season in countless multitudes, affording the natives an invaluable addition to their domestic comforts in the form of food and oil. Where it gets this oil, nobody that we have ever met with seems to know. Does it fly for it as far as Greenland, where blubber most abounds? The Reverend Dr. (then the energetic Captain) Scoresby told us many years ago, how when his men were *flensing* the whale, these birds flew at all fatty matters which might fall aside, and often settled in crowds upon the insensate carcase of the monarch of the deep. So near do they approach the scene of surgical operations, that they are often knocked down in great numbers with boat-hooks, or even sometimes captured with the hand; and so greedily do they gorge themselves with their beloved blubber, as to become for a time incapable of flight. This account contrasts strangely with the more superficial observance of the fulmar afforded by a chance visit to St. Kilda. There, over the sparkling sea, or within the sombre shadow of that great rock, a mild and dove-eyed creature is seen for ever on the wing, gliding serenely over the surface with a most soft and buoyant flight, sometimes approaching within a few yards of boat or cutter, "in wonder, not in fear," but never, so far as can be seen, ever picking up anything from the redundant waves, or even helping itself to what is thrown towards it. Its more prolonged and distant flights seem northwards, and many are observed as if returning, though without either flurry or fatigue,

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ous action both of wings and feet. A solan goose generally rises within a few feet of the place into which it has plunged, and seldom continues submerged more than about twenty seconds. To descend thirty fathoms, and reappear in that time, it must swim at least 360 feet (or 18 feet per second,) even if it goes and comes in a line mathematically straight.

from some far country, their interior being always stored with a rich amber-coloured oil, well clarified, and fit for instant use. By what means, and whence, is this obtained, and how far have these beneficent "slaves of the lamp" to fly for it across the briny waves? We have sometimes thought it by no means easy to be a perfectly well instructed ornithologist. Many points occur of difficult solution, although there are certainly few things more familiar than oil and feathers.

The old fulmars feed their young with this liquid fat, emptying it from their interior into that of their offspring, and when seized upon by any ruthless and unauthorized intruder on the sanctity of their rocky ledges, having an undoubted right to do what they like with their own, they squirt it suddenly through the throat into the face and eyes of the assailant. So, when the natives make a sudden nocturnal dart upon them in their nests, they are always careful to grasp them firmly round the neck, to prevent the use or abuse of this most precious oil. The bill is then opened, and held over the prepared gullet of a solan goose, till about a table spoonful has been disgorged. The young birds, when handled, also yield, though in smaller proportions, their contribution to the evening lights which serve to cheer the sadness of those desolate dwellings, so

"Far amid the melancholy main."

The flesh of the young fulmar, on account of its inherently oily nature, forms a favourite food with the inhabitants of St. Kilda.

The only other species we shall notice is likewise a native of the last named island, though not so exclusively confined to it—we mean the Shearwater (*Puffinus Anglorum*). From the darkness of its plumage, its nearly nocturnal habits, its subterranean haunts, and the carefulness with which it keeps itself concealed throughout the day, there seems to be something rather sinister in its character. It generally breeds at the far end of a hole, which it excavates in soft or sandy soil, sometimes taking possession of a rabbit's burrow, where such occurs. It lays only a single egg, which, when fresh, is of the most dazzling whiteness, and peculiarly beautiful in its texture. In summer we find this bird not only in St. Kilda, but in several of the Orkney and Shetland Isles. It seems now, however, to have entirely deserted that small island the Calf of Man—its only southern locality that we know of being a barren isle called Annet, one of the Scilly group. Its frequency in former days in Orkney is attested by the Reverend George Low in his *Fauna Orcadensis*. These birds disperse themselves over the seas in winter, probably migrating southwards. Their flight is smooth and gliding, occasionally very rapid, always buoyant

and easy. They fly low along the surface, often descending into the trough of the sea, then mounting up into the air, over the sparkling crest, and down again into the smoother hollows. What a strange thing it is for a creature which can do all this so gracefully, and with such unwearied wing, to pass the live-long day in a darksome subterranean cell, without one glimpse of that immeasurable main on which, at other times, it so rejoices! We scarcely got more than a glance of this mysterious shear-water during an exploration, some years ago, of the marvels of St. Kilda. Only two or three were seen one evening after sunset, gliding, as it were, from beneath the "stones of darkness and the shadow of death," and betaking themselves seawards, just as the curtain of night was falling upon the great waters.

The following Natatorial species have occurred in Britain, but not in Ireland :—

1. Polish swan,	<i>Cygnus immutabilis.</i>
2. Pink-footed goose,	<i>Anser brachyrhynchus.</i>
3. Spur-winged goose,	<i>Anser gambensis.</i>
4. Bimaculated duck,	<i>Anas gloecitans.</i>
5. Steller's western duck,	<i>Polysticta Stelleri.</i>
6. Red-crested whistling duck,	<i>Fuligula rufo.</i>
7. Ferruginous, or Nyroca duck,	<i>Ful. leucophthalmos.</i>
8. American scaup duck,	<i>Ful. mariloides.</i>
9. Harlequin duck,	<i>Clangula histrionica.</i>
10. Buffel-headed duck,	<i>Clangula albeola.</i>
11. Caspian tern,	<i>Sterna Caspica.</i>
12. Gull-billed tern,	<i>Sterna anglica.</i>
13. Ross's gull,	<i>Larus Rossii.</i>
14. Laughing gull,	<i>Larus atricilla.</i>
15. Bulwer's petrel,	<i>Thalassidroma Bulweri.</i>
16. Wilson's petrel,	<i>Thal. Wilsoni.</i>

The following kinds, all casual stragglers from far countries, have been met with in Ireland, but not in Britain :—

1. Ruppell's tern,	<i>Sterna velox.</i>
2. White-winged black tern,	<i>Sterna leucoptera.</i>
3. Noddy tern,	<i>Sterna stolid.</i>
4. Bonapartian gull,	<i>Larus Bonapartii.</i>

In the foregoing Ornithological Sketches, we have necessarily left unnoticed many interesting species, particularly among those which only winter with us, and take their spring departure to far northern climes, where they may rest alternately on firm enduring earth, and the glittering battlements of polar icebergs.

"Who can recount what transmigrations there  
Are annual made? what nations come and go?  
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?  
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air  
And rude-resounding shore are one wild cry."

- ART. II.—1. *England, Ireland, and America.* By a MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER. Edinburgh, 1835.
2. *Russia.* By a MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER. Edinburgh, 1836.
3. *Annuaire des deux Mondes, pour 1851.* Les Cabinets. Paris, 1852.
4. *Thoughts on our Foreign Relations.* By a MEMBER of the House of Commons. London, 1853.
5. 1793 and 1853. Three Letters. By RICHARD COBDEN, M.P. 1853.

Is England to be a great nation, or a little island? Is she to have a colonial empire and a European policy? Or is she, as some would teach us, to abnegate both? Is she to bid a long and unreluctant farewell to ancestral greatness, to wide-spread influence, to a powerful, formidable, honourable name, and henceforth to think only of safety and wealth? Is she to stand aloof and apart in sublime and selfish isolation, careless of the fate of others, so long as she herself is invulnerable and unmenaced? Or is she, as heretofore, to embrace the four quarters of the globe within her expansive sympathies—to express those sympathies boldly, and to maintain them firmly? Is she to renounce every possession, and abstain from every action, of which the pecuniary profit will not admit of demonstration? Or is she to believe and to proclaim that there are objects dearer than wealth, worthier than prosperity, more indispensable even than tranquillity and comfort? Is she to deny her antecedents, and desert her mission, because she has sometimes, in past years, overstepped its limits, and pursued it imperiously, unrighteously, and at fearful cost? Or is she, profiting by sad experience, and taught and warned by ancient errors, to be greater, wiser, more generous and more beneficent than heretofore, and so to act, so to live, so to speak, that her alliance shall be safety and honour, her maternity a matter of pride and attachment to her children, her rule a blessing to her subjects, and a model to the world?

There is a school which has risen up among us of late years—comprising many men who can neither be ignored nor despised, because, though their views are narrow, their energy and sincerity are indisputable—whose doctrine it is, that we ought, properly speaking, to have *no* international relations except commercial ones; that we ought to imitate the policy which Washington recommended to his countrymen, and hold ourselves apart in cold indifference to the vicissitudes, the sufferings, the aspirations of our neighbours, so long as they will buy from

us and sell to us; that, in short, we should cease to be a member of the great European Commonwealth of Nations, except for purposes of barter. These reasoners, unpalatable as is the policy they recommend to the pride, the instincts and the traditions of Britons, have unquestionably a strong vantage ground from which to urge their doctrines. They can point to many enormous and expensive follies, to many undeniable and costly crimes, committed in times past by the adherents, and in the name, of the policy they reprobate. They can point to numberless instances of unwarrantable interference in matters with which we had no concern, and to not a few of intervention in a scandalous manner, and in an unrighteous cause—of freedom crushed and oppression made triumphant with our sanction and by our aid. We admit, with shame and sorrow, the severe impeachment; but we draw from it a very different practical conclusion. We would atone for the past, not by inaction, but by purified and amended action. We would endeavour to compensate whatever evil we may heretofore have wrought, not by abstaining from international relations altogether, but by conducting those relations in a juster, humbler, wiser spirit.

On what principle our international relations ought henceforward to be regulated—whether our friendships are to be decided by mere similarity of external and material interests, or by congeniality of internal institutions and principles of government—whether our alliances are to be formed with rulers or with peoples—whether we are to shew no preference, and pronounce no opinion, regarding the conduct or doctrines of foreign states—to manifest no sympathy for freedom, no condemnation of ruthless and barbarous oppression, nor disapproval of crimes against humanity and civilisation—whether we are to be as ready to have “cordial amity and understanding” with despots crushing liberty as with freemen struggling for amended laws, if such arrangement should suit our temporary or commercial interests—whether we are to allow constitutional governments to be overthrown by a coalition between perjured conspirators at home and the armies of a foreign tyrant—what are the limits, and what the nature, of the great and sound principle of non-intervention—whether it be a merely passive or an active rule—whether it merely binds us not to interfere ourselves in the internal contests of an independent nation, or whether it involves also the duty of seeing that no others interfere to do for the *wrong* what we abstain from doing for the *right*—whether, whatever iniquities be practised, and whoever be the sufferers beneath them, we are to imitate the selfish priest and the unfeeling Levite, who saw it would be a troublesome business, and so passed by on the other side—or whether, by timely and

judicious acts of friendship and assistance, we are to lay up friends for ourselves against our possible day of menace and of peril—lastly, how our foreign policy, which has hitherto been too often only the policy of the Government, or perhaps only of a section of the Government, may be in future made really the policy of the nation, expressive of its paramount and united will, and therefore steady, consistent, generous, and truly national, and in consequence irresistibly triumphant—all these are questions which must soon be discussed and decided, but to treat which as they should be treated would take us over a far wider space of ground than we now have time to travel. We must content ourselves for the present with a less ambitious task, and shall begin by pointing out a few of the changes which have come over the international position of Great Britain and the tone and temper of her Foreign Policy, and the causes and consequences of those changes.

The first remarkable change to be noticed is that which has come over the character and temper of the British nation in the course of the last five-and-thirty years. We were thus delineated in the early part of the century by a broadly sarcastic but not an unfriendly pencil :—

“ John Bull is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be everybody's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbours' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice ; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of self-defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant neighbours, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the end of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honour does not require that he should meddle in the broil. Indeed, he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with these filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, or a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrothfully from his den. Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray. He always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even

when victorious; and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all they have been quarrelling about.”\*

Who can withhold a smile at the humorous accuracy of this picture as applied to the Englishman of fifty years since? Who can recognise in it the faintest resemblance to the Englishman of to-day?—the indolent, *insouciant*, pacific, and far from sensitive citizen, who can scarcely be roused to believe in any hostility, or to prepare against any danger; whom scarcely any insult can goad out of his apathy; who, so far from being prompt to rush into a quarrel, shrinks from war as a horror, and loathes it as a sin, and is even beginning to listen to arguments against the righteousness of self-defence; who, if there is the faintest rumour of a rupture between any other nations, instantly offers his anxious services to heal the breach; who, from being aggressive, has actually become almost submissive; who settles boundary disputes, when they arise, with a liberality which amazes his opponent, and which is partly wisdom, partly apathy, partly magnanimity, and partly economic calculation; who, though wealthy enough to encounter any contest and to maintain any force, and courageous enough, when once excited, to dare any odds, yet has begun to doubt whether anything short of unquestionable honour or absolute existence is worth fighting for; whose sympathy with foreign nations, even when struggling for those interests of freedom and humanity which he has most at heart, seldom goes beyond words of remonstrance or encouragement; and who, within the last four years, has languidly allowed opportunities to pass, which, at the beginning of the century, would have been seized with alacrity, and has stood tamely by to witness international iniquities which would have made the swords of the last generation leap from their scabbards with a unanimous cry of indignation and disgust. Formerly, even the Liberals were not averse from a legitimate pretext for any intervention which might extend their influence abroad: *now*, even the Tories ostentatiously proclaim that their maxim is to interfere with the internal arrangements of no foreign state. Formerly, we spent the treasure, and hazarded the safety of the nation, for the purpose of replacing the legitimate sovereign on the throne of a neighbouring nation; *now*, whatever be the government it may please that volatile nation to adopt—whatever monarch she may choose, or whether she abjures all mo-

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\* *Sketch Book*, by Washington Irving.

narchy whatever—we hasten to recognise it by return of post, with laudable impartiality and promptitude.

In the change which has thus come over the temper of the nation there is much ground both for congratulation and for self applause; for it has its origin in the spread of wiser and juster notions than formerly prevailed. It is not merely that we are more alive to the sin, the evil, and the cost of war, and that we measure by a truer standard than we used to do the real value of the objects of national ambition; but we have awakened to a clearer perception and a sounder estimate of the rights of others, and a humbler, and therefore juster, apprehension of our own position and its claims and duties. Many circumstances have combined to bring about this wholesome alteration. The frightful carnage, the enormous expenditure, and the unsatisfactory result of the last European war, startled all reflecting men, and the perpetual and heavy burden which that war entailed upon us has acted as a constant and salutary memento. The yearly budget forbids us to forget these things. We had never before been foolish on so grand a scale, or paid so dearly for our folly. Then, in all things we hope we are become a more considerate and sensible people. We look more at realities and less at conventionalities. We are more governed by interests and less by impulses and watchwords. We measure more accurately than we used to do the value of an object against its price. We are more alive, too, to the essential and eternal ordinances of morality. We estimate human life, and the human being generally, more highly than we did. We have a higher criterion of duty to our fellow-creatures—a stronger sense of the degree in which it is possible in national matters to approach the Christian standard. The principles of the Peace Society—fanatical as they are—have unquestionably gained ground among us. Statesmen shrink from war now, not only on account of its risks, its costs, its possible unpopularity, but from a new-born sense of the tremendous moral responsibility which lies upon those who, directly or indirectly, bring upon humanity such an awful curse. More alive than formerly, in all respects, to the mighty and solemn obligations attendant upon power, in this respect they are peculiarly so. They have begun to feel that those who either commence, facilitate, or permit an avoidable war, are answerable in the eye of Heaven for all the guilt, all the suffering, all the nameless horrors, all the fearful contingencies which war involves—a liability which the rashest and hottest may well hesitate and tremble to encounter.

But, more than all, may the change be traced to the political modifications which our constitution has undergone, and the large infusion of the popular element which it has imbibed since

1832. Not only have our commercial relations become enormously more extensive and complicated, but those who are connected with commerce, and who conduct these world-wide enterprises, have obtained an influence in the Legislature before unknown. A war now would be confusing and mischievous beyond all previous parallel, and those who would be injured or ruined by it have now a voice potential in the councils of the State. Then the people, who pay a large portion of the taxes which a war would so grievously augment, have now a great control over the representation, and would not fail on occasion to make their power felt. So obvious is all this, and, indeed, so commonly felt and admitted, that we may feel quite certain no statesman could or would dare to involve this country in a war unless the objects of it were so important, and the justice of it so clear, that the whole nation shared his sentiments, and were prepared to back him. The next war which England undertakes will assuredly be both a just, a necessary, and a popular one; and we, therefore, to those who force it upon us. The Reform Bill of 1832, again, introduced into Parliament, and into public affairs, an entirely new class of men, accustomed to look at all subjects from a common-sense rather than a conventional point of view, fond of recurring to first principles and of eschewing all established formulas, and wholly uninfluenced by a shadow of respect for the traditional maxims which for generations guided the foreign policy of Great Britain—a class of men as useful as an *ingredient* in our Legislature, as they would be dangerous did they constitute its substance. They have compelled a sort of re-examination of all ancestral rules, predilections, and precedents, have insisted upon bringing them all to the bar of reason, and testing them by the standard—often, it is true, a somewhat low one—of direct and material national interest, and have thus succeeded in casting discredit upon all which could not hold their ground, or make out a good case for themselves. By this course they have often done good service, and have succeeded, partially at least, in emancipating us from too close and formal an allegiance to a questionable past.

The change in the tone and attitude of the nation which we have thus briefly traced, is, beyond question, in the main a most hopeful and salutary one. But it is important to note it and bear it in mind, because it indicates that the quarter from which danger is to be apprehended, and the tendencies against which we have to guard, have been entirely shifted. Whatever may be said of this or that individual minister, (who may have his special idiosyncrasies,) there can be no doubt that the disposition of the nation is no longer aggressive and meddlesome, but rather patient, enduring, indifferent, and prone to compromise;

and those who continue to declaim as if we were still the same petulant, pertinacious, ambitious, intrusive busy-bodies, which, perhaps, we were truly represented to be half a century ago, are simply guilty of the same kind of anachronistic nonsense as those who are even now crying out, as their fathers did before them, against extravagant official salaries, sinecures, and jobs.

It is worthy of observation, moreover, that this pacific disposition which we have described as having come over our countrymen, is by no means confined to them, but is shared in a greater or less degree by all continental nations. It is true that great difference of opinion exists among the various peoples of Europe as to what objects are or are not worth fighting for. Some will go to war for points which others would think deserving only of a dignified remonstrance, or at most, perhaps, of a temporary withdrawal from diplomatic intercourse. Some governments are much more ready than others to resent insult, to demand explanations, to take umbrage at suspected ulterior designs; but all are far more disposed than formerly to shrink from quarrels about trivial concerns, to accept friendly mediation in case of disputes arising between them, and to concede, conciliate, and compromise, wherever the national honour does not absolutely forbid such a course. The general prevalence of this temper has been proved on numberless occasions during the last twenty-five years: misunderstandings have been explained, disputes have been adjusted, breaches have been healed, animosities and heart-burnings have been allayed, menacing crises have been safely got over, which at any previous epoch in European history, would infallibly have ended in bloody and disastrous wars. Half a dozen times since 1829 has war seemed almost inevitable; yet no war has occurred except those internal ones which arose out of the events of 1848—events which nothing except the universal desire among all the Cabinets of Europe to remain at peace could possibly have hindered from ripening into a general conflagration. The truth is, that since the Napoleonic era the commercial connexions of nations have become so much more extensive, close, and confidential, that a war would be ruinous to the people of every country in a far greater degree even than formerly; and in proportion as it would be so would it be unpopular; and even the most absolute governments are obliged to respect the sentiments and interests of their subjects. In addition to this, they all naturally enough take pride in the prosperity of their respective countries, and they have learned at last that this prosperity depends upon the arts of peace, and can never be really promoted even by the triumphs or the trophies of war. Hence we see that if the faintest spark of fire shews itself in any quarter, nearly all the sovereigns of Europe rush, as

by common consent, to tread it out, instead of endeavouring to fan it into a flame, as was their wont in less enlightened times.

Side by side with the pacific dispositions which have gradually taken possession of Englishmen, has grown up a disinclination for foreign alliances and treaties, offensive and defensive, with Continental States. It is argued that these lead us into perpetual quarrels, in which we have no personal interest, and are generally formed with States, as Portugal and Turkey, which can offer us nothing in return for the sacrifices which they call upon us to make, and which would be utterly powerless to assist us in case of danger. The member of Parliament whose pamphlet we have placed at the head of this Article, writes thus, and unquestionably with very considerable reason :—

“ Whenever (in consequence of our alliance with Portugal) that country has been invaded, she has always appealed to this country for military support and assistance, which has ever been readily afforded ; thus, in consequence of an antiquated treaty, made two centuries ago, under peculiar circumstances, and for merely family reasons, this country is to be for ever dragged into wars when neither her security, honour, or interests are in any way possibly concerned ; and this, too, for the maintenance of an insignificant paltry nationality which could not reciprocate our support in the *slightest possible degree*. . . . . It is time this was put an end to. It is profitless, expensive, dangerous, and gratuitous. There ought to be a six months’ notice given that the treaty shall henceforth be cancelled, and that we hold the Portuguese, ‘ *as we hold the rest of the world, enemies in war—in peace friends.*’

“ In a common sense point of view there should always be a mutuality of advantages in every international alliance. An alliance should never be entered into but for pure state reasons, and for specific and definite objects ; and should be discontinued when the circumstances which originally made it imperative no longer exist. Our alliance with Portugal is continued because every minister who comes into official harness finds it in existence ; and for no better reasons upon earth. Portugal has everything to gain by the connexion, and we have everything to lose—she could not bring us a ship or a regiment in our hour of need (if such should ever arrive), but wants, on the other hand, perpetually supporting and covering up ; involving all the disadvantages of a partnership without one equivalent.”

The principle of foreign policy recommended by this writer is, to “leave ourselves (untrammelled by any entangling alliances) at liberty to take our own course, and improve events as they arise to our own advantage.” He would not, however, “have Great Britain utterly indifferent to all or anything that is passing on the Continent. I would have her interfere when honour, duty, or interest, necessitated an interference ; but in the meantime I would have her cast clear off all the miserable alliances she has formed, (generally with little or weak states,)

which are a source of expense, anxiety, and *weakness*; and then let her deal with every international question as it arises—entirely on its own merits.” That is to say, that we are to abandon all idea of *protectorships* of feeble states, or to exercise such functions only in conjunction with other great powers, or to interpose on behalf of our smaller and weaker neighbours only when our own interests can be served by doing so; but to enter into no *engagements* with them. We by no means intend here to pronounce any opinion upon this new guiding rule of policy; we merely wish to direct attention to the change which has come over the traditional doctrines of the British nation, when these recommendations are publicly urged by men of station and repute, and received with favour by a large class in the community.

Another indication of the same change is to be found in the very different manner in which our supposed interest and duty in preserving “the equilibrium of power” in Europe, are regarded now from that in which they were regarded fifty or even thirty years ago. Then it was alleged and accepted as a valid ground for constant diplomatic and even warlike interferences with foreign states: now statesmen are beginning to be rather shy of using the phrase, especially of pronouncing it as a pretext for armament or action; and “members of Parliament” can write of it thus:—

“Thirdly, As to the ‘balance of power.’ This is too absurd a proposition to be seriously entertained. It means anything, or nothing, according to the whim or caprice of any Court or Government; it implies rights which do not exist; it involves duties that belong only to time, or fate, or Providence; it is a nebulous, intangible apology for a principle which exists only in the imagination of the diplomatist or the dreamer; it is a question upon which all eminent writers disagree,—a plain proof that it has no actual existence as a moral or political principle at all. So seriously do I look upon this *political fraud*, ‘the balance of power,’ that I should think every shilling spent in its defence was to that extent a *robbery* of the people of England; and every soldier’s life sacrificed in any attempt, under any circumstances, to carry it out, morally speaking, to be a *murder*.”—*Thoughts on our Foreign Relations*.

The politician who has mainly contributed to bring about the altered state of national feeling on this question is unquestionably Mr. Cobden. In his pamphlet entitled “Russia,” published sixteen years ago, he devoted a chapter to a caustic and clever, though one-sided analysis of “the chimera” of the balance of power. He shewed up with great effect the vagueness and variability of the idea involved in it; the incomplete application of it; the imperfect and vacillating way in which it

has been carried out; and the crimes, follies, and expenditure of which it has in past times been the pretext or the cause;—but he failed to perceive the germ of sense and truth which lies at the root of it, and without which it could never have received the sanction or swayed the proceedings of all our great statesmen, of whatever party—as he admits that it has done. Since the publication of his first onslaught, his course has been persevering and consistent: in and out of Parliament, by speeches and by letters, he has unceasingly denounced all connexion or interference with European politics, and has endeavoured to reduce the relation between Great Britain and foreign nations to the simple element of commercial intercourse; and his views contain so much that is sound, and so much more that is plausible, that we cannot wonder at the extent to which they have spread among the middle classes, and have influenced even the opinions of statesmen and the conduct of Cabinets. It cannot be denied that our claim to hold the “balance of power” in Europe has often been dogmatically and haughtily asserted and offensively carried out; that it has often prompted us to unwarrantable interference and unjust aggression; that it has often led us into wars in which we had no interest, and into extravagant expenditure for which we obtained no equivalent;—but in arguing from the abuse of a thing against its use—in maintaining that England has no concern with the conduct or aggrandizement of foreign states as long as she herself is not the object of direct attack—Mr. Cobden has, we think, been led into a false and untenable position,—an error the more remarkable, inasmuch as this very system of “equilibrium,” rightly understood, is a step towards, an imperfect substitute for, and an attempt to effect the objects of, that very plan of “arbitration” of which he is the unwearied and zealous apostle. For, the very purpose and idea of the system was, by a combination among all the States of Europe, to prevent such an aggrandizement of the power of any one of them as would enable that one to impair the independence or threaten the national existence of any of the others. It was a barrier against universal dominion; it was a bulwark to protect the weak against the strong—to secure *that* by association, consent, and a general law, which individual and isolated States would have been unable to secure for themselves. These were its objects: and it is no derogation from the importance of them to allege, that they were often ill-attained; that the rules laid down for securing them were often violated; that the means employed were often injudicious and ineffectual. The maxim of the system was in itself surely a wise one, had it only been wisely applied—*obsta principiis*: do not postpone resistance till it will be too late to resist with success; do not wait till your

rival actually attacks you with overwhelming force, but arouse the vigilance of the great Areopagitic Court of nations (of which Mr. Cobden preaches up the formation so earnestly, but which, in fact, this very abused idea of political equilibrium long since tacitly created) in time to prevent that force from ever becoming overwhelming; interfere on the first encroachment which intimates an intention on the part of a great State to absorb, to oppress, or to reduce to dependence its weaker neighbour,—partly in the name of justice, but principally because your own future interest or safety dictates such timely prevention. Let all the great powers of Europe, for example, interpose to forbid France to annex Belgium, Holland, and Savoy,—partly because such annexation would be a spoiling of the comparatively feeble, which would outrage all private as well as all international morality, and partly because it would give (or might be expected to give) to France such an accession of aggressive power as would be, and would be felt to be, menacing to other States, and would compel them to increase their defensive armaments. Do not allow Austria to seize upon the Italian peninsula, because she would thereby enrich herself enormously, and obtain a vantage-ground which sooner or later she would be certain to use to the injury and emperilment of her neighbours. Do not let Russia dismember Turkey, and take possession of Constantinople, because that would at once untie the hands of a Power which we know from all history to be of all others the most ambitious, and the most boldly and perseveringly encroaching, and which is now held in check only by the circumstance of her one great sea-port being so easily blockadable by her maritime rivals. We give these only as examples. Statesmen may be mistaken in the assumption, that these acts of aggrandizement (the two first specified at least) would really augment the strength of the nations which were guilty of them; but assuredly there is nothing "vague" or "senseless" in the idea which prompts us to prevent them in the outset, rather than quietly connive at their perpetration, and then abide their consequences.

Besides, this system of "political equilibrium" ought to be, and to a great degree really is, that very "Peace Congress" which Mr. Cobden so anxiously desires. How many wars of territorial aggrandizement and unjust encroachment have been prevented by the knowledge of the ambitious potentates who meditated them, that the guardians of "the balance of power" would at once interpose to forbid the realization of their aims! How many State crimes have been smothered in the conception, because it was known that, in the face of this derided theory, they could not be committed with impunity! How frequently, especially of late,

has the peace of Europe been maintained in the face of the most menacing crises, by the general fear lest a war should derange the system of mutual equilibrium which it has cost so many efforts and so much blood and treasure to preserve! Was not a most threatening danger averted not two months ago, and the Ottoman Empire saved from a struggle in which she must ultimately have been crushed, because it was felt by all the powers that a general war would almost certainly result from the derangement of "the equilibrium" consequent upon the dismemberment of that vast and tempting State? Does Mr. Cobden suppose that Switzerland would not long since have been seized upon by Austria at the cost of a cruel and a crushing war, and one of the worthiest and most hopeful nationalities extinguished, had she not been guaranteed and protected by the other Governments of Europe, in the name and for the sake of the "balance of power?" Does he believe that Italy would not long since have been parcelled out between Austria and France, but for the obvious impossibility of their agreeing about the division of the spoil, and the certain veto that England and Russia would have interposed to such a derangement of the "balance of power?" Does he not know that Russia would long since have been mistress of Roumelia and the Dardanelles, at the cost of a savage war, and with the certainty of a rich harvest of future ones, had not the "Peace Congress of Nations," which watches over the "political equilibrium" of Europe, beckoned to her to withhold her hand? Does he believe that France, which has so long hankered after Egypt, would not long ere this have established herself upon those fertile but now wretched and desolated shores, and thus have perpetrated a scandalous robbery and a great crime, but for the knowledge that neither we, nor our allies and colleagues in the Areopagitic Council, could have permitted an aggression which, by cutting off our nearest access to our Indian Empire, would so greatly weaken England and relatively strengthen France? In all these cases, and in others that might be adduced, the vigilant and zealous interest which each State takes in the proceedings of its neighbours, and which Mr. Cobden denounces, brings about—imperfectly it is true, but often most effectually—that system of control, mediation, arbitration, and *enforced peace*, which he is so desirous to establish in a recognised and ostensible form. The Five Great Powers of Europe, in fact, unite to compel any one of them which might be disposed to seek its own aggrandizement, and "to take the law into its own hands," to submit the case to their consideration and arbitrament: they do habitually and tacitly, and by a sort of necessity, what Mr. Cobden would have them do in virtue of diplomatic arrangements and formal parchment treaties.

There is indeed one weak point, one decided imperfection in the theory of the "balance of power," upon which both Mr. Cobden and Lord Brougham,\* with the usual acuteness which distinguishes them, have put their finger. It is this:--The relative strength of a State—for aggression as well as for defence—may be augmented as much, or even more, by the development of its internal resources, than by any family alliances or territorial acquisitions; and yet this is a species of aggrandizement, a derangement of the equilibrium, which no other State can with decency protest against or forbid. A nation may make no new treaty, contract no fortunate marriage, abstain from adding one square mile to its dominions, and yet, by dint of wise laws, free institutions, increasing population, intellectual activity, commercial enterprise, the discovery and good management of internal wealth, may spring up in the course of a century from a third or fourth-rate to a first-rate power. Mr. Cobden perceived this, and hastily jumped to the conclusion, that therefore the whole theory of "balance of power" was a chimera and a humbug. Lord Brougham perceived it, and with unflinching logic carries out the theory to the assertion of a right in rival States to interfere in the case of this natural, internal, and righteous development of power, as well as in that of an aggressive and acquisitive one. Both, however, adopted these strange conclusions in their early youth: both, we hope, have modified or abandoned them in more advanced years. The conclusion of the latter is a monstrous doctrine, which has made no converts: that of the former will be adopted by few statesmen but such as discern no difference between admitting limits to a principle of action and throwing it overboard altogether. The natural and internal aggrandizement of States is a thing for others to emulate, not to prevent; and having been attained by wise and just means, is the less likely to be made use of for unjust or aggressive ends. The very causes which have led to this prosperity and power will shew such States wherein lies their true interest and their real strength; and a nation which has grown rich and formidable by the arts of peace will be the last to jeopardize its new position by departing from the antecedents through which it has attained it.—Mr. Cobden's doctrines have, however, so far taken possession of the English mind, that no British statesman would now dream of engaging his country in a war *merely* on the ground of maintaining "the political equilibrium of Europe,"—independent of a clear case of insult, injury, or imminent menace to ourselves.

Another most important change has been wrought in the very

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\* Colonial Policy.

foundations of our foreign relations by the adoption of the principles of unrestricted freedom into our commercial policy. The triumph of free-trade involved many most momentous collateral consequences, which have scarcely yet been fully recognised or realized by the national mind, though Mr. Cobden pointed them out clearly enough as inevitable corollaries nearly eighteen years ago. Formerly the extension of our commerce, in one form or another, was the motive of much of our ambitious and intermeddling policy, and the ruling idea in the minds of our diplomatists. We negotiated, cajoled, bullied, quarrelled with other nations, in order to extort from them peculiar commercial privileges or preferences. We persuaded our allies to accord advantages to our merchants or to our manufacturers which they denied to our rivals; and hence a fruitful source of disputes and hostilities with the latter. We aimed at territorial aggrandizement for the sake of extended markets for our merchandise; we founded colonies, or seized the colonies of others, for the sake of monopolizing to ourselves the supply of their wants and the enjoyment or the sale of their products. We forbade other nations to enter their harbours except upon the most unfair and disadvantageous terms. Our diplomatists were perpetually engaged in negotiating commercial treaties, treaties of reciprocity, treaties to secure peculiar favour. In fact, half our wars, and nearly all our protocols and ambassadorial correspondence, had for their object to conquer so many millions more of customers.

Now all this is altered. We trust no longer to arms, but to arts. We rely solely upon the superior quality or cheapness of our goods to secure them entry into foreign ports. We admit the competition of all people. We allow the ships of every nation to enter our harbours on the same terms. We receive the merchandise of every nation on the same terms as that of our own dependencies. We permit foreigners to supply our colonies and be supplied by them as freely as ourselves. We no longer ask for any exclusive privileges or peculiar advantages which ships of war are needed to extort or to protect. All that our diplomatists have now to do in reference to commerce is to see that justice is done to our peaceful traders, and to endeavour to persuade foreign nations to lower their tariffs in imitation of our own. If they impose heavy or partial import duties on our goods for the protection of their own manufactures, we do not menace them with war, as we should have done fifty years ago, nor do we retaliate by the imposition of equivalent duties on their produce, as we should have done thirty years ago: we simply leave them, after a remonstrance and a lecture on economic science, to the self-inflicted punishment of their own folly. We no longer dream of extending our markets by the sword (unless India may be an exception); we no longer knock men down, and carry them, bound hand and

foot, to purchase at our shop; we no longer covet the colonies of other nations, nor desire to multiply our own, for we have found out that they are troublesome to govern and costly to defend, and that our commerce with them may be just as profitable if they are either independent or under foreign rule; and we are more and more in the habit of measuring every question of this sort by merely mercantile and pecuniary considerations. The grounds of dispute with other nations are thus enormously reduced; and will be reduced still further, as the rest of the world, seeing the prosperity which our commerce has attained under the *régime* of freedom, shall adopt our principles and follow in our path. Our navy is now needed only (so far as our commercial interests are concerned) to protect our merchant ships from pirates in peace, and from privateers in war, and from the occasional insolence or injustice of peevish and half-civilized governments.

But the most singular and perplexing modification of our relations with foreign states is that which has arisen out of the long series of political and social revolutions, of which the great French convulsion of 1789 was the commencement, and which have since, on various occasions, agitated nearly every European country. The change may be stated in two words: formerly we had to deal only with *governments*—now, we have to consider *nations* likewise. Before the date we have mentioned, our diplomacy—in whatever subtle, slippery, and intriguing fashion it might be carried on—was in its fundamental principle simple enough. We knew nothing of peoples, patriots, or parties. Each country was looked upon, for all practical purposes, as the private estate of the sovereign house which ruled it. We recognised only cabinets: we ignored their subjects;—and this, not from any affectation, or by a sort of legal fiction, or as a matter of courtesy, but simply because we never thought of them as having a distinct existence and possibly even a separate or opposing will. We did not deal with, or think of, “the French,” “the Russians,” “the Spaniards,” “the Austrians,” or “the Dutch,”—but “the Cabinet” of Versailles, St. Petersburg, or Madrid, “the Hague,” the “Porte,” the “Court of St. James,” and so on. These were the governments which wielded the power, managed the affairs, represented the interests and the wishes of their respective nations, and with these alone, as with individual units, we were concerned. We had only to consider their opinions, family alliances, traditional policy, and obvious interests. Hence arose a system of international relations, the main features of which were not difficult to understand. Our next neighbour, as the one with whom we were most likely to come into collision, was our peculiar rival—or, as

it was then phrased, "our natural enemy." Our next neighbour *but one*, as the "natural enemy" of our next neighbour, was our "natural ally." The relations of Nos. 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 3 and 4, were hostile, or at least watchful and suspicious: the relations of Nos. 1 and 3, 2 and 4, 3 and 5, by the same rule, were amicable. France was the natural enemy of England: Austria and Holland were our natural allies. Rarely were these normal and traditional relations departed from. An alliance between France and Great Britain, or between France and Austria, was regarded as something monstrous; it was designated as "unnatural" and anti-national.

How entirely these ideas were the basis of all diplomatic science is curiously shewn by a document which has recently come to light—a memorial on the arrangements best suited to secure the peace of Europe, presented by Talleyrand to Napoleon when the decisive victory at Ulm seemed to give to the French Emperor power to carry out whatever plans he might approve.\* It is contained in the sketch of the life and works of that consummate diplomatist, read by M. Mignet before the Academy of Sciences.

"Lui exposant alors ses vues, il ajoutait qu'il y avait en Europe quatre grandes puissances, la France, l'Autriche, l'Angleterre, la Russie—la Prusse n'ayant été placée un instant sur la même ligne que par le génie de Frédéric II.; que la France était *la seule puissance parfaite*, (ce sont ses expressions,) parceque seule elle réunissait dans une juste proportion les deux éléments de grandeur qui étaient inégalement repartis entre les autres, les richesses et les hommes; que l'Autriche et l'Angleterre étaient alors les ennemies naturelles de la France, et la Russie son ennemie indirecte par la sollicitation des deux autres, et par ses projets sur l'empire Ottoman; que l'Autriche, *tant qu'elle ne serait pas en rivalité avec la Russie*, et la Russie, *tant qu'elle resterait en contact avec la Porte*, seraient facilement unies par l'Angleterre dans une alliance commune; que du maintien d'un tel système de rapports entre les grands Etats de l'Europe naîtraient des causes permanentes de guerre; que les paix ne seraient que des trêves, et que l'effusion du sang humain ne serait jamais que suspendue.

"Il se demandait dès lors quel était le nouveau système de rapports qui, supprimant tout principe de mésintelligence entre la France et l'Autriche, séparerait les intérêts de l'Autriche de ceux de l'Angleterre, les mettrait en opposition avec ceux de la Russie, et par cette opposition garantirait l'empire Ottoman et fonderait un nouvel équilibre Européen. Telle était la position du problème. Voici quelle en était la solution. Il proposait *d'éloigner l'Autriche de l'Italie en lui ôtant l'Etat Vénitien, de la Suisse en lui ôtant le Tyrol, de l'Allemagne méridionale en lui ôtant ses possessions en Souabe*. De cette manière, elle cessait d'être en contact avec les Etats fondés ou protégés par la

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\* He urged it upon him again after the battle of Austerlitz.

*France, et elle ne restait plus en hostilité naturelle avec elle.* . . . .  
Après avoir depouillé l'Autriche sur un point, il l'agrandissait sur un autre, et lui donnait des compensations territoriales proportionnées à ses pertes, afin que, n'éprouvant aucun regret, elle ne fit aucune tentative pour recouvrer ce qui lui aurait été enlevé. Où étaient placées ces compensations ? Dans la vallée même du Danube, qui est le grand fleuve Autrichien. Elles consistaient dans la Valachie, la Moldavie, la Bessarabie, et la partie la plus septentrionale de la Bulgarie.

“ Par là, disait-il en concluant, les Allemands seraient pour toujours exclus de l'Italie ; et les guerres, que leurs prétentions sur ce beau pays avaient entretenues pendant tant de siècles, se trouveraient à jamais éteintes ; l'Autriche, possédant tout le cours du Danube et une partie des côtes de la Mer Noire *serait voisine de la Russie et dès lors sa rivale—serait éloignée de la France, et dès lors son alliée ;* l'empire Ottoman achèterait, par la sacrifice utile de provinces que les Russes avaient déjà envahies, sa sûreté et un long avenir ; l'Angleterre ne trouverait plus d'alliés sur le Continent, ou n'en trouverait que d'inutiles ; les Russes, comprimés dans leurs déserts, porteraient leur inquiétude et leurs efforts vers le midi de l'Asie, et *le cours des événements les mettrait en présence des Anglais, transformant en futurs adversaires ces confédérés d'aujourd'hui.* ”

Such was the spirit of diplomacy in the age which is just past. But in the last quarter of a century a new element has been introduced, and has attained power and recognition in the relations of European states,—an element at once of discord and of union—severing old alliances, and binding together ancestral foes. Out of the wars of the French Revolution, and the fermentation of ideas which preceded them, sprung up among most European nations a desire for freer institutions, for amended laws, and for a greater participation on the part of the people in the functions of the government. The rulers for the most part held by the old system, or modified it but slightly in accordance with the wishes of their subjects ; but the *people* began to express independent volitions, to demand constitutions, such as France had once obtained, and England and America had long enjoyed, and to feel that their own governments might be their worst enemies, and antagonist and rival nations their truest friends. The sovereign in each case might still be anxious as before for alliance with princes legitimate or despotic like himself ; but the nation, or a portion of it, longed rather for a connexion with those states who resembled it in the internal institutions after which it aspired. England, as the freest and most truly constitutional state in Europe, came to be regarded as the sort of natural friend of the popular party in every continental country ; and as her own system became more and more liberal and democratic, it was impossible that she could avoid sympathizing in her heart with those who were desiring and struggling for the political

blessings which she valued so highly, and not easy always to avoid some expression of that sympathy. This reciprocal feeling was, however, but imperfect and subdued, till the French Revolution of 1830 came to shatter in pieces so many hollow forms and conventional relations, and to inaugurate a new order of things. That event gave France a really constitutional and popular government; the Reform Act of 1832 did the same for England. The obvious interests and mutual sympathy of the two free nations of Europe at once bound them together in a strict and cordial alliance which bid defiance to all venerable and musty traditions; their common objects and feelings as freemen overpowered their ancient hostility as rivals; and, though competitors still, it was for a prize that both might win. The very same circumstances which united us with France, severed us from Austria and Russia, both as discrepant in feeling, and as no longer needing their alliance to counterbalance the hostility of France. Portugal and Spain obtained nominally constitutional governments; Belgium, separated from Holland, became a free parliamentary state, and the ally and *protégé* therefore of France and England. The peace of Europe was preserved by a great general effort; our old alliances were formally maintained; but the unity of interest and cordiality of feeling which made them something more than a mere parchment tie, was seriously impaired. The alliance between France and England, which was felt to be the great guarantee of freedom, and the great hope for the progress of European civilisation, was maintained throughout the reign of Louis Philippe, though latterly somewhat shaken by the disposition of that monarch to recur to old dynastic notions and plans of family aggrandizement, in place of purely national and popular considerations;—but when his opposition to the demand of his people for a more genuine Parliamentary government led to the Revolution of 1848, and the subsequent explosion throughout Europe, it became plain how completely the sympathy of *peoples* had superseded the wishes, or interests, or traditions of *sovereigns*, as the groundwork of national friendships. Though dreading the consequences, England at once and cordially accepted the Republic in France; she showed and avowed her sympathy with the struggling Italians; offered her advice and mediation, and though she refused to aid the insurgent patriots by her arms, she was quite prepared to have recognised their independence had they been able to establish it. She disapproved of Russian interference in Hungary, though she took (alas!) no step to prevent it; she wished the Austrians to have relinquished Lombardy; she proposed a constitutional sovereign to the victorious Sicilians; and she expressed in no measured terms her utter detestation of Neapolitan barbarity then and

since. Though true to her new principle of non-intervention, the savage behaviour of Austria in Italy and Hungary called forth manifestations of her feelings which that power can never forgive, and is now resenting by every petty and malicious weapon which she dares to use. The ancient alliance between England and Austria is most effectually though not nominally dissolved; we now abhor that power more than any other in the world; we recoil from her benumbing tyranny; we loathe her mean and sanguinary conduct to her victims. Russia we respect, while we maintain a vigilant and jealous attitude towards her; but we sympathize too profoundly with the subjects of Austria ever again to be able to maintain genuine friendship with her government. Henceforth, it is felt by our people, and beginning to be acknowledged by our rulers, that, whatever may be our temporary engagements and treaties, our "natural enemies" are despotic powers, and our "natural allies" the free governments of Europe.

Since 1848 another cause of modification and complication in international policy has acquired prominence and strength—the spirit and idea of NATIONALITY. In the course of time, by conquest, treaty, or family inheritance, it has happened that various peoples, often most incongruous in character, religion, and political instincts, have been united under one sovereignty; while in other cases the same race, speaking the same language, owning the same literature, and sprung from the same origin, has become split into several states. In such cases, the union in the first instance, and the separation in the second, are alike felt to be unnatural arrangements, capable of being maintained only by brute force, or by consummate skill, wisdom, and forbearance. Still such had long existed, and were sanctioned and even extended by the great settlement of 1815. Norway and Sweden were then forced into a repulsive connexion. The English and the Irish, with little but their humanity in common, had long been bound together, but not harmonized. Austria grasped under her rule Germans, Italians, Slavonians, Croats, and Magyars, and has perpetually but vainly endeavoured to blend and fuse all these inharmonious elements by the force of an iron centralisation. Belgium and Holland were unequally yoked together; on the other hand the Germans, the Slaves, and the Italians, in spite of their consanguinity, their common language, and their internal affinities, were respectively split up into many states. The year 1848 shewed the prevalence of a strong and almost instinctive tendency on the part of all these people to re-arrange themselves anew according to their natural ties, in distinct and comprehensive NATIONALITIES. This principle had already divided Belgium from Holland. This has been the pretext, and in great

part the cause, of our Irish difficulties and disturbances. This entered largely into the causes of the creation of the kingdom of Greece. This gave rise to the Frankfort diet and the Holstein war. This showed itself in the Italian struggle—in the march of the Romans and Neapolitans to join the Lombards—in the gallant but unsuccessful efforts of Charles Albert—in the temporary union of Lombardy and Piedmont—and in the energetic and still continued exertions of Mazzini and his party to make Italy “one and indivisible.” This again was at the bottom of the internecine contest between Austria and Hungary; and lay in the background of the motives which induced Russia to aid the former country, and thus to acquire a sort of footing among the Slavonian population which Austria now rules. This great idea will, we believe, gain power and distinctness year by year, and cannot fail to play a prominent part in all the future convulsions, alliances, wars, and re-arrangements of Europe. “Blood is thicker than water;” and the tie of a common origin and a common language will probably be found more irresistible than any despot and any treaties.

It is difficult to over-estimate the perplexities, the complications, the modifications, the *bouleversement*, which these two causes—the Revolutionary and the Nationalizing element—have introduced into the international politics of Europe. In virtue of them Great Britain has become isolated from all cordial and effective continental alliances, and a singular and confusing metamorphosis has been wrought in her traditional policy and her ancestral friendships. By them France is now a puzzle to herself and to every one around her. Her mission, (to which in spite of temporary eclipse we believe she will yet return,) as the great apostle of democracy and the ally of popular movements, led her to sympathize with the Italian Revolution of 1848; her hereditary instinct of jealousy of Austrian influence induced her on the contrary to interfere to crush the Roman Republic in order that her rival might have no excuse for doing so. Her Emperor too is an enigma and an anomaly. England, while recognising him as the undoubted choice of the nation, is confounded thus to find herself in the position of ratifying and sanctioning one of the most iron absolutisms in the world. The continental sovereigns on the contrary, while rejoicing over the crushing of socialism and republicanism which he has effected, and grateful to him for having destroyed their bugbear and done their work, cannot without a feeling of amazement and disgust welcome to their fraternity a sovereign who is elected by universal suffrage to fill the throne on which a legitimate monarch used to sit, and who openly proclaims that he reigns “by the

will of the people." In virtue of these two elements, the Austrian empire is hourly threatened with dismemberment and dissolution, while she is severed from England, her close, cordial and faithful ally of many centuries,—incurs a quarrel with the co-German power of Prussia, which refuses to admit her non-German provinces into the Confederation,—and is driven for safety to throw herself into the arms of her most formidable and insidious rival, namely, Russia,—whom she dreads with only too well-grounded a fear. Austria well knew the danger she was encountering when she invited a Russian army into provinces peopled by those very Slaves, of whose dormant nationality the Emperor of Russia was the natural and acknowledged chief;—she dreaded the influence which, even as foes, that army would be able to obtain over her Hungarian insurgents, by the contrast which they would take care their conduct should present to that of the Austrian force. The result has fully justified her fears;—but the imminence of the peril which threatened her dominions, and the unfriendly attitude of England left her no alternative. She feels bitterly and indignantly the false step which she has taken; and the passive share which England had in obliging her to take it is one of the causes which make her so furious against us. Russia took care to improve the occasion to extend her influence over the Slavonic population of the Austrian provinces, and even to make friends among the Magyars, and takes no great pains to disguise from Austria or from herself the species of *suzeraineté* she has thus established;—so that the feeling and secret attitude of the two allied courts are in reality far more hostile than before the service was asked of the one and rendered by the other. Finally, Russia, prompted by old hostility, and by ulterior views, to leave Austria to succumb to the attacks which beset her on every side, would not have been sorry to see a powerful rival weakened, and a way opened for the severance from her of provinces which might naturally have blended with her own kindred subjects;—but on the other hand, as *essentially autocratic and anti-revolutionary*, she could not see with tameness or with complacency, so near to her own inflammable Polish dominions, the triumphs of a people who fought, as the Magyars did, at once in the name of nationality and of popular institutions. Nicholas, moreover, was far too clever not to perceive the danger of bringing his own troops into intercourse (for there is much necessary intercourse even with the soldiers you fight against, the prisoners you take, and the people whose country you invade) with men as enthusiastic as the Hungarians in the cause of liberty and constitutional rights. As a fact, indeed, there can be no doubt that the Hungarian Campaign had a most alarming effect in spreading liberal ideas among

the Russian officers who took a part in it ; on their return home, five at least were shot, and many more exiled to Siberia in consequence of the free sentiments they had imbibed and expressed.

Such are some of the causes which have brought about the present position of Great Britain in reference to the other powers and nations of the world. It is one quite new to history, and ought to be well understood, and thoroughly realized. We are henceforth a pacific and purely defensive State. We eschew and dread all idea of territorial aggrandizement ; anything of the kind that takes place in India is forced upon us ; we rejoiced over, instead of regretting, the severance of Hanover ; if the fairest portions of Europe were now offered to us as our inheritance, we should in all probability decline the gift without even the formality of deliberation,—or if we did accept it, we should do so—however our misinterpreting rivals may sneer at the assertion—out of a pure regard to the interests of civilisation, and with undissembled fear of the consequences to ourselves. No State can seriously pretend to dread aggression upon our part ; and nothing now could force us into war, except intolerable insult to ourselves, or unprovoked attack upon our allies ;—and even then war would be not as of old our first, but our last word. Yet we stand in a position of isolation which we never occupied before. We are in a state of nominal and formal amity and alliance with every power in the world, except the King of Ava ; *but all our genuine, natural, and cordial alliances are with the SMALLER and FEEBLER States of Europe*, inasmuch as these only have constitutional governments. Belgium, Piedmont, Norway, Switzerland, may be said to be our cordial friends ; Spain, Portugal, and Holland, friends, but perhaps not quite so devoted. But all of these are *protégés* rather than effective allies ; not one of them could render us any prompt aid ; all united would not suffice to counterbalance the hostility of one of the great powers of Europe. In case of any exigency they would demand from us much ; they could reciprocate little. It is questionable whether we should not be far safer had we no continental allies at all. Those we have might easily drag us into wars to the prosecution of which they could contribute no efficient assistance. Among the first-class States of Europe we are the sole remaining representative of constitutional freedom. Popular institutions have taken refuge in England as their last asylum ; on us, alone and unsupported, is laid the glorious but heavy burden of defending them. Wo and shame to us and to the world, if we are unprepared for the crisis or unequal to the duty !—if we quail from the encounter, or sleep on the volcano, either from the blindness that will see no danger, or

the deafness that will listen to no warning, or the niggard parsimony that grudges any outlay, however moderate, for any cause, however grand, or the selfishness that cries, "Am I my brother's keeper?" or the short-sighted policy that will defend no outworks, but waits for the attack upon the citadel (feebly hoping it may never come) or the laziness that shirks exertion, or the timidity that shrinks from peril, or the slavery to precedent that dares venture upon no courageous or unsanctioned novelty. As was grandly said on an earlier occasion—"As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, in the eastern hemisphere at least, we stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race, and are placed for their defence in the Thermopylæ of the universe." Depositories of the most sacred and precious treasure, trusted guardians of the holiest and the noblest cause, and face to face and alone with the most formidable foes that ever menaced the one or coveted the other,—there are yet those among us whose recipe for the conjuncture is to ignore the danger, to repudiate the duty, and to stick, like the ostrich, their head into the blinding sand!

1. With regard to Austria, as we have said, our attitude is one of distant coldness and unmeasured disapproval on our part, and of undisguised irritation and dislike on hers. The ideas and principles of Russia are the exact antipodes of ours, and our views and objects bring us into inevitable rivalry; but we respect, and do not dislike her. Circumstances, and irreconcilable differences of political creed, but no feelings of hostility on either side, keep us asunder. Our relation to France is singular and complicated; it is difficult both to ascertain and to define, and indeed, is scarcely yet decided. We naturally cling to her alliance, because we feel that we have no interests which come much into collision; her conquests are in Africa, and ours in Asia; we are naval, she is military; we have the supremacy by sea, but should not dream of rivalling her by land; we are made, therefore, to act together, if only our objects and our principles could harmonize. We cling to her alliance, again, because we feel that, with England and France cordially united, the peace of Europe may always be enforced, and the progress of freedom and civilisation secured and promoted; because we cannot but believe that a nation which has done and suffered so much for the cause of popular rights must at heart sympathize, as we do, with the struggling and the oppressed of every country, and will sooner or later join us in proclaiming the justice of their claims; and finally, because France has long enjoyed a constitutional government like our own, and the majority of her most eminent and intellectual men are still attached to the free institutions which are for a time placed in abeyance. We cannot

help perceiving, too—and *Russia and Austria perceive it as well as we*—that there is this wide difference between the elected sovereign of France and the legitimate despots of Vienna and St. Petersburg, absolute as they all are—that *he* reigns by the will of the people, and *they* by divine and hereditary right. *He* has paid homage (rough and violent as it was) to that principle of popular sovereignty which *we* adopt, and which *they* repudiate; and if he resembles them in the form and style of his government, he resembles us in the basis on which that government avowedly reposes. Between an autocrat who stands upon the ground of legitimacy, and a dictator, however tyrannical, *chosen by universal suffrage*, lies a great gulf, which only time can bridge over:—between two nations, both of which choose their own government, even though one chooses an Imperial, and the other a Parliamentary rule, there is a link, though an imperfect one—a consanguinity, though not a close one—a sympathy, though a mutilated and a wondering one.\*

With the French nation, therefore, we still feel, in spite of all that has passed, as if we were in a natural alliance. With the French Emperor, if he really believes that he is, as he declares, the creation of the popular choice, there is no reason why we should not be in alliance also; nor is there, we think, any *insuperable* difficulty in his becoming the ally of the patriots—as distinct from the mere insurgents and socialists of other lands—*always assuming that he is, and intends to be, the real head, the choice, the representative, of the people whom he governs*. We may blame his conduct as we blame that of the republic of the United States, or as we might have done that of Italy had Mazzini succeeded in establishing it. We may wonder and regret that the French should prefer a dictatorship, or that the Swiss or the Americans should prefer a democracy to our mixed and moderate form of polity. In like manner, Louis Napoleon may dislike a republic in Italy or a constitutional monarchy in Belgium; but if he can bring himself to recognise there, as he professes to do at home, the decision of the popular will, he may yet become the ally of popular as opposed to divine autocratic rule. Probably, however, circumstances, more even than his own deliberate choice, will decide for him whether he throws himself into the arms of liberalism or of absolutism. On his life and his decision depend, to all human appearance, the destinies of Europe for long years to come.

Great Britain has a difficulty in her foreign relations from which all her rivals are exempt. Her international connexions

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\* "In eo libertas posita erat populi Romani quod non nascebatur sed eligebatur princeps."—*Tacitus*.

are more extensive and varied than those of any other European power. France and Russia have no outlying colonies, or none worth mentioning; Austria has scarcely any commerce, and no connexion with the East, and none of them, except ourselves, have any close link to the New World. But we are mixed up with the affairs of both hemispheres, and of every quarter of the world. Our Indian possessions render all the movements of Asiatic politics matters of vital concern to us, while our Canadian and West Indian colonies bring us into the closest relation with America. We alone of all nations are in contact with all the world: we alone of the great European powers are near neighbours, and political as well as commercial rivals, of the United States. In addition to all the great Continental States, we have another power to watch, stronger, more encroaching, and more formidable than they all—of more boundless resources, of more insatiable ambition. Our relation with the United States is peculiar and interesting, but full of perplexity and uneasiness. The two nations mutually value and respect each other; they are bound together by the thousand ties of a commerce the most vigorous and important in the world; they speak the same language, and enjoy, to a great extent, the same institutions, and they find an additional bond of union in the circumstance that they are the only two States in the world at once free and powerful. But many circumstances come in to menace the cordial alliance which these considerations should maintain. Our frontiers are conterminous; our commercial interests, real or apparent, constantly come into collision; our pretensions clash; the Americans are jealous of our power, and covetous of our possessions; they have long cast an eye of greed on Canada and the West Indian Islands; they are touchy, boastful, vain, self-confident, fond of putting forth the most unlimited and inadmissible claims, and as prone to take offence at our haughtiness as we are to be disgusted with their insolence. Moreover, owing greatly, we believe, to the Irish immigration, the feeling of the masses towards this country is anything but friendly, and the wisdom, moderation, and sense of justice of the government, may not always be powerful enough, in such a democratic State, to restrain the people from conduct which England would be obliged to resent and oppose. Cuba is a certain bone of contention for the (probably not distant) future; and the constant talk, in which a particular class of Americans think fit to indulge, of “absorbing” Canada and the West Indies, and monopolizing the whole western hemisphere—tasteless, vulgar, and discreditable as it is—cannot fail to keep up a sort of chronic irritation, which may at any moment assume a sharper form. All thoughtful and prophetic statesmen must look to

this quarter with great anxiety. We have not space here to dwell upon the subject in detail; but, in conclusion, we will just intimate, and no more, one circumstance which renders America especially formidable. She alone unites all the resources of civilisation with many of the tastes, the habits, and the passions of barbarism. She combines, in an unexampled manner, the commercial and the warlike spirit. Her wealth and trade are already enormous, and are rapidly increasing; her resources of every kind are absolutely boundless; her merchants are the most enterprising, her sailors the most active, her pioneers the most restless and indefatigable in the world, and her people unite an increasing and almost morbid energy with the most shrewd, selfish, long-headed sagacity. While the Yankees of the eastern states are augmenting the riches of their country by the zeal with which they urge forward their manufacturing and commercial undertakings, the half-civilized settlers of the western and south-western portion of the Union—inured to hardships, trained to arms, practised in danger, as familiar with rifles and revolvers and bowie-knives, as with the plough and the axe, insensible to fatigue, violent in their temper, unscrupulous in their conduct, reckless and unprincipled in their aggressive tendencies—are the very men to be always prompt for any enterprise which promises either plunder or excitement. A people at once so indefatigable in the arts of peace, and so ready for the pleasures of war, may well be looked upon with uneasiness and distrust. So formidable a combination of qualities the world has not before seen.\*

Having thus sketched out, as broadly and concisely as we could, the changes which have come over our national temper and our international relations, and the peculiarities of the position we at present hold among the great powers of the world, we must proceed to consider briefly the principles which, as it appears to us, ought to guide the foreign policy of this country for the future. The real question, which embraces or involves all others, is that of *solidarity* or *isolation*. On this alone can there be any serious controversy. Of course, we are *not* to attack or encroach upon other States; of course, we *are* to defend ourselves, our possessions, and our colonies, against all foreign assailants, to the last drop of our blood, and the last guinea of our treasury. These are matters which it would be idle and insulting to discuss. But are we to confine ourselves strictly to our own immediate concerns, whatever may go on around us?

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\* Niebuhr long ago predicted that England's great danger lay in the Western Hemisphere. See "England's Zukunft," written in 1821.

Are we to take an interest in the internal affairs of other nations, and a part in the international politics of Europe, or are we to remain silent and inactive spectators of both—to withdraw ourselves from the noisy and turbulent arena, as one of much unpleasantness and of little profit—to let others do as they will, so long as they disturb not our serene repose—to “daff the world aside, and bid it pass?” Are we to be content with *Nemo me impune lacessit* for our motto? or to adopt the nobler and more generous one of *Nihil humanum à me alienum puto*? For ourselves, we confess that we incline rather to the policy of connexion than to that of isolation, and we do so because, while recognising the unquestionable element of justice and of wisdom which lies at the root of the latter, we believe that the former involves a profounder wisdom and a more comprehensive rule of right.

It is obvious, at the first glance, that the question of foreign interference divides itself into two perfectly distinct branches—that of interference in the disputes or wars of independent nations, and that of interference in struggles between a people and their rulers. Let us bestow a few minutes’ reflection upon each.

All Englishmen, whatever be their party views, will agree “without a division” that, where no interests of our own are threatened, we should strictly abstain from taking any part in quarrels between rival nations beyond offering our friendly mediation to preserve the peace. If Austria and Prussia chose to go to war on any mere German question, such as their rival *Zollvereins*; if Russia and Austria thought fit to come to loggerheads about their respective portions of the spoil of Poland; if France and Austria fell out in consequence of some diplomatic insult; if Spain and Portugal, or Belgium and Holland, got up a war among themselves; we should of course be most anxious to pacify the belligerents, and persuade them to prefer arbitration to an appeal to arms. But we should never dream of mixing ourselves up with the dispute. This is a great advance towards non-interference as compared with our former principles; and it is one which, we trust, we shall firmly maintain. The only exceptions would be where we were bound by actual treaty to assist and defend one of the parties concerned—where a distinct defensive alliance had been formed, which we could not honourably evade, as in the case of Portugal. But there is, we think, a strong and increasing conviction, that from these binding and isolated alliances we ought as speedily as possible to shake ourselves loose, so that we may never be involved in another nation’s quarrel, against our judgment, and without our willing assent. This is another great advance. In cases of the attack upon a weak State by a strong one, which might end in

its oppression or absorption, we should probably be called upon to interfere, by protest certainly; and possibly by active aid; but in most of these cases other powers have joined us in promising support to the State, and we should of course call upon them to join us in a remonstrance, and perhaps in a prohibition. We should still be ready to *do our part, in conjunction with others*, in maintaining the cause of international right and justice; but we should no longer regard ourselves, as we once did, as the appointed rectifiers of all wrong, the protectors of all the weak, the natural allies of all the menaced. We should not now interfere *alone* to prevent an aggrandizement of any State which seemed to derange the "balance of power," unless it involved obvious danger or immediate injury to ourselves. This is the third concession made by "the spirit of the times" to the principles of the Peace Society; and beyond this we do not think that the nation is prepared, or that it would be wise or right to go.

Two cases, indeed, might occur (and neither of them, we fear, are impossible contingencies) where the feelings of the people and the opinions of statesmen would be divided as to whether this concession could be maintained: viz., if France were to seize on Belgium, or Austria on Piedmont, either with a view of annexing them, or of abolishing by force the constitutional *régime* therein. It is possible that the despotic powers of Europe—their mutual jealousies at each other's aggrandizement being overpowered by their common hatred of free institutions—might connive at such a felony, and that Great Britain might find herself the sole remonstrant. What then ought she to do? What course would her new principles of foreign policy dictate to her? It cannot be said that our own selfish interests would be seriously menaced in either case; for though France would find her *territory* greatly increased by the seizure of Belgium, it is by no means certain that her aggressive *strength* would be increased in an equal ratio, if we consider the number of fortresses she would have to man, and her uncertain hold upon the country she had overrun. It is true we should have lost a faithful ally, and France would have gained the splendid port of Antwerp; but a war would weaken and impoverish us more than the possession of Belgium would enrich and strengthen her. It is true that both in Belgium and in the Sardinian dominions a prohibitive would be substituted for a comparatively liberal commercial policy; but we have long ago decided that hostile tariffs are not admissible as grounds of war. As far as mere cold calculation is concerned—especially if that calculation does not extend to remote considerations—it would be most prudent for our individual and immediate national interests to

obtain from embracing the quarrel of the two injured States. Nor indeed, if we stood alone, *could we* embrace it with effect. But on the other hand, we are the natural allies of all constitutional and free States; our sympathies go with them; we feel that in their maintenance and extension are involved the dearest interests of humanity—civilisation and liberty; to these interests we are devotedly attached; to defend them is the glorious mission of our race; if Belgium and Piedmont go without a struggle, Switzerland and Norway will soon follow, and England will be left alone, not indeed “in her glory,” but in her isolation and her shame. Would not the circumstance that such crimes had been perpetrated, and that she had suffered them, weaken her more than twenty wars? Would not even Mr. Cobden—who, if he is a friend of peace, is a friend of freedom also—who, if he loves commerce much, we hope, loves justice yet more—would not even he feel that there are evils worse than war, burdens heavier than taxation, losses more irreparable than money, interests dearer than a mere trading and inglorious repose? We would encounter and sacrifice everything in defence of *our own* freedom, our own institutions, our own independence—are we to do and venture nothing for those of friends and neighbours? Are we rigidly, and on system, to refuse aid to those whose interests, whose desires, whose aspirations, whose dangers are similar to our own? Is this a principle which it is wise, right, or possible to carry out? Are we quite certain that even we may never need that assistance which we are now counselled coldly to refuse? These considerations may serve to shew, that the doctrine of non-interference or non-concern with European affairs, except where our own actual interests require it, has not yet, and probably never will, become *unreservedly* adopted as a maxim of our foreign policy.

Again: Intervention in the quarrels of other nations may become a matter both of duty and necessity, even where the grounds of the dispute and the interests at stake are in themselves wholly indifferent to us, if the probable result of the contest will be either the dismemberment or the virtual loss of independence of the conquered State, and if out of that victory will arise obvious danger to ourselves or to any of our possessions,—even though that danger be not immediate. The present position of the Ottoman Empire offers a case in point. There is but too much reason to fear that Austria and Russia have cast a covetous eye upon her territories; and it is certain that nothing can be more easy for them than to destroy and dismember her, if England or France do not interfere and forbid the iniquitous partition. Now, there can be no doubt that we are bound by positive engagements to uphold the independence

of Turkey: but we will suppose these engagements cancelled in deference to the increasing strength of the non-intervention principle in England. There can be no doubt, either, that our commercial interests—our immediate and obvious ones at least—should induce us to support Turkey rather than her rivals; for she has the freest, and they have the most prohibitive tariffs in Europe,\* and our exports to her territories are nearly double those to Russia and Austria together, and are increasing, while the latter are falling off: but this circumstance alone would not, according to our new creed, be held to justify interference by arms in her behalf. We think also there can be little reason to believe that either the moral or material interests of those fair countries would benefit by a transference from the languid but still municipal institutions of the Ottoman rule, to the crushing and benumbing despotism of Austria or Russia: yet considerations of this kind, we allow, would not now be held to justify our armed interposition in the contest. But other and more selfish considerations are at stake, to which none who aspire to the rank of statesmen can be indifferent. Egypt is a portion of the Ottoman dominions, and through Egypt lies our most direct and speedy communication with our Indian Empire. It is of the last importance, not to say absolutely essential, to our interests and almost to our safety in that quarter, that Egypt should be either in our own hands or in those of a power which can by no possibility become a rival. Our principles would forbid us to join in a dismemberment of Turkey, and so secure Egypt for our own share; and if it fell into the hands of either Russia or France, our closest, easiest, and readiest intercourse with India would be at their mercy. They would thus obtain a control and command over us which could not be for one moment permitted, or even contemplated. England, therefore, *must* interpose to prevent the dismemberment of Turkey, unless she be unscrupulous enough to accept her portion of the spoil. For it is obvious, that even if the *mezzo-termine* was proposed, that Egypt should be independent and have her independence guaranteed, she would be precisely in the same position as Turkey is now;—i. e., she would exist only upon sufferance, and be compelled to submit to the demands of whichever of the great powers was disposed to bully her most effectually: we should only have transferred the seat of future collision; and we should have to defend Egypt against France and Russia in place of defending

\* Turkey levies a duty of 3 per cent. on our manufactures, where Austria levies 60 per cent. Our exports were as follow:—

	To Austria.	To Russia.	To the Turkish Dominions.
1846-7, .....	£630,000	£1,785,000	£3,119,000
1850-1, .....	£710,000	£1,372,000	£3,358,000

Turkey against Russia and Austria—with less power of doing so. What then should we have gained by our inaction?

But there is another point from which this subject may be viewed, and whence a similar conclusion may be drawn. The steady policy of aggrandizement which Russia has pursued for a century and a half, and the singular success of that policy, are well known. Since the accession of Peter the Great, she has extended her frontier 700 miles towards Berlin and Paris, 630 towards Stockholm, 500 towards Constantinople, and 1000 towards the capital of Persia and towards our Indian possessions.\* In this latter direction she has extended the influence of her diplomacy much further even than her frontier. She is well aware that if she can, either directly or through the medium of Persia, approach near enough to the boundaries of our Eastern Empire to excite intrigues among our subjects and hostility among our warlike neighbours there,† she will be able so to distract our attention, and to exhaust our energies, as materially to weaken our power of meeting, checking, and counteracting her in Europe, in case our mutual policy should bring us into collision, or in case she should have schemes which we must watch and counterwork. At present we have, in colloquial phrase, “the whip-hand of her.” We can bridle her effectually, in case she should intrigue against us on the frontiers of Hindostan, by sending a fleet to the Sound. She has only one European access by sea—through the Baltic; and only one great port—St. Petersburg. Ice blocks this up during the winter, and a few line-of-battle ships stationed in the narrow seas of Denmark would suffice to blockade it the rest of the year. We can now shut up the communication of Russia with the western world; but if she had possession of Constantinople and Roumelia, the relative position of the two countries would be entirely changed. She would have nearly the finest port in the world, and many smaller ones, always open. She would be

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\* See “Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East,” where her acquisitions are thus summed up:—

“Her acquisitions from Sweden are greater than what remains of that kingdom.

“Her acquisitions from Poland are nearly equal to the Austrian Empire.

“Her acquisitions from Turkey in Europe are of greater extent than the Prussian dominions, exclusive of the Rhenish provinces.

“Her acquisitions from Asiatic Turkey are nearly equal to the whole of the smaller States of Germany.

“Her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England.

“Her acquisitions in Tartary have an area not inferior to that of Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain.

“The acquisitions she has made in the last sixty-four years (up to 1836) are equal in extent and importance to the whole Empire she had in Europe before that time.”

† This was the real origin of the misjudged and mismanaged war in Afghanistan.

nearer to the Mediterranean than we are; and, unless we maintained a vast fleet there, would have the entire command of the Levant. Now, there may be some politicians who deny the value of our Indian empire, and are willing to surrender it, or to submit to have it wrested from us; but no one who does not go this length (and with such, whatever justice there may be in their notions, we are not now arguing) could see with indifference, or without active interposition, any steps which must result in handing over the city of the Sultan to the gratified ambition of the Czar.

The above considerations will suffice to shew, that the rigid rule of non-interference in the disputes of other nations, for which Mr. Cobden and his friends contend, cannot be made absolute, unless we are prepared to abnegate the defence of our possessions, (or to abandon the most effective position for defence,) and to abjure for the future all sympathy in the fate of the free, and all indignation at the oppressions of the strong. The question of interference must remain one of discretion and degree. Public opinion is now strong enough, and has a marked enough inclination to the inactive side, to make all our statesmen shrink from intervention, unless it be clearly commanded either by duty to ourselves which we dare not tamper with, or obligations to others which we can never quite shake off.

The question of intervention in the *internal* struggles of other states—where subjects are rising against their sovereigns in order to extort from them ample justice or freer institutions, or where princes are striving to crush the rights and repeal the liberties of citizens—stands quite apart, and admits, we think, of much readier decision. We are not of those who hold that our political sympathies ought to be bounded by the four seas of Britain. It is natural that we should feel strongly in behalf of all who are fighting for those privileges which we have conquered or inherited, of which we are so justly proud, for which we are so reasonably thankful. It is impossible that we should feel otherwise. Believing that with civil and religious emancipation, and the institutions which are its guarantees, are indissolubly bound up the progress of civilisation, the diffusion of happiness, the security of peace, and the triumph of humanity, we look upon every nation which succeeds in obtaining them as a new ally, a fresh victory, an added strength; and upon every defeat which struggling patriots incur as “a heavy blow and a great discouragement” to the cause which lies nearest to our hearts. Nor do we pretend to disguise from ourselves that our more personal and selfish interests are very generally involved in these patriotic strifes, and seriously affected by their termination. It cannot be a matter of slight concern to us whether the

institutions of a neighbouring nation are modified in a direction which will naturally increase its congeniality and friendly feeling towards us, or in a direction which will lead it to look upon us with hostility and distrust. It cannot be a matter of indifference to us whether the power of the state is wielded by the party which admires us or the party which abhors us. It cannot be a matter of indifference whether the advocates of a prohibitive tariff or a free commercial policy become victorious and supreme. It concerns us greatly—both as regards security, prosperity, and peace—whether the rulers of France are Parliamentary Constitutionalists; or ambitious soldiers—whether those who sway the destinies of that great nation are such as will throw her weight into the popular or into the despotic scale, such as are likely to stand side by side with us, or face to face against us. It concerns us greatly whether a free Prussia interposes her patriotic barrier between the feeble liberties of Belgium and Holland and the absolutist principles of Russia—or whether she calls in Cossack aid to crush her discontented people, and pays away her independence for that aid. It concerns us greatly whether Italy, which might be so rich a market for our manufactures, shall be ruled by Austria which closes all her ports against them, or by free Italians who would admit them freely and by preference. It concerns us, too, whether the Roman States be governed by a Pontiff whose principles, duty, and position, make him the natural enemy of our internal peace, wherever he has the power to be so, or by secular chiefs with whom we should have no connexion but that of distant alliance. Finally, it concerns us much and seriously whether Hungary—with her vast resources, her kindred constitution, and her fine strategic and political position—shall be under a native government which will develop these resources into a rich equivalent for British produce, which will maintain and strengthen that constitution till it becomes in the East what ours is in the West—a model and a casket of temperate freedom,—and which will use the critical position of their country to render her a check upon the ambition of the two contiguous empires; or whether, on the other hand, she shall be ground down under an alien, a leaden, and an ignominious sceptre which will waste her wealth, crush her energies, annihilate her ancient Parliament, and abuse her position to press upon our Ottoman ally and menace our Indian communications.

11 We admit and feel the full force of all these considerations; but we maintain, nevertheless, that all principles, both of justice and expediency, peremptorily forbid our intervention in the internal revolutionary struggles of foreign states—and this on three distinct grounds. In the first place, we should not for a

moment tolerate such an interference in our own case. If a Chartist rebellion had broken out in England in 1848, and been aided by French sympathizers, or if the Americans had sent assistance to the Irish insurgents, we should have pronounced such conduct an insolent and unwarrantable meddling with matters which did not concern them. We should not even have condescended to argue the question of propriety and right, but should have told our busy neighbours that they had nothing to do in the affair, and could not even pretend to understand it; and, indeed, foreigners can very rarely be competent really to comprehend to the bottom the rights of such cases. The facts are seldom fully known to them, and their principles of judgment are seldom strictly applicable. Now, a liberty which we should never dream of allowing to others we must not exercise ourselves. In the second place, freedom must be won—not conferred: it must be conquered by nations with their own right arms, not obtained for them by foreign aid. And, without pretending to deny that exceptional cases may sometimes occur, there can be no doubt that, as a general rule, any people who are ripe for free institutions may extort them from their sovereign, and that if they cannot achieve them for themselves, neither could they maintain them if won for them by others. By *inactive* sympathy to cheer the strife, by friendly mediation to effect a compromise, by ready recognition to reward and consolidate the victory—these are the limits which should bound our intervention. For, in the third place, if we went beyond this, intervention on one side could but lead to intervention on the other; Europe at large would be dragged into the conflict, and the combatants would be indefinitely multiplied without the chances of the issue being materially varied. Our only prospect of future peace lies in a rigid adherence to our rule.

But here a question of great difficulty and of vast importance presents itself—the great practical question of foreign politics in the present position of affairs. Having laid it down as a principle that we will not interfere on behalf of *freedom*, are we to allow other powers to interfere on behalf of *despotism*? Are we to permit to them a privilege which we have stoically abnegated for ourselves? Are we to allow to the Wrong an advantage which we deny to the Right? It is clear that the two cases ought to be judged of by the same law. Take the case of Hungary. The principles of Russia prompted her to sympathize with the autocratic claims of Austria. Her interests naturally made her dislike the idea of a new and perfectly independent rule established among or over a Slavonic race, and dread the example of a successful patriotic struggle on the southern frontier of Poland. Our position was analogous but antagonistic. We

sympathized heartily with the Magyar cause, and we felt that we should ultimately be great gainers by the establishment of Hungarian independence. The right and the motives to interfere were similar, if not equal, on both sides. If Russia, like ourselves, had abstained from all participation in the contest, how widely different would the issue have been? Hungary would have been free and happy; Hesse would have been saved; Prussia would not have dared to deal with truth and freedom as she has done; it is more than doubtful whether Austria could have conquered Lombardy; and certainly she could not have extended her chains, as she has now done, over nearly the whole of Italy. The entire future would have been altered.

Now, without going so far as to pronounce that we ought in this case to have departed from our rule of non-intervention, and to have interposed on the one side because Russia interfered on the other, or that we ought to have forbidden her intervention under threat of war, it is clear that this rule, like the former one, *cannot be made absolute without being made universal also*. We must not proclaim,—“Whatever other powers may do in such cases, we will take no part—despots may interfere: we will not. Autocrats may lend their strength to enable paralytic hands to rivet anew rusted and broken chains—free states will lend no countervailing help to awakened nations casting off their fetters, and bursting from their grave-clothes.” But we must devote all our exertions—all our “power, might, authority, and armistice”—all the resources of our wealth, all the influence of our diplomacy, all the advantages of accident—to procure the recognition and adoption of the principle of NON-INTERFERENCE BETWEEN SOVEREIGNS AND SUBJECTS as an established maxim of the law of nations. When we have succeeded in this, our mission will have been fulfilled, and we shall feel no anxiety about future consequences. In the meantime, we must so far rigidly adhere to the principle which we are labouring to get recognised, as to interfere only to *prevent interference*:—the when, the where, the how, and the how far, we are to do even this, must remain, like other points, questions of discretion and degree.

On one point of our international relations which has lately excited great attention, the policy of England is explicit, peremptory, and unalterably fixed, viz., *the right of asylum* to the unfortunate of every country, of every class, of every shade of political opinion. This has long been her proud privilege; and she will retain it as long as she remains a nation. England has always been the sanctuary—sometimes the sole sanctuary—of the world. Against crime only—such crime as is punishable by the laws and condemned by the moral sense of all civilized nations—has she closed her doors. To misfortune, to failure,

to heresy, to imprudence, to political iniquity even, she has always afforded, if not a welcome, at least a refuge. Huguenots flying from the fiery inflictions of bigotry; patriots escaping from the wreck of baffled, and perhaps indefensible, rebellion; monarchs flying from the vengeance, just or unjust, of their subjects; the victims of brutal tyranny, the victims of reactionary license—all alike have found in England a shelter and a home. The unfortunate of every country, of every rank, and of every cause, have been received indiscriminately, without hesitation and without inquiry. Prime ministers who have grown grey in despotism, sovereigns who have disgraced their thrones, regicides and revolutionists who have stained the holy cause and dishonoured the great name of freedom, have sometimes found themselves side by side, helpless and disarmed, petitioners alike for the protection of England's shield. We sheltered the Bourbons whom the first French Revolution drove away; we sheltered the patriots who had upset them, when their more brutal colleagues turned upon them; we sheltered Charles X. after his wicked *ordonnances*; we sheltered Louis Philippe after his strange discomfiture; we sheltered Guizot, who had fallen with him; we sheltered Thiers, who had helped to overturn him; we sheltered even Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, when the defeat of their scandalous attempts at a bloody counter-revolution drove them to a hasty flight; we sheltered Mazzini the patriot of Italy, and Kossuth the patriot of Hungary; and we sheltered Metternich, the tyrant and enemy of both. *We asked no questions*: we received alike those with whom we most sympathized, and those whom we most detested: misfortune and danger were the sole qualifications needed.

If our principle of reception had been different; if we had been discriminating and one-sided in our hospitality; if we had afforded an asylum to those only who had been defeated in a *good* cause; if we had welcomed only the fugitives from monarchical oppression, and closed our doors against the fugitives from popular vengeance,—it is clear that we should have ceased to be protectors, and should have become partisans. In that case foreign nations might well have looked upon our partial sanctuary with an evil and a jealous eye; they might have felt with justice that we were a dangerous enemy in the guise and under the shelter of neutrality; and have denounced us as a nuisance to the great commonwealth of nations. It would have been difficult, if not impossible, to defend such an inequitable course or conduct; and we could scarcely have complained of any injustices and annoyances that were inflicted in retaliation. But when the system on which we have steadily acted has been notoriously the reverse of this; when the Prime Minister of

Austria, whose policy we detested, and who now dares to bully and complain, found a sure and ready refuge on our shores; and when Louis Napoleon, whose conduct we all condemn, and who has since threatened both Belgium and Switzerland, was hospitably sheltered both in Switzerland and here, and made both countries the starting-points for his criminal enterprises against France,—what an amount of strange assurance does it not show in these governments to remonstrate against the liberality of a system by which no one has profited more largely than themselves! But they may rest assured, that England values her privilege of affording shelter even to the guilty and ungrateful, far too highly to endure the smallest curtailment or infringement of it; and that when the course of events shall again compel the chiefs of Austria and France to seek the sanctuary, which they now desire to limit or to close, their misfortunes only will be remembered, and their want of courtesy and generosity forgotten.\*

We have expressed ourselves the more strongly with respect to the universality and inviolability of the right of sanctuary which we claim for our country, because we have to combat an error in an opposite direction, sometimes maintained by the more ardent and inconsiderate lovers of freedom. There are some among us who contend not only for the right of England to shelter refugees from any cause, but also for the right of these refugees to make use of the safety from pursuit thus afforded to them, to plot and to prepare expeditions against the governments from which we are protecting them. The right to rebel, to conspire, to organize insurrection, they consider to be inalienable in patriots, whatever be their circumstances and position; and that the fact of their exile can in no way place that right in abeyance. We hold this doctrine to be both dangerous and indefensible; and we think it is very important at this conjuncture to place clearly before the refugees and their more reckless upholders, the principles which both justice and sound policy proclaim.

In the first place, we think that sentiments of decorum and generosity should teach those whom we have received and sheltered in their misfortune, to do nothing which can subject their protectors to embarrassment or annoyance. To act otherwise is to return evil for good. There seems to us little courage, and less gratitude, in the inconsiderate and selfish zeal of those

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\* It is however but justice to say, that the French Emperor has recently refused to join Austria in her protest against English hospitality, on the express ground of the debt which he himself owed to it in former days.

patriots who, having reached a place of safety, turn round on their pursuers, and from behind the broad cloak to the protection of which they had fled, discharge or prepare to discharge weapons which, while in the open field, they had been unable to wield, or which had broken in their hands. To embroil those who had saved them with those from whom they had been saved ; to make the act of protection one of needless difficulty and danger ; to make the sanctuary a basis for warlike operations ;— seem to us proceedings from which honourable and noble-minded men would instinctively recoil. Twice, indeed, within twenty years, have these things been done, and both times by the same men. It was reserved for Louis Napoleon to repay the hospitality of Switzerland by the enterprise of Strasbourg, and that of England by the enterprise of Boulogne.

In the next place, it must be remembered that we, as a rule of national policy, acknowledge all governments *de facto*, however they originate, and whatever be the principle on which they are based. We are on terms of amity, and in alliance, with the rulers of every country with which we are not at war. We may harbour their enemies when defeated—as we harbour mariners when shipwrecked—but we may not assist them, nor allow them to make use of us to injure and assail our allies. When we see two men fighting in the street, the feelings of humanity induce us to open our doors to the one who is disarmed and overthrown, without any inquiry into the origin of the quarrel or the justice of his cause ; but we do not allow him to fire from our windows upon his baffled and exposed antagonist ;—it is enough if we allow him to recover his breath, and to recruit his strength. If we do more than this, we cease to be merely the friends of mercy and humanity, and make ourselves *participes criminis*. We descend from a proud eminence, and take up an indefensible position. If, indeed, we subjected all claimants for hospitality who fly to our shores to a rigid examination, and admitted none whose cause was not just and whose conduct was not pure, it might be urged with some show of reason, that we should be doing no wrong in permitting them to continue their warfare from the vantage ground of our entrenchments and our walls :—but it is notorious that we do not do this ; and if we did, we should become partisans and not protectors ; we should be guilty of a breach of faith to our ostensible allies, and should make ourselves sharers in the war.

It may be pleaded that it is hard that patriots should be thus debarred from striving in the cause of their bleeding country,—that they should be compelled to witness her sufferings and her wrongs, while forbidden to lift a hand or strike a blow on her

behalf. It is hard : but it is the price at which they have purchased their safety ; it is the condition of the asylum in which they have found refuge. If they violate the condition, they forfeit the protection of the sanctuary. They must remember that they would have had no greater freedom of action elsewhere. If they had fled to other countries, they might have been given up, and at all events would have been more watched and restrained than here. If they had remained in their own land, and been slain or thrown into prison, their power of patriotic action would have been equally destroyed. They must " bide their time " in patience and in peace ; doubtless it will come, if their cause be just. But Great Britain can no more permit her shores to be made the arena for the plots of patriots against triumphant and established monarchs, than for those of exiled despots against free and popular governments. If she allowed either, she would soon become an unendurable annoyance, and an anomaly among nations.

Our laws on this head are clear and just. As we act with regard to our own subjects, so shall we act towards the foreign refugees who have sought shelter on our shores.\* To neither do we allow actual conspiracies, or overt acts of preparations against allied governments, any more than we should against our own. We enter into no inquiry as to the purity and justice of the patriotic cause, or the villany of the ruler against whom the preparations are directed. We prohibit, and shall punish them with equal peremptoriness, whether designed to act against constitutional governments or despotic ones. *Tros Tyrusue rihi nullo discrimine agetur*. We are not judges of the right—we are simply keepers of the peace on our own soil. And all who value the inviolability of our Island Sanctuary, and the impartiality with which its shelter is afforded to the unfortunate of every sect,—all who as Englishmen regard the dignity of their country, or as foreigners regard the sacred principle to which in the vicissitudes of fortune they may one day owe their safety,—should join in deprecating in the strongest manner the ungenerous ingratitude of those who abuse our hospitality, and who repay the benefit by compromising the benefactor.

One word in conclusion. It is impossible to believe that the existing territorial arrangements of Europe are destined to be permanent. One of the most marked political features of the

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\* Our Prime Minister, and our first legal authorities, have announced that our common law takes cognizance of all plots against foreign governments concocted within this realm, and is quite competent to deal with them, if satisfactory evidence of their existence can be procured.

present time is, as we have already noticed, the spirit of NATIONALITY—the tendency of peoples to group themselves according to their natural affinities. Existing arrangements outrage and contradict this spirit in every quarter; and, inasmuch as they do so, bear their doom written on their face. The military occupation of Lombardy and Hungary by Austria, especially, exists in defiance, one might almost say, of the laws of nature. No unions can be permanent in this age that are not based upon consanguinity of some sort. Now there are five or six principal races in Europe, on the due combination of whose scattered elements depend the sole conditions of a lasting and beneficial peace—the Slavonic, the Teutonic, the Italian, the French, and the British. (To these perhaps we ought to add the Magyars. Of the minor ones—the Swedes, Danes, Dutch, Belgians, Norwegians, Swiss; and Spanish—we need not speak.) These, amid all their dialects, subdivisions and varieties, yet retain their several peculiar and strongly marked features. Yet how they are now split up! Germany does not embrace all the Germans, and rules many who are not Germans. The rough and unharmonizing Teuton extends his barbaric sceptre over Slaves, Magyars, and Italians. Some of the Slavonians are under Prussian, some under Austrian, some under Turkish rule. France again has Corsica, which is essentially Italian, and has *not* Savoy, which in most characteristics is unquestionably French. These reflections all point to some not distant remodelling of the European commonwealth, and to the importance of deciding in time on what principles we are to deal with the several problems of the future, as they shall successively present themselves for solution.

ART. III.—*Hippolytus and his Age; or, the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus: and Ancient and Modern Christianity and Divinity compared.* By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D.C.L. 4 vols. London, 1852.

VOLUMES so significant, in all respects, as these of Dr. Bunsen, could not fail to attract wide attention, and provoke much discussion. Apart from the deep interest of their subject, they possess a peculiar interest, as addressed to the English public in their own language, by a foreigner, at once of much political eminence, and of varied and profound accomplishments—above all, of acknowledged learning, earnest convictions, and high dignity and purity of aim as a Christian scholar. They are the product not merely of the private researches of the author, but, in a very emphatic manner, of the remarkable combination of opportunities which he has possessed of investigating the present state of Christianity, and of the Church in this country, as well as in his own and other lands. This alone gives them a character of unusual importance. It is rarely that we hear a thoroughly well-informed, honest, and dignified voice, professing to represent the sentiments of one country, speak of the Christian character and relations of another. There has been so much exclusiveness in Theology as in other matters,—so much mutual misinterpretation of religious phenomena both of Doctrine and Life, that it is something quite welcome to listen to the thoughts of a man like Dr. Bunsen, on great Christian topics of paramount interest for the future welfare both of Germany and England. It were strange indeed, if such a man,—who to the deep earnestness and fresh ideality of the Teutonic mind, has striven to unite the concrete tastes, and homely practicality of the English,—should not have something to say on these subjects, worthy of a patient and attentive audience in both countries. For ourselves, we own we looked forward to Dr. Bunsen's book with a hopeful confidence, founded on such reflections; and it is, in a corresponding spirit, that we now proceed to examine what he has written. We feel bound to consider the work from a very Catholic point of view, and to judge of its special contributions to the advancement of Christian science, in somewhat of the same large and liberal spirit that speaks to us from every page of these volumes.

Nothing could be easier than to adopt a different mode of treatment, and from our special standing point, to dispose summarily of the contents of this work, here in a friendly, and

there in a hostile spirit, as they bear upon our own position ; but such a mode of criticism, while utterly uncongenial to ourselves, were a thankless and unprofitable task for our readers. We have at once, we hope, too much humility, and too much candour to act in this way ; while our keen sense of the exigencies of Christian science at this time in our own country were sufficient, apart from any other consideration, to make us hail this work in a different spirit, and discuss it after a different fashion.

The contents of Dr. Bunsen's four volumes are of a very multifarious kind ; and, on a first view, apt even to seem somewhat confusing. A closer intimacy with them, however, brings to light the thread of connexion which binds them all together, or, at least, the common and noble aim in which they all unite. We must be permitted, at the same time, to regret that the author has preferred giving us the fruit of his researches into early Christian history, and the age of Hippolytus in particular, in the present fragmentary and detached shape, to any attempt to exhibit a complete picture of that age. To the latter task he professes his incompetence. But, surely, if to any Christian scholar of the day we might look for such a work, it would be to the author of the present volumes, combining, as he does, in so remarkable a degree, depth of critical research and philosophical spirit, with the richest gifts as a writer—the most lofty yet chastened eloquence,—and a finely descriptive skill when he chooses to exert it—the comparatively rare endowments of his critical and philosophical countrymen. What he seems to want, however, in this, as in his other works, (and what we fancy serves to explain their deficiencies in point of *form*,) is that quiet harmony of power—that sense of grace as well as of strength, which we are accustomed to regard as so peculiarly English, and which certainly seems to come much more naturally to the English mind, if it sometimes be at the cost of depth, and a far-reaching speculative insight.

While regretting that Dr. Bunsen has not seen meet to attempt, in a more perfect *literary* form, the delineation upon which the whole contents of these volumes yet more or less bear, it is but right to add, that this defect is, to the scholar, perhaps more than balanced by the direct contact with the subjects\* of the author's research which his plan furnishes, and the living and penetrating process of criticism, to which he sees them submitted. There is a freshness and reality about this, that may have to him a greater charm, than any mere well compacted and

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\* It has been regretted, (and we think with justice,) considering the general character and extent of his work, that Dr. Bunsen has not embraced in it (in full and in the original) the recovered treatise attributed to Hippolytus.

skilfully limned picture. And, at any rate, it is the best preparation for such a work, when any one hereafter may have the courage to undertake it.

The occasion of the book now before us is, no doubt, already familiar to many of our readers; and we shall therefore only dwell on it so far as is absolutely necessary to introduce us to the wider and more significant topics, which must chiefly engage us.

Among various other Greek manuscripts brought from Mount Athos to Paris in 1842, and deposited in the Great National Library, there was an anonymous one of the fourteenth century, written on cotton paper, and registered as a book "On all Heresies." It failed for some time to attract any special notice; but the attention of M. Emmanuel Miller, a functionary of the institution, being at length directed to it, by some fragments of Pindar, and of an unknown lyric poet which it contained, he was led to examine it more closely, and to adopt the conclusion, that it was a lost treatise of Origen. Under this persuasion, he offered it for publication to the University of Oxford, from whose press it appeared in 1851, under the editorship of M. Miller, and bearing the title "*Origenis Philosophumena sive omnium haeresium refutatio.*" Shortly after, it was studied by Dr. Bunsen, and the conclusions at which he arrived regarding it, were the immediate occasion of the present work. These were to the following effect, as he has himself expressed them:—

*First*, That the work before us is genuine, but not by Origen.

*Secondly*, That it is the work of Hippolytus, a person much celebrated, but very little known.

*Thirdly*, That the celebrated father and martyr, Hippolytus, was a Presbyter of the Church of Rome, and Bishop of the harbour of Rome Portus, but neither an Arab, nor an Arabian bishop, as a Frenchman imagined he might, and Cave said he must have been.

*Fourthly*, That this book is full of valuable authentic extracts from lost writers.

It is the object of the first of the present volumes, which consists of five letters addressed to Archdeacon Hare, and bears the special title of "*The Critical Enquiry*," to establish these conclusions; and there can scarcely remain any doubt of the success with which this part of the work is accomplished.\* In

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\* In expressing our conviction of the success with which Dr. Bunsen has executed the part of his work, relating to the authorship of the recovered treatise, we must not yet be supposed to concur in the validity of the whole course of criticism by which he has reached his conclusions. As will afterwards appear, we object to many portions of this criticism. That very portion of it, on which he places most reliance, as to the identity of the recovered work with that which

the second volume, Dr. Bunsen pursues his task, in the twofold form of a series of "Philosophical Aphorisms" and "Historical Fragments,"—the former having a very general reference, but possessing great significance in regard to the author's whole scheme of thought and method of historical research—the latter setting forth some special points of interest in relation to Hippolytus and his age. The third and fourth volumes carry out the subject into the wider field of the life and doctrines of the Ancient Church, and Hippolytus, save in "The Apology," which opens the fourth volume, appears somewhat in the background.

It seems to us that, in dealing with this mass of varied materials, we shall be best able to grasp something like their compass, and shall certainly best enter into their meaning and intention, by considering, in the first place, the critical *method* which is so characteristic of the work, and then some of the more prominent *results* which it presents for our consideration. To treat amply the different subjects suggested in such a book is, of course, equally beyond our profession and our space. We are only anxious, meantime, to present a few of its more important aspects, especially in their bearing on some questions of great and present interest; an application of the work which, as it is never lost sight of throughout, is undoubtedly the view in which it principally claims our attention. Some of the investigations in the field of early Patristic literature which it suggests, may subsequently receive attention in the pages of this Journal.

It is impossible to overlook the very peculiar importance which Dr. Bunsen attaches to the critical and historical *method*, of which this book is so direct and distinguished a product, if from no other reason, than the very earnest and emphatic way in which he repeatedly forces it upon our notice. While writing in English, and anxious to win audience from those sincere

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Photius had before him, we think very doubtful; and, so far as we are capable of forming an independent judgment in the matter, we are clearly inclined to adopt the suggestion of Dr. Duncker, that the "little book" (*βιβλαδίον*) spoken of by Photius, was not the present larger treatise, which (even with the curtailments indicated by Dr. Bunsen) could scarcely have received this appellation, but that shorter and earlier sketch on the same subject to which Hippolytus alludes in his preface. This suggestion has the merit of having satisfied Dr. Jacobi, who in a series of papers in the *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Christliche Wissenschaft und Christliches Leben*, (21st June to 19th July 1851,) on the present work, had felt the difficulty of attributing it to Hippolytus, while thoroughly convinced of its not being the production of Origen, (Basilides Sententias, &c., illustravit J. L. Jacobi. Berolini: 1852.)—At the same time it seems impossible to resist the conclusive effect of Dr. Bunsen's labours, as a whole, in his first volume. He has established, beyond all reasonable doubt, the three heads with which he sets out—if he has yet, we think, in some cases pushed his critical confidence to an unwarrantable and untenable extent.

and thoughtful minds among us, whose ear he alone solicits, he takes care to assure us that the inspiration of his book is German—a fact which at the same time is patent on almost every page of it.

“If I have not entirely failed,” he writes in his preface to the first volume, (p. 16,) “in my efforts to elicit truth out of the records of thought, and out of the annals of history, which are now opened to us for the first time, I owe it to the resources of thought and learning which I have found in the standard works of modern German divinity and philology, and which I have endeavoured to apply to this subject. Deeply impressed as I am with my unworthiness to represent either, I still trust to have by this process, and by the very important contents of the newly discovered book, sufficiently shewn the real nature and the superiority of the German *method of inquiry*, and the satisfactory results already obtained. Now, if this be the case, I believe also that I have enabled every thinking reader to judge for himself, whether there is much wisdom in ignoring, and whether there be not great injustice and presumption in calumniating the Evangelical Churches of Germany, and in vilifying Germany and German divinity. I frankly own, that I have considered it my duty to avail myself of a subject entirely new and fresh, and belonging to the neutral domain of ancient ecclesiastical history, and of a problem which is placed at the same time before all Christian nations, in order to test the real result and worth of what each of them has hitherto done in that field of thought and research.”

We cannot mistake these and similar utterances, which abound in Dr. Bunsen's work. It is obvious that our author, with the whole school to which he belongs, believes that he wields an instrument of a more powerful and successful kind than has hitherto been employed in the field of historical investigation,—above all, in its relation to Christianity. And whatever men may think of the vagueness and uncertainty of German research applied to Christian subjects—however startling and monstrous may be the conclusions which in certain quarters this research has reached, it argues equal ignorance and presumption in any to suppose that we may safely disregard the labours of our neighbours as if they were mere intellectual *jeux d'esprit*; or that, from a stern distance, we may denounce and abuse them, as the mere wantonness of unbridled and irreverent imaginations. It is not possible, we think, that those who are interested in the true progress of Christian science and literature in our country at this moment, could adopt a more mistaken course than this: and on this simple ground, that, let the special character of German theology be what it may,—and sad enough it surely is, in many aspects, to the Christian heart,—there is yet in almost every present phase of that theology, and certainly not least in the most revolutionary phase of all, a spirit of

earnestness, united with a living *idea* or *method*, which, under whatever opposition and abuse, (and under these only the more,) will continue to draw to itself much of the sympathy of the advancing culture of our age. This is indeed the secret of the constant inroads of Germanism among us, in spite of all warning and defensive strategy. It is because there is in it, to the ardent and youthful mind, weary of controversy circulating in channels in which intelligence has ceased spontaneously to flow, a freshness and unworn strength, directed to reach a deeper and broader resting place for Christian thought. Pondering often on this matter, so closely connected with the prospects of Christian truth and the religious life among us, we remain firmly of this opinion,—while convinced at the same time how much mere vanity and spurious liberality also mingle in this German movement. But let the force of these corrupting elements be what it may, we cannot conceal from ourselves that, in the heart of the prevailing sympathies to which we refer, there is to be found something *genuine*, and suggestive of a real want in our own habits of Christian thought and research,—something therefore which no Platonic irony, no clever *reductiones ad absurdum*, and still less any mere denunciation, are able to destroy. This genuine impulse after principles more profound and comprehensive, in the region of Christian thought, than our British past theology presents,—a phenomenon which as it makes itself so unmistakeably evident on all sides, it were surely better to accept as a *fact*, and deal with as such,—German research meets and professes to satisfy; and hence undoubtedly lies the source of its favour with many minds, whose sincere desire is *truth*. It is well for us then to have a clear apprehension of whatever is characteristic in this German *method of research*, of which we have frequent recommendation and illustration in these volumes, and which we believe to be vitally influential.

It is difficult perhaps to define this *method* in so many words, as its character only comes out fully in all its bearings in contrast with the method of the last and preceding century, whose imperfections it so strongly reprobates.\* But we shall not mistake, we believe, if we express its animating principle to be *that of reaching Christian truth, as it presents itself in Scripture and in history, apart from all dogmatic preconceptions*,—the simple product of a genuinely critical, historical, and philosophical in-

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\* In speaking of the old method the following are the words of our author—characterized by a vehemence which strikes upon us almost painfully, in different places of his work, and which is decidedly objectionable, if from no other cause than the one-sidedness in the opposite direction to which it is apt to lead,—“The whole method is unworthy of our age, and ought to be buried in oblivion, with all the perversities, hypocrisies, and falsifications of the seventeenth century.”

duction. It aims to include in a high and pure form, imperfectly known to previous Protestantism, these three factors, whose appropriate union is alone held to constitute a scientific spirit in theological investigation. Criticism does not merely imply learning, in the sense of a thorough acquaintance with the language of the ancient authors that may be the subject of treatment,—a merit freely conceded to the laborious Divines of the seventeenth century,—but, moreover, profound insight into the whole linguistic mode of the writer, and his individuality as a thinker, which places the critic, as it were, more nearly on a level with him. Such a critical method already clearly embraces an *historical* and no less a *speculative* element,—it being impossible to deal freely and successfully with the language of an author without a quick perception of the spirit of his age, and the whole train and genius of his thought, as moulded by the speculative conceptions amid which he lived. Great and unceasing prominence, however, are given to both these special elements by the German school, and we cannot perhaps better shew this to our readers, than in the words in which our author speaks of Dorner's great work,—the "History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ," itself so signal a specimen of the method in question. In reference to this work Dr. Bunsen observes:—

"I think it right to say, that although it is his (Dorner's) individual merit to have rescued Hippolytus from the neglect into which his writings had fallen, in consequence of the doubts spread respecting his person, the method of his admirable work must be considered as merely a fair specimen of the German school. I mean first his *historical method*, that of interpreting every passage in connexion with the whole range of the author's ideas, and every writer as a portion of his age, to be understood from the language and ideas of his time. The isolated discussion of single passages is equally inadequate to give the reader a certainty as to their sense, or a clear image of the writer and of the age in which he lived and wrote. Dorner's book must also be considered as a specimen of the German method, in the *speculative* spirit which distinguishes it from similar inquiries in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Without being at home in the region of speculation, and conversant with the method of speculative philosophy, nobody can understand the metaphysical controversies of that time, or do justice to the writers of the first three centuries. Nay, nobody can understand the first three verses of St. John's Gospel, without being at home in those regions of thought, to which the questions respecting the Logos belong."—(Vol. i. pp. 262, 263.)

There is, undoubtedly, great force in this representation of the comparative worthiness and adequacy of this method of research. Inquiry in theology, as in everything else, to be fruitful and instructive, must be undogmatic,—must strive, apart

from hypotheses and all later super-positions, to ascend to the Truth, as it appears in its original sources, or in its successive forms throughout the history of the Church. To have recourse either to the Bible itself, or the writings of the fathers, in a different spirit, and to seek in them, not simply for the Truth in its corresponding and appropriate expression, but in some favourite dogmatic form of a subsequent age, is clearly at once an unhistorical and unphilosophical process, in which much ingenuity may be displayed, but by which truth can never be elicited and advanced. It is tainted with the worst vice of the old method of physical inquiry, from which Bacon initiated our deliverance,—making, as it does, the limited ideas and idol formulas of some one age, the measure of that objective truth, which transcends them all. Nor can it, we conceive, be denied that this dogmatic method was, to a large extent, characteristic of the Protestantism of the seventeenth century.

The truth is, as is more than once hinted by Dr. Bunsen in these volumes, that the free spirit of Protestantism, in its first movement, underwent a speedy collapse and reversion. It not only failed to ascend beyond the scholastic formulas of the third and fourth centuries, but, as if timid at its flight so far, it settled in a sort of theological impotence upon these, and set itself (as its chosen and peculiar labour) to the task of further compacting and confirming them. The Bible was, indeed, its *professed* guide and rule in all, but still, it must be confessed, it was in a great degree in the spirit of these formulas that it approached the study of the Bible, and not in that genuine spirit of freedom which alone could have emancipated it from scholastic control.\* All know how entirely the living mind of the last century was alienated from the vast scheme of theological doctrine bequeathed by the preceding, and nowhere so signally or deplorably as in the home of its birth.—On the ruins of an equally unchristian and unscientific Rationalism, which knew no truth and cared for none, has arisen the German critical and historical school, of which Schleiermacher, and Neander, and Nitzsch, and Dorner, and Müller, besides many others, with our author, are the illustrious representatives; and it became not only natural, but an historical necessity, so to speak, that these men should take up a different position from that of the early Protestantism, to which they yet sought to attach themselves in a true and living manner. It remained no more to build on the

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\* We speak, of course, obviously not of the spirit of the Reformation itself, which was, in many respects, so truly and freely Scriptural—springing from the depths of the popular consciousness quickened by fresh contact with Divine truth—but of that theology, less free in its spirit, to which the Reformation gave birth.

old dogmatic foundations. It is needless to regret this, even if we were disposed to do so. The task was not a possible one for these men, in their circumstances. A far more difficult, perplexing, and self-sacrificing one awaited them, namely, amid prevailing unbelief, to seek afresh, in Scripture and in History, for the old and yet ever new Truth, in the light of their own revived Christian consciousness, and by the help of those critical and historical implements, at once more potent and more delicate than those of a previous age, which God had given them. This is the great work to which the present school of scientific Theology in Germany has devoted itself. Looking back on the past, it aims not to clothe itself in any of its worn-out forms—to dress itself out in the faded garments of forgotten speculation, however venerable in its day; but rather, through a living communion with the spirit of the past, in all its varied forms, and with the Spirit of God in the lives of his saints of all times, and, above all, with the Life of his own Son, to reach, afresh for itself, the living and unveiled aspect of the Truth. Giving honour to the doctrinal expressions of the Church in all ages—the defensive monuments against heresy which it has raised all along its course—it is not yet content to linger with any of these, as the sum of its belief, but asserts its right to revise them all, and “to rebuild its house on better foundations.” Already Dr. Bunsen believes,—

“It has not found in Christianity less truth than its predecessors, but more; and it must and will finish, not in weakening, but in strengthening Christianity. In judging its development and errings, it must not be forgotten,” he adds, “that the critical school of Germany found Christianity almost given up in the conscience of mankind, beyond some good moral truths or some solemn rites. It is a historical fact, that it has kindled a light both in the history and in the philosophy of Christianity, and shown a power of life in Scripture, of which the former irrational method had no idea, no more than the magician has of spirituality, or the fatalist of history. What would have been done, if the subject had been taken up by the whole of Christian Europe?”—Vol. ii. pp. 111, 112.

However we may be disposed to moderate the somewhat vehement strength of Dr. Bunsen’s language, here, as elsewhere, we concur, upon the whole, in his value for the *method* which he so zealously proclaims. It has given undoubtedly a new life to theological inquiry. It has begun, we earnestly believe, a reconstructive process, which, if feeble and inadequate, is yet pregnant with a principle of Christian animation, which will not fail to work itself into more perfect harmony with the circle of Christian Truth. It holds the key, we think, if it may not yet have very successfully applied it, to a higher conciliation of some

of those problems which have been the burden of Christian thought in every age. It has, for its noble aim at least, to discover the Truth for its own sake, to search unweariedly for all its hidden harmony and comprehensive beauty, and not to bow down before any self-created and distorted image of it.

But while this method of the critical and historical school of Germany possesses, in its conception, such undoubted excellence, it is yet, we must observe, fraught with danger which is ever apt to run into the most hazardous extreme, and which some of its zealous supporters seem to us by no means sufficiently to estimate. Our author, certainly, is far from doing this; and, not only so, but he has laid down favourite views and principles, which, with all deference, we are inclined to think are so far from being in its genuine spirit, that they open a door just to return by another way to the worst evils of the old dogmatic system. We shall immediately explain what we mean, in relation to one of the most notable sections of the present work.

The danger which everywhere attends the method itself arises from its very freedom. The higher criticism which it involves is a two-edged sword, which, wielded by too venturesome or inexperienced hands, may only make havoc, where it intends to restore. The *subjectivity* of the critic, brought into such intense play in dealing with the text and meaning of ancient authors, is ever apt to overrun itself, and become arbitrary, in mere wantonness of power. Invested with a divining skill, and exercising with such freedom a rehabilitating function, it is obvious what a dangerous eminence he occupies, and what genuine reverence and judicial sobriety, as well as mere erudite discernment, are needed to save him from abusing his position. And it is here, consequently, as in the very nature of the case it could not fail to be, that the German critical school has fallen most into error, and that even some of its most illustrious representatives have exposed themselves fatally to assault. In the actual process of criticism, they are apt to substitute mere *feeling*—mere subjective arbitrariness, for sober and well-founded inductions. Even Neander, as a whole the most deeply and devoutly reverent of them all, has often transgressed here. The hushed and awed humility, with which his great yet child-like spirit commonly dwells within the sanctuary, is not unfrequently laid aside or forgotten in the intense exaltation of his own personal consciousness in dealing with the sacred text.

In the volumes before us there are abundant traces of this same undue critical subjectivity. Relating merely to uninspired documents, it does not, indeed, ever appear so painfully as when applied to the Sacred Scriptures; but it assumes sometimes a

confidence and authoritative vehemence which are very far from pleasing. The whole examination of the statement of Photius regarding that Treatise on Heresies by Hippolytus with which he was acquainted, in the second letter of the first volume, may furnish an illustration of this. It is marked throughout with a tone of very arbitrary self-assertion, not to speak of the strange license of some of its particular statements, which have been elsewhere\* so minutely and bitterly criticised; and there is particularly a curt and disrespectful summariness in the mode with which the testimony, both of St. Jerome and the Constantinopolitan Patriarch, to a special point, is dealt with, which leaves by no means a satisfactory impression on the mind, and which, we presume to think, is very far from the spirit of that genuine Criticism which our author has elsewhere so well described.†

The attempt which he makes to attach the fragment, hitherto given in the editions of Justin Martyr's works, as the end of that fine relic of early patristic literature—the “Epistle to Diognetus”—to the recovered treatise of Hippolytus, as its proper conclusion, is, perhaps, even a more remarkable example of what we mean. Nothing, it seems to us, can well be more arbitrary than the grounds on which he founds his judgment in this matter, or better calculated to shew the reckless character which this mode of criticism is apt to assume. We should be disposed, first of all, to take exception to the point from which he starts, and which forms the basis of his conjectural restoration. The case he puts is, to a certain extent, purely hypothetical. Having presented the present conclusion of the Treatise on Heresies, which contains Hippolytus's Confession of Faith, and which obviously terminates abruptly in the middle of a sentence, he proceeds to say, “Certainly the book did not end here, nor with this period. So solemn an address could never come to a close without the doxology, which terminates the ‘Treatise on the Universe.’—(Opp. i. 222.) How, then, can a book of such length and labour, the work of his life, have ended without it? But, moreover, must it not have had a solemn conclusion, worthy of what precedes? The whole winding up, the real conclusion is wanting. We have, at the utmost, come to the closing sentence of what I have called the third article of the author's ‘Confession of Faith:’ no further, if so far.”—Vol. i. p. 186.

Now, while there cannot, of course, exist any doubt that the Treatise of Hippolytus did not terminate in the manner it does in the recovered MS., and while there is reasonable ground to be-

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\* *Christian Remembrancer*, January 1855.

† Vol. i. p. 323.

lieve that it would terminate in a worthy manner, it must at the same time be obvious what an extremely uncertain basis of inquiry we here have, as to what may *really* have been the special character of that conclusion. Nay, what an unsupported supposition is already ventured upon, in the assertion as to the necessity of the doxology terminating the treatise *On all Heresies*, in like manner as it does that *On the Universe*. And the process by which, from this slender basis, our author passes to the inference, that the missing conclusion, with the appropriate doxology, is to be found in the fragment already referred to, is one which could commend itself to no inductive mind. A tangible thread of connexion, something on which to rest so considerable an inference, cannot be said to be exhibited between them. The whole resolves itself into the strong sense of propriety in the connexion felt by the author, which, whatever weight it may deserve in the present case, and in reference to a mind so deeply imbued with early Christian culture as Dr. Bunsen's, is, we need scarcely say, for all general purposes, a very hazardous, as it will be ever apt to prove itself a very mischievous, canon of criticism. The argument of our author is summed up in these words:—

"We want an end for our great work in ten books, a winding-up worthy of the grand subject, of the author's high standing and pretensions, and with the solemnity of a concluding address. Now, we find such a concluding fragment, which wants a beginning and an author. Whether we consider its contents or its style, if it is not, it might very well be the close of our work.

"The author of the fragment takes the same ground as ours. He calls himself a disciple of the Logos, and a teacher of the Gentiles; so does Hippolytus. He preaches the Logos as the all-inspiring principle; so does Hippolytus. He attributes this spirit to the Church, that is to say, to the community of the faithful disciples of the apostles; so does Hippolytus. The working of that spirit, infused into the community of Christians, will lead to harmony and concord respecting faith, worship, times of festivals. All this is just what Hippolytus lived and wrote for, as our next letter will prove still more closely; which will also afford us ample opportunity of shewing in detail the unity, not of doctrine only, but also of style and language, between our book and the fragment."—Vol. i. p. 193.

Now, in this statement, there is really nothing of the nature of proof, as, of course, granting that the fragment was the production of an early orthodox writer, there is nothing to be made out of the mere identity of doctrine between it and the treatise of Hippolytus; and the whole question, therefore, resolves itself into one of similarity of style and language,—a similarity, indeed,

of which Dr. Bunsen has no doubt, but which, depending so much upon literary apprehension of a very refined character, may be readily disputed by others, and has already been confidently denied.

We have been thus detailed in reference to this feature of the critical method under discussion, because it is the only way of bringing out clearly the danger involved in it.\* We feel, at the same time, that our representation may be met from two opposite quarters. It may be asked, on the side of Dr. Bunsen and the school to which he belongs, must we then disallow this higher critical process altogether? And again, on the part of many, it may be maintained that a mode of criticism so hazardous, and which may be turned so easily (as it has already, in fact, in Germany been turned so abundantly) to subversive as well as restorative purposes, is really of no utility. The old method, which remained, for the most part, content with its patchwork of collation and humble drudgery, is, after all, the only legitimate one. No, certainly, we reply to both. So far from disallowing that critical process, which implies a divining and constructive skill in the operation, we have already expressed our entire sympathy with it, as we cannot see that, without this, Criticism can be anything but a mere carrying of heavy and aimless burdens. Moreover, the mere difficulty and self-denial, and consequent liability to abuse, implied in a task, can never constitute a plea against its validity. Let it be, that the German school has still much to learn, and that hence, its method has conducted it to some erroneous and some dangerous conclusions, this does not, and cannot impugn the method itself. It was only to be expected that, in learning the use of instruments of freer edge, and more powerful compass, than of old, some havoc should be done. What is needed to deliver the method from all risk, and crown it with the highest success, is just what the English mind could so well impart to it, viz., a more sober, and patient, and comprehensive spirit of *induction*.

There is, in the German mind, in every department of specu-

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\* While confining ourselves in the text to one illustration of the arbitrary freedom of Dr. Bunsen's criticism, we have yet noted various other instances of it equally deserving of remark; for example, his explanation of Jerome's professed ignorance of the locality of Hippolytus's diocese and residence, as a simple case of *non mi ricordo*, (vol. i. p. 204), an explanation purely hypothetical, and not particularly creditable to Jerome, whom, indeed, he treats somewhat contemptuously throughout; the facility, again, with which he accounts for the omission, from the recovered treatise, of Peter of Alexandria's quotation, regarding the *Quartodecimani*, (contained in a letter on the Paschal time,) and, in its very absence, finds a proof of authorship quite as strong as its presence could furnish, (vol. i. p. 15, pp. 105, 111;) also the authoritative mode in which he would supply the lacuna which he conceives to exist in the Muratorian fragment, (vol. ii. pp. 135-139.)

lation, and even of letters, an unpractical boldness—an intoxication of strength, so to speak, which, as we say in homely phrase, "runs away with it," and of course, as a necessary consequence, runs often into exaggeration and error. It is this intellectual peculiarity which has given that very mingled character of richness and poverty—of fresh felicity and inspiring suggestiveness, united with tedious misdirection and often downright absurdity, to so many of their historical, theological, and philosophical labours. It is this which has given them, at this day, after all the lessons taught by previous aberrations, a Strauss and a Bauer—men, especially the latter, who have gone into the past with an intellectual eye sharpened by the rarest culture, and a profound speculative mastery, and have yet brought back, as the fruit of their researches, only the most perverted image of its genuine life—the most distorted forms of untruth. It is the same peculiarity which, while it led Niebuhr (the father of the method in question, in its pregnant application to classic history) along so fresh and fine a field of discovery, opening up views of rich interest and unexhausted significance, yet betrayed even him into so many unsupported conjectures and impatient hypotheses. And our author, so illustrious a pupil of Niebuhr, in his strength, must also, we fear, be held to share in his characteristic weakness. With a highly-disciplined critical tact, a freely-ranging erudition, and a quick and frequently felicitous insight into the Past,—he combines, at times, a rashness and self-confident dogmatism, which, unbecoming in themselves, are dangerous guides in his favourite investigations. That intellectual hardihood of his countrymen, which shrinks at no obstacles, but is often most forward and venturesome just where there is most darkness and uncertainty, he undoubtedly shares in no small degree; and, in the present work, this is, above all, the source of the errors into which he has fallen. The correction of these errors, however, will, we believe, come most effectually, and, indeed, only thoroughly, from a more legitimate application of the same method; just as the extension and improvement of Niebuhr's critical system has proved the most successful refutation of many of his own special views. The old spirit of mere conservative dogmatism, and polemic interest, will certainly be found unavailing for this purpose, in the present state of Christian science. Christian inquirers must meet on the field of Christian history—animated by the same pure desire for the Truth, and giving themselves, with the same critical and historical impartiality, to its search. The English mind must, and, we have no doubt, will take up, more completely than it can be said to have yet done, at least in the department of theology, the method so boasted of by our German neighbours, and carry it out more

happily, just by carrying it out (as it has in fact already so signally done in the region of classical thought and life) in a more reverent and cautious, and therefore more truly scientific spirit.

The most striking illustration of that intellectual self-confidence, which we have remarked as a prominent and misleading feature in the mind of our author, as of his speculative countrymen generally, is perhaps to be found in that important section of the present work which bears the title of "Philosophical Aphorisms." There is much indeed, both in the thought and style of these "Aphorisms," that we cordially admire. They express some noble truths in very noble and impressive language; yet we cannot but take decided exception to the imperious *a priori* spirit they at the same time so clearly manifest, and to many of the exaggerations into which this spirit has led the author. And we do so, above all, in behalf of that critical and historical method which, in relation to its employment by our author, we have now briefly sought to explain and vindicate; but which, as we humbly conceive, he would virtually destroy, by attaching to it the *a priori* conclusions he lays down with such unhesitating boldness in this portion of his work. In this respect, he obviously thinks he has made an advance, and given a completeness to the method beyond that which it possesses in the hands of Neander, for example:—

"Neander," he observes in his preface to the first volume, "was the first to give us a history of the Christian religion, and not simply as that of the ecclesiastical system; of Christian life, and not of doctrine only; of Christian thought, and not merely of scholastic formularies. But he has not given us a philosophical history in the highest sense; nor have his followers or his antagonists. A philosophical history of Christianity must rest upon a double basis:—a critical history of the life of Christ, and a general system of the philosophy of religion. The first has been attempted by Strauss, but has confessedly failed: not only because he gives up the problem itself, but also because both the origin of the evangelical accounts and the primitive history of Christianity would be more inexplicable, if we were to adopt the hypothesis of Strauss, than any one could have thought they were before. The other, a general system of the philosophy of religion, has not hitherto been even attempted. Yet this latter is as necessary as the first. The Christian must know as a fact of real history, illustrated by real philosophy, what Jesus of Nazareth thought both of Himself and of His personal divine mission, and what was the extent of that holy work for which He lived and died, but which He left as a progressive act of the divine régénération of mankind, to be carried out by the Spirit of God among His believers. Nobody can philosophically appreciate what has been done in these eighteen hundred years for the realisation

of this divine idea, unless he is able to measure it by the standard placed by Christ Himself before His followers. But the faithful and thinking Christian, in the second place, must not be ignorant of the laws and principles according to which a religious idea, as such, develops itself in history. He knows, as a believer, that his religion is the true one; but he will not lose sight of the important circumstance, that the elements which act in true religion are not exempt from the general principles of evolution inherent in the nature of those elements. The antagonisms contained in them are capable of receiving their solution; the defects growing out of the natural development may be corrected; but the history of the Christian religion shews, that neither its rites, nor its records, nor its forms of government, are exempted from general laws as to their origin, to their interpretation and application, and to their progress and decay. This is no longer a question of theory or of probability, but a matter of fact and of history."—Pp. 6, 7.

In what he here says of the necessary laws according to which religion, and the Christian religion as well as any other, develops itself in history, we entirely concur; and, so far as the "Aphorisms" throw further light on the great fact thus expressed, they are, we believe, full of truth deserving the deepest consideration. Only, we cannot admit for a moment the accuracy of the impression that would seem meant to be conveyed, from the connexion of the passage,—that Neander, in his great work, does not sufficiently recognise this fact. It is, on the contrary, we think, its brightest and most prominent lesson, all throughout—the conception which so peculiarly underlies it, and imparts to it organic life and highest interest. Dr. Bunsen has, however, attempted in his "Philosophical Aphorisms," as he also here implies, something more than merely setting forth scientifically the great principles of development which mark the history of religion. He has sought, moreover, to lay down a *theoretic* basis of that historical development, in the necessary mode of the Divine Being and Manifestation. We shall endeavour to give our readers, as briefly as possible, some idea of what he has thus attempted, and, as far as we can, in his own language. In the second section of these "Aphorisms," under the heading, "God and Creation," he thus expresses himself:—

"God, the infinite Cause of the universe, must both exist and be an intelligent being. Or, more philosophically expressed, the idea of God in the human mind implies at the same time, as indivisibly united, the idea of the primitively existing being and that of the primitive intelligence or absolute reason. The saying is as old as Aristotle, (*Metaph. A.*), that reason (*νοῦς*) can only make reason its object.

"The object of the thought of an infinite being can only be thought itself as existence.

"We are thus obliged to distinguish in God the consciousness or

thought of Himself, (the ideality,) from his being (or reality.) Thus we come first to an original twofoldness of the Infinite Being. His thinking Himself, by an act of eternal will, is identical with His establishing in His being, by this spontaneous act, the distinction of subject and object; the subject being reason, the object existence, as such, as distinct from thought.

"But that divine act implies, at the same time, the consciousness of the ever-continuing unity of subject and object, of existence and reason.

"Thus there is implied in the one thought of God a threefoldness, centring in a divine unity.

"In its finite realisation, this divine threefoldness of the mind reflects itself both in the psychological process, by which a perception or notion is formed in the human mind, and in the logical process, or in the formation of a logical proposition. Man cannot think himself, without at first acknowledging in himself the difference of the subject (he who thinks) and of the object (he who is the object of that thought,) and at the same time without being conscious of the unity of his being. . . . In order to prove that this psychological fact has an ontological reality, and is the substance of the divine mind, Schelling and Hegel have employed a metaphysical chain of reasoning. There is, however, another method of establishing such a proof, by shewing that all we know of the finite realisation of mind, viz., man and humanity, bears such a witness of this truth, as to oblige us to suppose that a unity in threefoldness exists in the divine mind. But this requires a previous examination of the ideas of Creation, of Man, and of Mankind."—Vol. ii. pp. 32-34.

Accordingly, he proceeds to consider these ideas of *Creation*, *Man*, and *Humanity*,—the result of his examination being, that Creation, in its finite aspect, is the ever-continuing evolution of the Divine Being and Thought, through immediate finite agency—this realization of God in the finite, however, supposing "the infinite process of Creation by the antithesis of Will and Reason in the Divine Being; or, to speak theologically, the eternal generation of the Word, which is the Son in the highest; that is to say, in the infinite or ideal sense;" Man, again, being the highest expression of this divine evolution in the finite, and Humanity its ever-progressive realization. "Humanity is as much a reality, and consequently as much a realization of divine Being and Thought in time, as the individual man is."—P. 40.

We have thus, according to our apprehension of Dr. Bunsen,—as the problem of philosophical history, the Triad of God, Man, Humanity, which he denominates "the Triad of the Infinite in the process of realization in time," and which he considers to be demonstrably only the reflex of the process of infinite self-manifestation, represented by the ontological Triad we have already given in his own language. His conception will perhaps appear more luminously to the reader in the following statement:—

"Man is in the finite, that is to say, in the visible universe, what the thought (or Logos) is in the infinite divine mind; and Humanity is to the individual what the consciousness of the unity of Existence and Thought is to God—the complete form of the divine manifestation. For Humanity, as such, does not exist in bodily reality; neither is it only the aggregate of individuals, for it has a principle of evolution independent of the individual. It can, therefore, only be explained by its organic reference both to man and to God; to Man, so far as he is the apparent reality of Humanity; to God, as the eternal cause of all. The development of humanity has therefore its real centre in the eternal Self-manifestation of the divine mind. In the divine mind, the complete consciousness of unity presupposes the Existence having been made objective by Thought (the objectivation.) Thus, in the demiurgic process of the divine mind, Humanity presupposes man."—Pp. 44-45.

It is not, it will be observed, with the object of discussing their validity, in a speculative point of view, that we have drawn attention to these "Aphorisms" of Dr. Bunsen. This is far from our present purpose. Our sole object is to examine the validity of the *application* which he makes of them. Whatever be the merits or the vice of the speculative principles here expressed, we equally object to them in relation to the end for which Dr. Bunsen introduces them in these volumes, and for which he considers them to be especially note-worthy, viz., as constituting a theoretic basis of historical Development. A Philosophy of Religion is, no doubt, a fair effort of speculative thought; but we altogether demur to the necessity, so strongly expressed by Dr. Bunsen, of taking our start, in Christian history, from any such accomplished effort of speculation, transacted in the brain of any philosopher, however exalted. We cannot see in this, when fully examined, anything else than an attempt to bring back, in even a more vicious and inveterate form, the dogmatic principle which we would so earnestly discard, as the bane of all genuine historical inquiry. We perceive in it (as has, in fact, already been so fully shewn in Germany) only the opening of the door anew for a perversion of the whole truth of history. For, if we grant Dr. Bunsen his philosophy of religion as the basis of his critical and historical researches, how shall we deny to Hegel (without an elaborate and systematic refutation) *his* philosophy of religion? It is well known how completely Hegel and his school have made history do the most servile drudgery to *their* philosophic dogma,—making it the servant of a lie. They, too, set out from a Trinity,—from a theoretic logical basis expressed in a Trinitarian form, which they consider, with our author, to be the final and absolute expression of all speculation. Bauer, too, with special reference to Neander, expressly claims the merit of having raised Christian history from a mere empirical

to a speculative point of view, and of having shown it, in all its manifestations, to be nothing more than the ever-striving realization of that speculative conception which, to him, is the first and last of all truths—the only indubitable truth. And what is this speculative conception? What is, with him and the school to which he belongs, the all-absorbing Triad, of which history is only the ever-recurring wheel of manifestation? Not personal living substances or realities at all, but mere dialectic phantoms, mere blank categories of the understanding. It is true that, in contrast to this, our author's speculative principle is Christian in its character. It is true, moreover, that our author has, (immediately following the statement of his own views which we have quoted above,) in a few well chosen words, happily exposed the fundamental errors of the Hegelian hypothesis. He observes (p. 34)—

“To make the logical process not a finite type, and a purely phenomenological reflex of the infinite, but the real essence and only reality of the consciousness of God, is the second error of Hegel: to start from the abstract notions of Existence and Thought, and not from an infinite conscious Will, a conscious Being who wills, is the first.”

This is very true. Hegelianism is, undoubtedly, the mere apotheosis of human intellect, and altogether inconsistent with the facts of Existence; and, in trying to reduce history to the mere expression of its own abstract formula, it has written, with its own hands, its utter condemnation. It has broken and shattered itself against the great world of *reality*, which it would make the mere mimicry of its own proud dream. But while there is much that is really, after a Christian manner, well founded, and suggestive of the true idea of human progress, in Dr. Bunsen's own formula, we are not yet any more disposed to accept it as a complete expression of Christian truth, or as having any title to stand at the threshold of history. Nay, we believe that, in his actual exhibition of the doctrine of the early Church, (as will afterwards appear,) we can distinctly trace the vitiating influence of the theoretic views which he has so confidently laid down. Apart, however, from the character of such views themselves, it is to their application to *history* that we now object. Let them be what they may—Hegelian, Comtean, or even Christianly Trinitarian—we would grant them, as abstract speculations, whatever consideration they may merit, but must, in the strongest manner, vindicate history against their dogmatic application. There is no formulized dogma, however exalted, that can have right to stand at the portals of history, and introduce us to all its magnificently rich and varied entertainment. It is, we think, a radically vicious attempt, to measure the great course

of Thought and Life, as it appears in history, by any preconceived philosophy whatever,—raising history, as it does, from its only proper and solid basis of *fact* into a region of *speculation*, which, whatever certainty may be yet attainable in it, remains, as hitherto, full of debate and uncertainty. We earnestly believe, indeed, that with Christian truth, in its highest philosophic expression, the whole course of human development will be found finally parallel and coincident; and moreover, that there is latent in it an all-comprehensive and harmonious philosophy of religion; but to start and determine history from an already elaborated scheme of speculative doctrine, whatever that may be, is to be utterly repudiated by all who would not see history turned from its appropriate and noble function, of a free interpretation of actual human Thought and Life, and made the mere servant of a sectarianism, not the less hurtful that it may be more cold and dignified than the ecclesiastical or political partisanship of the last and preceding century.

Nor let it be thought for a moment that we thus make history altogether empirical, and degrade it from a scientific position. On the contrary, it will then only be enabled to assert its true position *as a science* when it is left to utter its own truth,—to teach its own lessons along the chain of world-facts which it records. We believe, as we have already said, that a truly divine science lies imbedded in history, and may be drawn out of it. We cannot doubt that all history will shew, in the words of our author, that "there is an eternal order in the government of the world, to which all might and power are to become, and do become, subservient; that truth, justice, wisdom, and moderation are sure to triumph; and that where, in the history of individual life, the contrary appears to be the case, the fault lies in our mistaking the middle for the end."\* We believe, even,—although not, perhaps, exactly in the same sense as our author, that "there must be a solution for every complication, as certainly as a dissonance cannot form the conclusion of a musical composition."† Nay, there being, as Neander‡ has so well shewn, preconceptions—of which that of Divine Providence is undoubtedly one—which underlie and constitute the very life of Humanity, (so that, in their negation, its total and comprehensive conception is already negated,) it is, therefore, not only allowable, but demanded, that we approach history, as well as every other study, in possession of these fundamental principles; for, in fact, the absence of them were already evidence that we had yielded to some arbitrary and one-sided

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\* Vol. ii. p. 5.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Introduction to his *Leben Jesu*, § i. 9.

speculative system. But this is certainly something quite different from approaching history with a preconceived philosophic system, such as we have spoken of, and such as Dr. Bunsen obviously means, excogitated *a priori*, and constituted *a priori* the determining principle of historical manifestation. For our own part, just as we value history, and, above all, the great and conciliatory lessons which, we hope, Christian history is yet destined to teach, we feel bound, with Neander, to claim for it a scientific character, apart from all theoretic speculation, and humbly to rank ourselves with his great and ever-venerable name, as the earnest advocates of that method, which he so firmly upheld as the *juste milieu* between all *arbitrariness*, alike on the side of empiricism or of speculative dogmatism.

There are many of the remaining portions of these "Aphorisms" on which we should like to have dwelt, pregnant as they are with a deep and fruitful meaning, yet too frequently running into extravagance. Unfamiliar, however, as they are, from the technological cast both of their thought and style, to our current modes of apprehension, they could only be treated, with any satisfactory result, at great length, far exceeding our present limits.

We now pass to notice some of the more important *results* of the work before us, in their bearing especially upon the present state of Christianity and the Church. As we have already indicated, Dr. Bunsen has availed himself of the recovered treatise of Hippolytus, to collect around it a great store of inquiries into primitive Christian history—inquiries, in some cases, as he tells us, extending over a long series of years, although, for the first time, presented in a combined form in these volumes. His work, which was probably intended at first to be of a more special kind, seems to have grown upon him as he proceeded, till it swelled to its present consideration and magnitude,—a circumstance which may also serve largely to explain its want of that literary proportion and finish, which we have already remarked as so much impairing its interest for the common reader. Hippolytus, while the centre of this grouping of historical investigation, and, in some one or other of his works, associated with almost every part of it, yet occupies a very unequal prominence throughout. It is necessary, however, before proceeding to some more general questions, to give our readers a brief view of this resuscitated Christian Father and his writings.

Previous to the recovery of the present treatise, Hippolytus can be said to have had little more than a mythical existence.

His name was indeed a celebrated one in early Christian history. He was known to have been a bishop; but so little else was positively known of him, that it remained a matter of uncertainty whether the seat of his labours was in the East or the West. Neander\* considered the evidence on each side to be pretty equally balanced.—Yet it appears to us, on the whole, that the evidence† clearly inclined in favour of the latter, even before the recent discovery. The conjecture of Le Moyne, that the Portus Romanus associated with the name of Hippolytus was Aden in Arabia—a conjecture which Cave so authoritatively carried out—Dr. Bunsen has plainly shown to have rested on no better foundation than a misinterpretation of one of the passages in Eusebius, in which Hippolytus is mentioned.‡ At any rate, there can now remain no doubt, after the researches of Dr. Bunsen, that the author of the treatise "*Against all the Heresies*"—the Hippolytus of Eusebius and Jerome—was Bishop of Portus, the new harbour of Rome, on the northern bank of the Tiber, lying opposite to the more ancient Ostia, which, at this time, had become a place of considerable population and importance; in short, a bustling harbour of all nations. Here Hippolytus lived, and laboured. His Greek education under Irenæus had peculiarly fitted him to act as a sort of missionary bishop among the representatives of the various nations that were here congregated. While occupying a perfectly independent position in his own episcopal sphere of labour, he was at the same time a Presbyter of the Roman Church, and shared in the deli-

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\* Neander, C. H., vol. ii. p. 471.

† The two best known references in early Christian literature to Hippolytus, are those of Eusebius (vi. 22, 22,) and Jerome (De viris illustr. c. 61,) who both give lists of his works containing the treatise *against all the heresies*, but differing in some other respects. Neither, however, mention the place of his bishopric. Jerome, indeed, says, he "could not learn" its name. It is the uncertainty associated with the mention of his name by these two authorities, which has contributed to bring the identity of Hippolytus into so much dispute. The reference of Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, (who suffered martyrdom in 311,) pointed out by Dr. Bunsen, (vol. i. p. 15,) and to which we have alluded in a previous note, is of course earlier than either, and if admitted to be authentic, (its authenticity, Dr. Bunsen says, is no longer questionable, since Mai's discoveries,) may be said of itself to settle the question of his locality. For however we may explain the dissimilarity of the statement regarding the Quartodecimani as quoted by the Bishop, and as extant in the recovered MS., there can scarcely be any doubt that the allusion is to our author, who is described as "the witness of the truth, the Bishop of Portus near Rome." The fact of a statue, now in the Vatican library, having been dug up in the year 1551, on the site of the ancient cemetery near Rome, described by Prudentius, about the beginning of the fifth century, as the burial place of the martyr Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus, near Ostia, would seem, moreover, to have pretty sufficiently established his relation to the vicinity of Rome, especially as the side of the chair on which the figure sits, is inscribed with many of the same titles of works that we have in Eusebius and Jerome.

‡ Euseb. vi. 20, where the name of Hippolytus immediately follows that of Beryllus of Bostra, on which simple connexion Le Moyne seems to have based his conjecture—a very absurd one surely!

berations of the Presbyterial Council which met in that city,—in which circumstance there is nothing really surprising, as will afterwards appear.

In the Ninth Book of the recovered work, which treats of the heresies prevalent at Rome in Hippolytus's own time, and especially of that of Noetus, patronized by two Roman bishops, Zephyrinus and Callistus, and zealously opposed by Hippolytus, we have a very lively and graphic picture of the ecclesiastical state of Rome, in the beginning of the third century, upon which we willingly would have dwelt; but our space forbids. We refer our readers to Dr. Bunsen's reproduction of it, in the third letter of his first volume. It alone seems to show that the author of the recovered treatise must have been a Roman clergyman, familiar with all the details of Church controversy; and, alas! we must also say, of Church scandal in Rome at that time; and that none is so likely to have been the author as Hippolytus. It seems, at least, clearly to disprove the supposed authorship of Origen, who merely visited Rome for a short time during the episcopacy of Zephyrinus; for, "how could he," as Dr. Bunsen has well put it, "in his literary seclusion have known all that passed many years later in the bosom of the College of Cardinals, or the Roman Presbytery, as it was then called? all the ecclesiastical *coteries* and chit-chat of Rome? How should he know, or what would he care, that such and such a Christian banker in Victor's time, who was dead when young Origen came to Rome, lived in the quarter called *Piscina publica*? How could he know what Alcibiades the Syrian talked at Rome under Callistus about the Elchasaite impostures? or so many other things and facts with which his genuine writings shew no acquaintance?"—Vol. i. pp. 199, 200.

As Hippolytus re-appears in the work of Dr. Bunsen, he is undoubtedly, in all respects, a distinguished Father of the Ante-Nicene Church. Of unwavering moral intrepidity, genuine honesty of character, and sense and talents inferior to none of his contemporaries, he was, at the same time, the predecessor of Origen, in speculative power and comprehension, as well as in oratorical pretensions. He continued, with more depth and knowledge than his illustrious teacher, the philosophical enlightenment which Irenæus had kindled in the West. His familiarity with the cause of Græcian speculation was especially serviceable, in enabling him to trace the origin of the various heresies to whose refutation he devoted himself. He was the first preacher of note in the Roman Church; having elevated the mere popular exposition of the Gospel, which was all that prevailed in the shape of a sermon in that Church before his time, into the set homiletic address, characterized by

science and eloquence, which, Dr. Bunsen says, "was his favourite mode of treating exegetical and polemical subjects." His directly exegetical works or commentaries enumerated by Dr. Bunsen, (vol. i. pp. 281, 288,) and which survive merely in fragments, show him in the least favourable light, thoroughly tainted, as they appear to have been, by the usual patristic vice of allegorical fancifulness.\*

The discovery of the lost work of so illustrious a Father, upon a subject so important, could not fail to throw much light on the early state of Christianity and the Church. It would not readily, however, in any other hands, have shed, all around, such a flood of interest and meaning, as in those of Dr. Bunsen. It may, indeed, be a question, as he himself seems to have apprehended, whether he has not made too much of it. There is, assuredly, great diversity in the certainty of the results which he has sought to establish in the course of his volumes. We consider him most successful, where he has confined himself to strictly historical criticism, as in the "Historical Fragments" in the second volume, and in some parts of his interpretation of the restored "Apostolical Constitutions" given in the third. In his exhibition of the doctrine of the Ante-Nicene Church, where his own deeply-seated speculative views come powerfully into play, we think he has least triumphed, authoritative and earnest as are his own convictions on the subject.

It is impossible for us, in such a general review of his work, as we have sketched out for ourselves, to enter minutely into the examination of Dr. Bunsen's statement of the Doctrine of the Trinity, as he conceives it to have existed in the "general consciousness of the ancient Church." We own, indeed, to considerable hesitation in dealing with his views on this subject, lest we should be found, after a somewhat patient study of them, to have, in some respects, misapprehended them. We certainly desiderate clearness, and above all, order and consecutiveness in his treatment of it. He takes it up, in so detached a manner, in so many different places, and has expressed himself regarding it (especially in the *Apology*, by the mouth of Hippolytus,) in a phraseology so indistinct, or, at least, so esoteric, that we cannot say we have a very definite impression of what he would have us to understand, as the doctrinal system of Hippolytus and the early Church. He is so far from denying the doctrine of Father, Son, and Spirit, substantially united—of a Divine Trinity in Unity—that he tells us, this alone was "the

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\* Jerome has preserved some specimens, quoted by Dr. Bunsen, p. 287, which are certainly very childish, and, indeed, not very reverent; but our author refuses to believe that these fragments furnish a fair specimen of the whole.

doctrinal test of the Apostolic age.”\* But, then, he is strongly opposed to the common orthodox expression of this doctrine, as preserved in the Nicene and Athanasian symbols. He has the greatest contempt for the common teaching of our British orthodoxy on this head; which seems to him to savour of materialism, —to represent “Creation as a process of manufacture, and the Father, Son, and Spirit, as three historical personages.”† Now it appears to us, with all deference, that Dr. Bunsen has here, as in certain other parts of his work, allowed his vehemence to outrun his sense of justice, and a genuine philosophy. It will not be denied, that under the treatment of ordinary minds, or even of minds hardy and clear enough, yet untrained by speculative discipline, the transcendent doctrine of the Trinity must suffer degradation in its exposition. But Dr. Bunsen forgets, (what it is altogether impossible for us to doubt,) that it is only an approximating expression that this doctrine can receive, at the best, from human language. Nay, it appears to us to be simply inattention to, or rather (strange as it may seem) disbelief of this fact, which is the secret of the confusion which characterizes this part of his labours, and which has led him to set up, so authoritatively, his own conceptions of the primitive teaching of the Church on the subject of the Trinity, against the later formularies, in which it has expressed itself on this mysterious subject. As Dr. Bunsen himself evidently believes that this divine Verity is one which the human mind *can* render intelligibly to itself—and indeed speaks very scornfully of those who believe otherwise‡—so he seems determined to find, in the frequently

\* Vol. ii. p. 46.

† Vol. iv. p. 50.

‡ We feel bound to enter an earnest protest against the language of Dr. Bunsen on this subject, (vol. i. pp. 168, 174,) the more so, that it contains so much that is true, if understood in one way, which yet regarded from another point of view (which would seem to be that of the author himself) is altogether untenable. Speaking of Hippolytus's Confession of Faith, contained in the last book of the recovered treatise, and regarding it for what it may very well be held to be, a philosophical explanation of the Prologue of St. John's Gospel,—he says, “Now, while it seems to me that this commentary is as intelligible as the text, (although not so full), I have the feeling that many of my readers, divines themselves, will rather think, I ought to say, that the commentary is no less unintelligible than the text. These persons ought to be aware, that in saying (or thinking) so, they place themselves on the side of the infidels; for what is *not intelligible* is *either untrue or useless*; and no infidel ever said more against Christianity.” . . . “It appears to me that divines, who profess a faith in something *not intelligible*, must have still less respect for the sacred records than the dissentients whose doctrines they most abhor.” . . . “These orthodox divines forget, what our excellent friend Maurice has for many years endeavoured, it appears in vain, to impress upon them, that revelation reveals truth, but does not make truth—that truth must be true in itself. Now, if true in itself, in its substance, not through any outward authority, revealed truth must be *intelligible to reason*.” Now, if Dr. Bunsen means here by “intelligible,” (what he seems to mean,) *fully comprehensible by human reason*, we must rank ourselves with those “divines” whom he reprobrates. We certainly believe

confused and even conflicting expressions of the early Fathers on this subject, a consistent and clearly intelligible doctrine, which, while answering to his own speculative convictions, is considerably at variance with the later and more definite Faith of the Church. We do not mean that he imposes his own views on these Fathers—which were so complete a subversion of his own critical method—but, simply, that believing their writings to contain a clear conception of the doctrine of the Trinity,—at unity with itself, he dwells unduly on modes of language which certainly favour his views; overlooking, or at least not bringing into prominence others which are, we think, with equal certainty opposed to them. He seems to us, in short,—instead of recognising in the language of the early Fathers,—here more vague and uncertain,\* there more definite, evidence simply of the struggling consciousness of the Church to apprehend in its full intellectual relations the Truth committed to it—to interpret those fluctuations of language, which speak so evidently of a struggle of this kind, all on one side,—forgetful of those expressions which show that the full Nicene Faith was not unknown to the consciousness of the ancient Church, if it had not as yet come into clear vision, and received definite intellectual expression.

The main difference of Dr. Bunsen's representation of the doctrine of the Trinity, as he believes it to have been held by Hippolytus and Tertullian (whose essential agreement on this subject he expressly declares, vol. i. p. 259), and the Church of their time generally, so far as we apprehend him, consists in a virtual denial of any distinct personality to the Holy Spirit;

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the doctrine of the Trinity to be unintelligible in this sense—that is to say, to transcend our intellectual conception. If there is anything undeniable, we think it is this. Human reason cannot, in the nature of things, explain or construe to itself the mode of the Divine Being. But, if we are allowed to understand "intelligible" as simply meaning *conformable to reason*, then we believe, as firmly as Dr. Bunsen, that the doctrine of the Trinity is "intelligible," (although we should not apply to it this epithet); and we are not aware of any orthodox British divines who deny its intelligibility in this sense. As the last results of speculation everywhere prove, there is in the intuitions of the human reason much that answers to, and seems to bespeak this great truth in Christian theology. The distinction is surely one easily enough recognised, as it is one very common in our British philosophy, between a truth intelligible in the ordinary sense, that is to say, compassable in all its bearings by our reason—and a truth conformable to the fundamental laws of that reason, (violating none of them, but rather answering to them), and yet transcending its clear grasp, outreaching in its divine fullness its power of scientific construction. As to the view of Mr. Maurice alluded to, however much it may sometimes have been lost sight of in popular exposition of Christian doctrine, there are no divines, we fancy, who dispute it. *But then it does not follow that the truth "which is true in itself," and perfectly harmonious to the Divine Mind, must be in all respects clearly intelligible, harmoniously consistent to ours.*

\* He ridicules, in fact, (vol. i. p. 303,) this mode of regarding the language of the old Fathers—the idea that they "minus caute locuti sunt,"—and yet can anything really be more certain than this!

while his language sometimes, too, would seem to imply doubts of the proper personality of the Word before his incarnation. Now, let it be admitted that there are expressions in both these Fathers which favour the representation of Dr. Bunsen, and clearly enough shew that the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, as expressed in the later formularies of the Church, would have been in its decisiveness foreign to their modes of apprehension, it is yet, we think, on a comprehensive view of all they have written on the subject, wholly impossible to doubt the substantial orthodoxy of either. For the proof of this we need only refer, on the one hand, to the passages from the treatise of Hippolytus against Noetus, quoted by Dr. Burton in his *Testimonies of the Ante-Nicene Fathers to the doctrine of the Trinity*, and whose very marked orthodoxy led Dr. Routh to select it, with others, for publication in his *Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Opuscula* as representative of the truly Catholic Faith—rendering it “*luculenter et accurate tum vero scite et eleganter* ;” \* and again to the passages quoted by the same writer from Tertullian, and especially to the whole tenor of that Father’s treatise against Praxeas—expressly devoted, like that of Hippolytus against Noetus, to the defence of the Church doctrine of the Trinity against Patripassianism, of which heresy both Noetus and Praxeas were teachers.† It appears to us indeed that Dr. Bunsen’s

\* Dr. Routh’s Address to the Reader. Vol. i.

† We subjoin the most decisive *classici loci* from Hippolytus’s treatise against Noetus ; as also some sentences of Tertullian from the treatise against Praxeas, referring our learned readers in both cases to the original sources for their satisfaction.

“It is thus that we contemplate the incarnate Word ; through him we form a conception of the Father ; we believe in the Son ; we worship the Holy Spirit.”—Οὐδεὺς ἑνακεῖν λέγει θεορροῦμεν· Πατέρα δὲ αὐτοῦ νοοῦμεν, υἱὸν δὲ πιστευόμεν, Πνεῦμα δὲ ἅγιον προσκυνούμεν. Again, in defence of himself from the Noetian accusation of his being a Ditheist, Hippolytus says, “I never speak of two Gods, but one ; yet I speak of two persons, and a third dispensation, the grace of the Holy Ghost. For the Father is one ; but there are two persons ; because there is also the Son ; and the third is the Holy Ghost.”—Δύο μὲν οὐκ ἰσθὶ θεοὶ ἀλλ’ ἡ ἑνα, πρῶτον δὲ δύο, εἰσπραμίαν δὲ τρίτην, τὴν χάριν τοῦ ἁγίου Πνεύματος. Πατὴρ μὲν γὰρ ἓς, πρῶτον δὲ δύο, οὗτι καὶ ὁ υἱός, τὸ δὲ τρίτον τὸ ἅγιον Πνεῦμα—(Testimonies, &c., pp. 85, 86.) It is true that Dr. Bunsen considers these last words an interpolation, and translates εἰσπραμία in the previous clause differently from Dr. Burton. But we cannot allow the justice either of his criticism or of his version. Certainly his version of εἰσπραμίαν δὲ τρίτην—“and as the third the incarnation” is not tenable on more philological grounds ; while it cannot be doubted that the term εἰσπραμία was used both by Hippolytus and Tertullian in an expressly technical sense to signify the relation of the Trinity. In the following passage of Tertullian (Adv. Praxean, c. 13) it has this meaning, as distinctly pointed out by Neander, (Antignosticus, p. 511,) —Duos quidem definimus, Patrem et Filium, et jam tres cum Spiritu Sancto, secundum rationem oeconomicam.—It is needless to multiply passages from the treatise against Praxeas, which is throughout of so clearly Trinitarian an import. We give one other—His itaque paucis tamen manifeste distinctio Trinitatis exponitur. Est enim ipse qui pronuntiat Spiritus ; et Pater, ad quem pronuntiat ; et Filius, de quo pronuntiat. Sic cætera, quæ nunc ad Patrem de Filio vel ad

admission of the substantial agreement of Tertullian and Hippolytus, as to the doctrine of the Trinity, is of itself quite fatal to the distinctive view which he advocates. For it is impossible, we think, for any to peruse the expressions of Tertullian, so well presented in Neander's monograph of that Father, without feeling that he is really, under whatever occasional diversity of expression, substantially orthodox on the doctrine of the Trinity. Here, indeed, as in many other things, Neander has expressed, in our opinion, the whole truth of the case (holding ever that just mean so dear to him); and especially in the few paragraphs which he has devoted to the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, as held by the Ante-Nicene Church, in his general Church History. The "*notional expression* of the doctrine," he says, "was by no means adequate to its import as contained in the Christian consciousness. The intellectual conception of the relation of the Holy Spirit to the Divine Essence was far from being thoroughly apprehended in the first youthful age of the Church, when the power of the Holy Spirit yet made itself to be so mightily *felt in the life* as a new-creative and transforming principle." But he expresses no doubt of the *soundness* of the view, (according to the Catholic standard,) which lay as yet unexpressed, in its full intellectual bearings, in the consciousness of the early Church. "If we except," he says, "the Monarchians and Lactantians, men were agreed in conceiving of the Holy Spirit as a personal being. The conception of his reality and objective essentiality, coincided in the Christian thought with the conception of his personal self-subsistent existence."—(C. H., vol. ii. p. 371, Torrey's trans.)

As to the theological views of Hippolytus, apart from the great central doctrine of the Trinity,—which, if not exclusively, yet in so very predominant a manner moved the consciousness of the early Church, Dr. Bunsen has expressed himself in the following terms, in the first of the historical fragments in his second volume. There can be little doubt of the general accuracy of his representations.

"Vossius has interrogated Hippolytus whether he taught the orthodox doctrine of original sin; and he extorts an affirmative answer from his treatise against Noetus, by an interpretation which he would never

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*Filium, nunc ad Filium de Patre vel ad Patrem, nunc ad Spiritum pronuntiantur, unumquamque personam in sua proprietate constituunt.*

Even in such classical passages on the doctrine of the Trinity—satisfactory as they must be admitted to be as a whole—the reader, we think, will not fail to detect, at least in the expressions of Hippolytus, some trace of that confusion, or as yet imperfect conception of the doctrine which we have spoken of as characteristic of the early Fathers, and which in such writers as Athénagoras and Clemens Alexandrinus is seen in a much more marked and striking manner.

himself have allowed in classical philology. But this does not prove that Hippolytus would have been a Pelagian. He would have raised many a previous question both against St. Augustine and Pelagius; and finally have intrenched himself in his strong position,—the doctrine of the free agency of the human will. He would have thought Luther's theory a quaint expression of a truth which he fully acknowledged; but as to Calvin's Predestination, he would have abhorred it, without thinking less highly of God's inscrutable counsels. . . . There is nothing in his works which would contradict the general principles, and the polemic or negative portions of Evangelical doctrine. But as to the positive expressions, he would not understand much of them. . . . He would not be able to see the necessity of opposing so absolutely the doctrine of Justification to that of Sanctification, except temporarily, for disciplinary reasons, as an antidote against the conventional doctrine and pernicious practice of meritorious works. To be inspired by the contemplation of the eternal love of God, and the divine beauty of his holiness, to lead a god-like holy life, in perpetual thankfulness, and perfect humility, this is the last word of the solemn exhortation at the end of this great work. But supposing the point at issue had been explained to him, he would certainly side with the doctrine of saving faith in the Pauline sense, against that of meritorious works."—Vol. ii. pp. 128, 129.

In examining Hippolytus regarding the canon of the New Testament in his time, Dr. Bunsen finds it to have been the same with that which we have in the "Muratorian fragment," if we suppose the obvious chasm, which he believes to exist in our barbarous translation of that fragment, to be filled up by the Epistle to the Hebrews, according to a somewhat bold conjecture which he proposes. This canon corresponds with that presently acknowledged by the Church, with the exception of the Second Epistle of St. Peter; the Epistle to the Hebrews being held to be not the work of St. Paul, but of some friend of St. Paul, probably Apollos. On this latter point, as constituting the belief of the early Church, Dr. Bunsen is very positive in his assertions in different places throughout the present work; but he cannot be said to have settled the question by any additional array of evidence. He is equally strong as to the early (ante-Domitianic) date of the Apocalypse, in opposition to almost all its commentators. The internal evidence, on which he bases so confidently this conclusion, can scarcely be reckoned so unequivocal as to set aside the prevailing external evidence in behalf of the later and commonly received origin.

In reference to the great Protestant watchword—the paramount authority of Scripture in all matters of Faith and Doctrine, Hippolytus is as clear and decisive as could be wished. The following is the classical passage on this point quoted by Dr. Bunsen from the ninth chapter of his treatise against Noetus:—

"There is one God, my brethren, and Him we know only by the Holy Scriptures. For in a like manner as he who wishes to learn the wisdom of this world cannot accomplish it without studying the doctrines of the philosophers, thus all those who wish to practise divine wisdom will not learn it from any other source than from the word of God. Let us therefore see what the Holy Scriptures pronounce, let us understand what they teach, and let us believe what the Father wishes to be believed, and praise the Son as he wishes to be praised, and accept the Holy Spirit as He wishes to be given. Not according to our own will, nor according to our own reason, nor forcing what God has given, but let us see all this as He has willed to shew it by the Holy Scriptures."—Vol. ii. p. 144.

By Holy Scriptures Hippolytus understood the Old and New Testaments, using for the first the canon and text of the Septuagint. These Scriptures he held to be inspired in a genuine sense—that is, to be the production of men who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. The Theopneusty, or theory of Inspiration, of Gaussen, would have appeared to Hippolytus as a dangerous Jewish superstition.\* We are, of course, merely stating, in brief form, the conclusions of Dr. Bunsen, without professing to discuss their validity, which would lead us into a region quite away from our present purpose.

There is an important point in connexion with the authority of Scripture, which has been so clearly vindicated in these volumes, against the attacks of the modern school of Tübingen critics, that we must not overlook it; we mean the great question as to the origin of the fourth gospel. According to the favourite speculation of this school, the Johannean type of Christianity, and its record, the gospel of St. John, are to be regarded as the mystical produce of the middle of the second century. Originally, in what they consider its Petrine and Pauline form, a mere species of improved Judaism or Ebionitism, it was only in the course of the second century (about 165 or 170), that Christianity assumed the higher and more speculative form, the expression of which we have in the fourth gospel,—being a mere efflux of Gnosticism, in the transformation which it thus underwent. Such is the extraordinary hypothesis of Strauss and Bauer, and their followers. It is now clearly evident, however, in Hippolytus's arrangement and discussion of the heresies which he refutes, that the doctrine of the Logos, as contained in the gospel of St. John, so far from being, in any sense, the produce of Gnosticism, is already pre-supposed in some of the earliest forms of Gnostic speculation. In extracts given in the seventh book of the Treatise on Heresies, from Basilides, *who taught about the year 120*, he already quotes St. John's Gospel; and it

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\* Vol. ii. p. 147.

is also evident that "his whole metaphysical development, is an attempt to connect a cosmogonic system with St. John's prologue, and with the person of Christ."\* Many collateral points of evidence to the same effect are scattered throughout Dr. Bunsen's critical discussion in the first volume; and in case it should be thought that, within so short an interval, (which is yet really inconceivable), there was any room for such a mythical development as the Tübingen school allege, he carries the proof higher up. He presents evidence that even before the close of the first century the Christian doctrine of the Logos was already made the subject of heretical perversion. The Ophites, (whom our author would identify with the Heretics, mentioned in the 4th chapter of the First Epistle to Timothy, and who indisputably belong to this very early period), "all know the Logos, and all worship the serpent as his symbol, or that of the Demiurg opposed to him; for on that point there seems to have been a difference among them. They refer, however, not to the Logos of Philo, but to the Logos personified in man, and identified with Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Mary."† The idea of Dr. Bunsen clearly is, that the prologue of St. John *does* refer to heretical perversions of the doctrine of the Logos, and not to later systems of the second century (which, as in the case of Basilides, and Valentinus, are found expressly to look back to it, as already the recognised statement of the Catholic doctrine), but to early theories of Gnosticism and Ebionitism.

"Doubtless," he says,‡ "the gospel does refer to theories and speculations respecting the person of Jesus of Nazareth, but to those which sprang up immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem. That event, the shock of which had an echo through the inhabited globe, roused the infant Christian world from slumbering dreams about future destinies in an unknown state, to the consciousness of a world-conquering Divine vocation upon this earth, and to prophetic visions of new kingdoms and new nations, directed by Christ's spirit. It brought on a crystallization of the floating elements of Christian worship, and of corporative organization; and it roused all the depths of the human intellect to solve the great enigmas of the connexion between the historical person of Jesus of Nazareth, and the origin and nature of the human race, of the relation between history and the Divine idea, between inward and outward revelation and inspiration. How can any one wonder that those theories sprang up as early as we are told? We know now more than ever authentically that they did; and we can understand this phenomenon if we consider those circumstances, and the great fermentation into which the decay of Judaism and of Paganism had, for a century or two, thrown the human race."—Vol. i. pp. 84, 85.

\* Vol. i. pp. 87, 88.

† Vol. i. p. 41.

‡ Vol. i. pp. 84, 85.

Among the clearest and most unequivocal results of Dr. Bunsen's investigations are those which bear directly against the later pretensions and abuses of the Church of Rome. The ninth book of the recovered work of Hippolytus introduces us, as we have already hinted, into the very heart of the Roman Church in the beginning of the third century; and the picture we behold, certainly, in some respects, not a very flattering one, is yet unmistakable in its indications of the true position and usages of that Church in that age. Hippolytus "has nothing to tell of the divine right of the bishop of Rome to decide all doctrinal questions of the Universal Church, and to govern Christendom as an autocrat, whether it be by his own decisions, or by his privilege of confirming or annulling, interpreting, and executing the decrees of Councils. The Roman Church, in which Hippolytus lived and acted so conspicuous a part, was to him the Church of Rome. He even places that Church distinctly in opposition to "the Catholic Church," in his great work, where he speaks of the teaching of Callistus, and of the school he had set up and patronized at Rome. Hippolytus as a Roman knew the immense influence of that Church; but as a man who had studied under Irenaeus, the uncompromising opposer of Victor's pretensions, and as the historian of doctrinal Christianity, he also knew that this influence was a moral and not a legal one, and that it was controlled and resisted. The gradually growing moral supremacy in the West originated in the political position of Rome as the centre of the world, and in the instinctive talent of government, which has never ceased to distinguish the Romans. But that supremacy was not recognised as legal, even at Milan, much less at Alexandria and Antioch, nor later by Byzance. Even in the West it was controlled by the free agency and self-responsibility of the influential churches of Christendom. Hippolytus himself, as bishop of Portus, was one of the moons in the planetary system of Rome, and a member of her Presbytery; but in his own town he would not have allowed the agents of Callistus to teach, or even him to preach."\*

Dr. Bunsen has shown with equal clearness that Hippolytus knew nothing of a sacred language used by the Church in preference to the vernacular. While he himself, a Roman Presbyter, wrote in Greek, and, it is to be presumed, also preached, at least sometimes, in that language, (as all his homilies which have been preserved are in that language), this arose simply from the fact that Greek was then at Rome "the living organ of international intercourse, and the common language of the Hellenistic Jews." It was, therefore, "the natural organ of

Christian communication, and the most appropriate language for writing a book to be perused by all reading Christians."

"The Christian congregation at Rome from the beginning consisted of converts from Greeks, who were the bankers, secretaries, tutors, and preceptors, valets and agents of the Romans; and of Jews, who spoke that language as they now generally speak German. These elements were united by sacred records written in Greek, and were governed mostly by members of Greek descent. The very names of the bishops before Urbanus (the successor of Callistus) are Greek, with the two exceptions of Clement and of Victor. And even of these two Clement wrote Greek in the name of the Romans, as St. Paul wrote Greek to the Romans; and in the same language Victor wrote, as did Cornelius a whole century later. The real Latin Church was the African, consisting of colonized Romans, using a Latin version of the New Testament. The noble families of Rome remained unconverted even under Theodosius the Great, as the complaints of Prudentius show, who wrote more than 150 years after Hippolytus. If, therefore, Greek was at that time the ecclesiastical, and, perhaps, the liturgical language of the Church of Rome, it was not because Greek was a sacred tongue, unknown to the people, but because the majority understood it better, or as well as that of Latium."\*—Vol. ii. pp. 24, 25.

In reference to the marriage of the clergy the evangelical liberty so clearly laid down by the Apostle was, in the time of Hippolytus, to some extent infringed; but there was still no trace of the later corruptions which arose, and were so speedily and universally propagated in the Church. A presbyter, unmarried at his appointment, was not expected to marry during his office, and a presbyter who lost his wife was not permitted to marry again; and of these restrictions† Hippolytus constituted himself the champion, to (in this matter) the more Christian proceeding of Callistus. In reference to this Dr. Bunsen has observed (vol. i. p. 313)—

"In the time of Hippolytus the ecclesiastical office was so far from giving an indelible character that neither a presbyter nor a bishop would have been prevented from quitting his office, and marrying like any other Christian. The whole theory of the canonical is of a later date. The learned Christian kept his pallium, the philosopher's cloak, when he accepted an office in the Church, which might be that of episcopus as well as of a presbyter. He kept the old pallium when he retired from the office."

If, from these mere accidental aspects of the relation of the Church of Rome in Hippolytus's day to that vast system of error which it became, and continues, we pass to those essential

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\* 1 Tim. iii. 2; Titus i. 7.

† Apost. Com. vol. iii. p. 58.

ideas of *Church*, and *Priesthood*, and *Sacrifice*, which (not merely in reference to the Church of Rome) are of such vital interest in our present ecclesiastical discussions, we find in these volumes a wide and richly fruitful field, from which we can only glean a few of the more important particulars. Of a Church, in the mere priest-sense, as constituting the clergy—upon whom a special spirit of sanctity and ghostly privilege is supposed to rest—Hippolytus knew nothing. "He must have abhorred the very idea of this as much as Irenaeus, his teacher, and all his contemporaries did. The Church was to them the Christian people, the *Ecclesia* in the Greek sense."\* The evidence which Dr. Bunsen has furnished of this is of the clearest character, everywhere scattered through the pages of his four volumes. It may be said, however, to rest especially on those "contributions towards the restoration of an authentic picture of the age of Hippolytus," with which he has furnished us in the third and fourth volumes. The foundations of this picture of the community-life of the Ante-Nicene Church, are the restored texts of the "Church and House-Book of the early Christians," and of the "Law-Book of the Ante-Nicene Church." The peculiar relation of Hippolytus to these books, Dr. Bunsen believes himself to have found in the introduction to the eighth book of the common Greek text of the "Apostolic Constitutions,"† which he regards as substantially representing part of the last work of Hippolytus on *The Apostolic Tradition respecting the Gifts (Charismata) of the Holy Spirit*.

Dr. Bunsen believes that he has proved the very early origin, and even substantial apostolicity of the so-called "Apostolic Constitutions." The fiction of their name, and of their form of composition, is, indeed, obvious enough; but, so far fictitious, he regards them, in the restored form in which he has been enabled to present them, (basing his restoration not on any mere sifting or analysis of the corrupted Greek text, but especially on three other texts—the Coptic, Abyssinian, and Syrian, which he believes to be respectively original, and of superior authenticity), to be, in a genuine sense, the very rules, customs, and traditions which had descended from the Apostles. The sense of the whole fiction he believes to be, "that whatever in those ordinances is not directly the work of the Apostles must be considered as apos-

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\* Vol. ii. p. 125.

† "The Greek text contains three distinct collections; the first six books, the seventh, and the eighth." "The vulgar text of the eighth book of the Greek Constitutions is a corrupt and interpolated recension of the text exhibited in the Vienna and Oxford manuscripts; exactly as Grabe had maintained."—Vol. ii. p. 252. It is the introduction to this book which, in Dr. Bunsen's opinion, especially connects Hippolytus with the Apostolic Constitutions.

tolic, as coming from their disciples, who, with their followers, in the next generation, had continued their work in the same spirit, Clement of Rome being the first and most prominent among them;\* and who naturally came, therefore, to be represented in the fiction as the author or compiler of them. This book of the "Doctrine," or "Ordinances," or "Constitutions of the Apostles," (for it was known under all these several names), Dr. Bunsen believes to have been very highly prized, and of paramount authority in the early Church.

"It was a book," he says,† "more read than any one of the writings of the fathers, and in church matters of greater weight than any other; the book before the authority of which the bishops themselves bowed, and to which the Churches looked up for advice in doubtful cases."

The writings of the early fathers everywhere presuppose its circulation and knowledge among the Christian brethren, and this explains why they give us so few direct glimpses of the universal Christian life, so little intimation "of what was required for a Christian man or woman to know, or to confess, to pray, to do, to practise, or to avoid, and what was in general the custom and order, as well of domestic and private, as of common Christian life, both in worship, and in government and discipline."‡

Dr. Bunsen's labours in the restoration of this "Church and House Book of the Early Christians," as well as of the early ecclesiastical canons, and his farther labours in the restoration of the ancient liturgies of the Church, the fruits of which are contained in the second part of his concluding volume, (and with such a passing allusion to which we must at present content ourselves,) are, undoubtedly, to be regarded among the most valuable results of his present work, and as constituting among his highest claims to eminence as a critical investigator of primitive Christian history. It is impossible for any to appreciate fully what he has thus achieved, without a very minute study of the subjects, and a knowledge of the previous chaos into which he has cast historical light and life. The fruitfulness of his researches in this important field makes us doubly regret the undue exaltation which he is disposed to give to his mere speculative views, in reference to any part of that restorative critical process in which he is so highly skilled,—and for the obvious reason, that his critical restorations in the one case are apt to suffer from any suspicion that may attach to them in the other. It is worthy of observation, indeed, how his speculative views on the Trinity have been, in certain quarters, seized and exclusively

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\* Vol. ii. p. 226.

† Vol. ii. p. 220.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 221-2.

dwelt upon, in order, as it were, to cover the hopelessly damaging effect of his researches into the primitive *character and constitution* of the Church, in relation to certain proud and fond fancies of Anglicanism.

It is not, indeed, any more the fresh and purely apostolic picture of the Church that we behold in Dr. Bunsen's "Church and House Book of the Early Christians." It is not the picture we have in St. Paul's Pastoral Letters, in which we see only two orders of office-bearers, presbyters (called also bishops) and deacons, and in which the congregation, the body of faithful people, is the "highest organ of the spirit as well as power of the Church." In the representation of these "apostolic ordinances," we find the popular congregational element already considerably weakened, and the system of three orders,—bishops, presbyters, and deacons,—fully established. A hierarchy is already seen developing itself, but it is still only of a very modified character, borne upon on all sides by the yet living popular element. The power of the congregation, if practically diminished, yet receives the clearest theoretical recognition. The element of mere Clericism, shooting up rapidly into strength along with the decay of the genuine church life, yet nowhere obtrudes its pretensions in an authoritative manner. In the words of Dr. Bunsen:—

"The congregation elects its Bishop, and invites the bishops of the neighbouring localities to institute him into his office with prayer and the imposition of hands. If the congregation is still to be formed, the bishop names the Elders, three at least, and inducts them with prayer and a benediction. They form with him the Congregational Council. The bishop elects at least one Deacon as his assistant, and appoints widows and young women to take care, both spiritually and bodily, of the orphans, the sick, and the poor. If the bishopric of a congregation, already formed, become vacant, the form of episcopal election remains the same; the clergy elect with the people; there is no form of election prescribed, consequently none is excluded. If the office of Presbyter is vacant, sometimes the bishop and clergy, sometimes the whole congregation, fill it up. The bishop consecrates the presbyters, as he is himself consecrated by his brother bishops. Their ordination (dedication to God by prayer, with imposition of hands) is the same: only that the elders have no throne, or raised chair, in the apse at the end of the church, but sit upon benches on both sides. Between the clergy and the congregation stands the communion-table, their unity and connecting link."—Vol. iii. pp. 220, 221.

The episcopate, which we thus see so clearly recognised in the Church of the second and third centuries, Dr. Bunsen believes to have been introduced by St. John in Proconsular

Asia (Ionia) towards the close of the first century. Its original character, as he himself has described it, was simply "the independent position of a city clergyman, presiding over the congregation, with the neighbouring villages, having a body of elders attached to him."\* This constituted, in the primitive sense, a complete church—a bishopric. The country clergymen, whose immediate field of duty lay in the villages, were "most probably members of the ecclesiastical council," or Presbytery of the city church. In the case of the metropolitan dioceses, which, from a very early period, had incorporated with them a considerable portion of the adjoining province, the bishops of the suburban towns also formed members of the ecclesiastical council, over which the bishop of the metropolis presided. This is what we find to have been the relation of Hippolytus to Rome. He was at once bishop and presbyter, occupying an independent sphere of pastoral labour at Portus, and forming a member of the Presbytery of Rome, over which Callistus presided. There is nothing at all surprising in this fact, as Dr. Bunsen has well shewn, save for the unhistorical confusion in which the subject has been involved. It is only what we might expect at this particular stage of the development of the Church constitution, that a Roman clergyman should be called a presbyter, as a member of the clergy of the city of Rome, and should, at the same time, have the charge of the church at Portus, for which there was no other title than the old one of bishop—

"For such was the title of every man who 'presided over the congregation' in any city,—at Ostia, at Tusculum, in the other suburban cities. And what is rather curious, they have bishops now, as members of the presbytery of the city of Rome, with the body of certain presbyters and deacons of which they form the governing clerical board of the Church of Rome. The relation of those suburban bishops to the bishop of Rome must, in a certain degree, have been analogous to that which, in later times, existed between the suffragan bishops and the metropolitan; but we know nothing whatever of the particulars. That a town like Portus must have had its own bishop, cannot, of course, be doubted, as even much smaller towns had their bishop; their city was called their diocese, or their *parœcia*, and the members of their congregation or church their *plebs*."—Vol. i. p. 207.

In this associated relation between the metropolitan and suburban bishops, there is undoubtedly to be recognised the commencement of that later and more fully developed hierarchy which received the appropriate name of *metropolitanism*, merging finally in the rival pontificates of the East and West. So soon as the interests of the Church came to be determined by

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\* Vol. iii. p. 246.

merely clerical assemblies, the aristocratic and priestly element grew rapidly into importance. From being the representative organ of the believing people, the bishop speedily began to assume a sacerdotal and autocratic authority,—wielded not *for* the people, but *over* them, as the direct gift of heaven. Amid the advancing decay of the congregational life of the apostolic Church, in which the fundamental notions about Christian offices underwent that gradual *metastasis*, or change of centre, which Dr. Bunsen has so clearly described in relation to the whole circle of Christian ideas, the Church yet retained the most valuable portion of the action of the congregation, namely, that of the services of charity. It is thus happily described by Dr. Bunsen :—

“The office of Deacon, or helper, implies, in the full sense of the word, the attendance on the poor and the sick. To offer spiritual as well as bodily aid, and, indeed, to supply all common wants, was the individual duty of every Christian; and this divine idea of services of charity had so deeply pervaded the mind of the Church, that the office of deacon and deaconess grew out of it. The latter were ordinarily widows, and the sisterhood of Widows is nothing more than that of Deaconesses. The recently recovered Coptic collection of Apostolical Church Ordinances furnishes most precious and original information upon this point also. The deacons had the charge of the poor, the deaconesses of the sick, and they attended indiscriminately upon those who stood in need of consolation and assistance. A significant Egyptian legend attributes to Christ a speech addressed by Him to Mary and Martha, in a sense which, at all events, is deeply Christian and strictly Apostolical (1 Pet. iii. 7), namely, that, in the Christian community, woman's weaker nature, when strengthened and elevated by the respect and honour of the man, develops a new and peculiar power, namely, that of serving and suffering love.

“The opulent provided for their poor; to which purpose the gifts offered at the common table, which became an altar, as the symbol of a vow of self-dedication, were especially applied. It was a part of the system of community of goods among the early Christians, which had remained as a sacred custom. The first-fruits of corn and wine, and whatever was titheable of the produce of the earth, served for the maintenance of the clergy. In all our collections, the validity of the apostolic injunction on that head is recognised, and especially the one, ‘Thou shalt not muzzle the ox which treadeth out the corn.’ In the re-written text of the first Greek Collection, also, this precept is applied as signifying that, as the oxen by that means do not eat up all the corn on the threshing-floor, so the clergy should only appropriate to themselves a very small portion of the gifts of the congregation, or church property.”—Vol. iii. pp. 230-232.

The picture which Dr. Bunsen has drawn of the constitution of the Ante-Nicene Church is faithfully filled in from the

outlines given in the "Apostolical Ordinances;" and cannot well be disputed in any of its essential features. The only point which he seems to us to have left in obscurity, (if indeed his own conviction is perfectly formed on the subject,) is the apostolic authority which he ascribes to Episcopacy. That the Episcopate was already, in the early part of the second century, widely established, admits of no doubt; but we desiderate any clear historical proof of its introduction by St. John, as he asserts. That it certainly did *not* exist in the first and purely apostolic age of the Church, he plainly holds, as indeed it is impossible to maintain the opposite, save by the worst species of that uncritical and dogmatic interpretation which has been the bane of Christianity and Christian history. The Presbyterian notion of the bishop, as the first among his peers, (*primus inter pares*,) may be, as Dr. Bunsen considers it, unhistorical—an induction resting on a deficient basis of historical facts; but he can not be said to have proved this. We are glad to see that he recognises the clearly apostolic character of the Presbyterian idea of elders (presbyters) as both an officiating and a ruling body. The original idea of the Church was indeed, as he has pointed out, that of a *self-governing community, of which the presbyters were magistrates*. So far from *teaching* having been, according to the Lutheran view, the original function of the ministers or officers of the Christian Church—"teaching and praying were," in the words of our author, "open to every one in the Church of the Apostles; every man acting as a priest and anointed of the Lord. According to our ordinances, the laity may still teach the Catechumens and dismiss them even with a blessing after the public service; for all (it is said) have the Spirit of the Lord."\*

The picture presented in these volumes of the *worship* of the early Church, in its yet fresh and vigorous life and its characteristic forms, is one of the most deeply interesting of the whole. On the representation given by our author of primitive Baptism we could have wished especially to dwell.† It is

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\* Vol. iii. p. 232—"He that teacheth, although he be one of the laity, yet if he be skilful in the Word, and grave in his manners, let him teach; for they shall be all taught of God."—(Greek Const. book viii.)—Vol. iii. p. 8. "When the teacher, after the prayer, shall lay his hands upon the Catechumens, let him pray, dismissing them; whether he be an ecclesiastic or a layman who delivereth it, let him do so."—(Copt. Can. pp. 11, 43, 44.)—Vol. iii. p. 15.

† The correctness of the picture of ancient baptism given by Dr. Bunsen in the third volume of the present work, (which is indeed, with more careful minuteness, just that given by Neander,) will not, we apprehend, be disputed by any one who is content to accept the mere facts of the case. That the *recognised* baptism of the ancient Church was that of *adults*—of those whom the Church only received into her fold, after a long course of systematic catechetical instruction—cannot

now impossible for us, however, even in the most cursory way, to do this. We can only point the attention of our readers to what Dr. Bunsen has, with so much force and clearness, shewn to have been the animating principle of the early Christian worship in all its forms, the idea, namely, of *sacrifice*, or the thankful offering of the self-will to God. If there is any service, indeed, more peculiar than another which our author can be said to have rendered to the cause of truth, as a Christian scholar, it is his repeated noble vindication of this idea of *sacrifice*, as constituting the essence of the Christian life and of all Christian worship. It is the divine root from which sprang the whole divine activity of the Church; the central idea which pervades it all, whether expressed in what we more especially call worship—the *order of divine service*, or in that which is not less really worship—the *order of the daily Christian life*. Praise and prayer are just its expressions in immediate relation to God; Christian virtue, its expression in relation to God, through our Christian brethren or the world. It is the fundamental and distinguishing characteristic of *Christian* worship, in opposition equally to Jewish, or Pagan, or mere deistic worship; that it is thus a living and ever thankful sacrifice, springing from and resting on the great fact of Christ's propitiatory sacrifice. It is this latter fact which alone renders the other possible, and which gives it all its meaning. Man, cursed by the taint of sin, and of consequent estrangement from God, could never have offered up a sacrifice of *grateful piety*, save through an initiatory sacrifice of propitiation. But this sacrifice of atonement (beyond man's own power, from the very helplessness of guilt which rendered it necessary) having been accomplished in his behalf, his whole life, rising from the happy centre of reconciliation with God, and united in a true sense with the Life of Christ, just constitutes such a sacrifice. In and through Christ, as their ever faithful High Priest, and whose they are as His mystical body, the Church or faithful people are offered up continually to God.

Dr. Bunsen has traced very felicitously the perversion, or complete change of centre, which this great idea of Christian sacrifice underwent in the history of the Church; so that what constituted originally the spiritual offering of the believing

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indeed admit of any doubt. The admission of this, however, does not necessarily bear with it the summary denial of the existence of *infant baptism* in the early Church. Dr. Bunsen indeed asserts confidently that it was quite unknown; but we cannot hold this to be wholly determined by anything he has advanced on the subject. To those who really know anything of the matter we need not, of course, say, that the question of the validity of infant baptism is one separated from that of its direct apostolic authority.

people, in thankfulness, and love, and active self-denial, came to be supposed the mere magical act of the priest transacted in behalf of the people. In the Romish doctrine of the mass, we see this perversion in its highest development. There the most living consciousness of the Christian Church is actually inverted, and its perpetual sacrifice declared to be one, not of praise and of spiritual self-offering, but of ever-renewed mimic propitiation :—

“No change,” says Dr. Bunsen, “ever was greater, no perversion had ever more pernicious results for the whole history of Christ’s Church, and still none was easier, was more natural, and, as it were, necessary, so soon as the fundamental ideas of *Church, Priesthood, and Sacrifice* were perverted from their highest spiritual sense to the outward and heathenish one, according to which the Church is the governing body of Christ’s faithful people. Priests are the ministers of the Church, and therefore sacrifice is the sacred work or action which these priests perform as such. As soon as the promises made to the real Church of God (which is contained in the external Church, as the believers were in the ark) are applied in all their extent to this external Church, and even its governors, and as soon as the right and duty of spiritual priesthood exercised by every Christian under the one great High Priest are superseded by the acts and privileges of the officiating ministers of that Church, the communion becomes an accessory only to the consecration, that is to say, to the formal act of the priest ; and the perpetuity of sacrifice, taught by Malachi and by the whole Scripture, as well as by the Fathers, instead of being found in the ever new act of self-offering of regenerated souls in the holy fellowship of Christ’s Church, must be looked for in the never ceasing repetition of that act of consecration, as being a repetition of the one great act of atonement made on the cross.”—Vol. ii. pp. 212, 213.

The true relation of the *Communion* to the pervading idea of *sacrifice* is equally well shewn by Dr. Bunsen. It was only natural and appropriate that the Church should associate the thankful offering of herself with the remembrance of Christ’s death, on which alone it rested. And even so, it was very natural that some of the Fathers should have used very strong language, in speaking of this eucharistic offering made to God through Christ, in the very act of the commemoration of His willing death of love. Thus they may have even spoken of the real presence of Christ in the celebration of the sacrament ; “but how else than in the mind of the faithful, united into one by the Holy Spirit, and offering their prayer and vow of thankful self sacrifice.” Fixed as the view of the early Church so entirely was on the great spiritual *reality*, it might well speak of it in lofty language, ignorant that “later dark ages should so entirely lose sight of the centre of Christian consciousness, as to

mistake matter subject to corruption, destined for food; for the only objective reality in religion, the incorruptible God."\*

Dr. Bunsen believes, with a hopeful earnestness, that the outlines of Early Christian life, which he has sketched in these volumes, will be among our best guides in that new transforming process which the Church seems destined everywhere to undergo. The "Church of the Future," while claiming in its development that freedom, which is so essentially Christian, will yet start into healthiest vigour, from the vital appropriation of all that is best in the Past, and especially of all that looks out upon us with fresh and pure lustre from the mirror of its youthful age.—We sympathize in his confidence, and join in his hope. It is undoubtedly, by being *at once progressive and conservative*, that the Modern Church will yet accomplish its high mission and triumph over all opposition. It is at once by looking boldly forward with a clear faith in God as of old, and by looking reverently backward, with a genuine love for all that is holy and true in its varied history, that it will be best fitted to enter on the new career which seems opening before it. They who would violently separate themselves from the past development of the Divine Life in Humanity, and they who cling superstitiously to the expiring forms of that development, are equally wrong. Genuine progress is never destructive; and in vain shall we look for life among the mere earthly memorials of a forgotten activity. If there is any lesson more impressive than another taught by these volumes it is, that there can be no life without free development. It is not possible simply to adhere to the past as the sum of all Truth. We cannot put new wine into old bottles. And, while the world lasts, we shall still have, with every new age, the new wine of intellect and feeling pouring afresh its living stream into all channels of religious and literary activity; and moulding into more harmonious forms the problems of the world's thought. That we are at the commencement of such a new era at the present time can scarcely be doubted. One thing is sure, that we are at the termination of an old and perishing one,—that there are spreading all around us the systems of decay and extinction. God forbid that we should speak in the language of exaggeration, or that we should not feel deeply sorrowful that the old landmarks of our Fathers' faith should no longer receive the reverence of their children's children. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact before us. We cannot say, peace, peace, where there is no peace. Our author has perhaps represented the matter in a strong light;

but earnest and vehement as is his language, we feel we cannot here make any valid exception to it:—

“Is it not time,” he says, “in truth, to withdraw the veil from our misery? to point to the clouds which rise from all quarters, to the noxious vapours which have already well-nigh suffocated us? to tear off the mask from hypocrisy, and destroy that sham which is undermining all real ground beneath our feet? to point out the dangers which surround, nay, threaten already to engulf us? Is the state of things satisfactory in a Christian sense, where so much that is un-Christian predominates, and where Christianity has scarcely begun here and there to penetrate the surface of the common life? Shall we be satisfied with the increased outward respect paid to Christianity and the Church? Shall we take it as a sign of renewed life, that the names of God and Christ have become the fashion, and are used as a party badge? Can a society be said to be in a healthy condition in which material and selfish interests in individuals, as well as in the masses, gain every day more and more the upper hand? in which so many thinking and educated men are attached to Christianity only by outward forms, maintained either by despotic power, or by a not less despotic half superstitious, half hypocritical custom? When so many Churches are empty and satisfy but few, or display more and more outward ceremonials and vicarious rites? When a godless schism has sprung up between spirit and form, or has even been preached up as a means of rescue? When gross ignorance or confused knowledge, cold indifference or the fanaticism of superstition, prevails as to the understanding of Holy Scripture, as to the history, nay, the fundamental ideas of Christianity? When force invokes religion in order to command, and demagogues appeal to the religious element in order to destroy? When, after all these severe chastisements and bloody lessons, most statesmen base their wisdom only on the contempt of mankind; and when the prophets of the people preach a liberty, the basis of which is selfishness, the object libertinism, and the wages are vice? And this is an age the events of which shew more and more fatal symptoms, and in which a cry of ardent longing pervades the people, re-echoed by a thousand voices!”—Preface, vol. iii. p. xvii.

What is the remedy for such a state of things? Either a course of blind obstructiveness, or of violent revolutionism? Neither certainly, as we believe in God and in the divine ever-recreating power of Christianity. It is just in such crises of human opinion, that the Gospel, pre-eminently approving itself to be the power of God, and the wisdom of God, for the world's salvation, takes up the entangled thread of human History, and bears it on with a nobler force than heretofore. It is just when old forms are perishing, and a new creation is yet slumbering in embryotic darkness, that the Divine Light is seen breaking in more lovely and perfect radiance over a benighted world. Then, when the conflicting elements of society, heaving to its centre

from new and uncontrolled impulses, seem threatening the existence of all religion, is the Heavenly Wisdom, which shines forth in Christianity, destined to manifest its rarest strength, and achieve its brightest triumphs. It is of the very secret of its power to seize upon such opposing principles, and, touching them with a living and ennobling harmony, thereby to carry forward the world's progress. It will thus show itself in time to come, as it has shown itself in time that is gone, to be the one Restorer of ruined Humanity,—the beacon-light of an onward civilisation that shall never expire! Looking into the Future, then, with the eye of faith, dark as it may seem to the present eye of sight, we have no fear; but with a hearty trustfulness echo the words of our author, addressed to all earnest Christian spirits,—“But ye, the children of light, go fearlessly onward. To imagine a return of mankind to that infantine state, in which tradition and revelation are secured as things external to man, is like seeking in the wilderness for Christ, who is near you and in you. Such a return is neither desirable nor possible. You have not to choose between faith and reason, nor between superstition and irreligion. But you have to make your choice between light and darkness. On that side are indifference, scepticism, servitude, and all the other attending night-mares of humanity; on this side self-responsibility, faithful inquiry, liberty, all the attending genii of light.

“The first natural day of reformed theology and Protestant Church government is gone. Children of light! sit not in darkness, and sleep not the sleep of death. Light your torches at that intellectual sunbeam in Scripture, and within yourselves, which both nature and universal history majestically reflect; and awaken the dawn of the young day of the earth by intellectual hymns of praise, responded to by a life of self-sacrificing love for the growth and advancement of truth and justice among mankind, the only but the indestructible foundation of social union, of political freedom, and of all earthly happiness.”

- ART. IV.—1. *Herman and Dorothea, translated into English Hexameters from the German Hexameters of Goethe.* London, 1849.
2. *Herman and Dorothea, from the German of Goethe.* By JAMES COCHRANE.
3. *Louisa, from the German of Voss.* By JAMES COCHRANE. 1852.
4. *English Hexameters. Translations from Schiller, Goethe, Homer, Callinus, and Meleager.* London, 1847.
5. *Evangeline; a Tale of Acadie.* By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Boston, 1848.
6. *The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich.* By A. H. CLOUGH.

THERE has no more wonderful revolution taken place in the use of human language, than that by which the versification of modern Europe took the place of the versification of ancient Greece and Rome. The testimonies and evidences are too numerous and coherent to allow us to doubt that the cultivated nations of ancient Europe derived their rhythmical pleasures from certain successions of syllables differing as long and short; those syllables being long which contained a diphthong, a vowel before two consonants, and the like. It is still more certain, for we have for it the evidence of our own senses, that our modern European versification, and especially that of our own country, does not depend upon the succession of long and short, but of accented and unaccented syllables: as it is often expressed, our verses are governed by accent, theirs, by quantity. This is, we repeat, a change amounting to a complete revolution; for it has gone to the extent of making the former state of things inconceivable to us. The English ear has no perception of the rhythm of verses, except so far as it is produced by the alternation of accented and unaccented, or, as we may rather call them, strong and weak syllables. It is only by converting long into strong, and short into weak, that the verses of Homer and Virgil are verses to us. The first line of the *Æneid* must be read,—

“Arma virumque canō Trojæ qui primus ab oris,”

in order to make it a rhythmical line to us; though we say *cāno* and *Trōjæ* in reading prose. The celebrated galloping line,

“Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,”

must be made dactylic in our pronunciation,

“Quadrupedante putrēm sonitū quatīt ungula campum,”

in order that the pace of Pegasus may be perceived in it. For if we pronounce the words as we do in prose, *pūtre*m, *sōnitu*,

*quātī*, we have a movement in which a stringhalt only, and no steady pace is felt. And equally insensible are our ears to the necessity, that a diphthong or a vowel before two consonants should necessarily produce a strong syllable. The smoothest of our modern English versifiers habitually make syllables weak in spite of such conditions. Thus, take Moore's anapestic verses:—

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
 Oh the last ray of feeling and life must depart,  
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

Here such words as *world*, *whose*, *rays*, *must*, *shall*, are short syllables in the rhythm; *waters* is two short syllables. Other versifiers go much further in this direction. Thus, Byron says (of Ireland):—

"True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,  
 The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom would pause."

Here *true* is short, and *brief*, are two short syllables, *rainbow-like* is a dactyl.

Notwithstanding the change of quantity for accent which has thus become the leading principle of versification, we retain the ancient names of feet by quantity, to describe analogous feet by accent, as has been customary among persons writing on this subject. And employing this phraseology, we would make one or two other remarks on English versification before we proceed to the consideration of the works of which the titles stand at the head of our article. And, in the first place, we may remark, that several writers, and especially Moore, have been in the habit recently of mixing together trisyllable and dissyllable feet. Take, for example, "The Legacy;"

"When in death I shall calm recline,  
 O bear my heart to my mistress dear—  
 Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine,  
 Of the brightest hue while it lingered here.  
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,  
 To sully a heart so brilliant and bright,  
 But balmy drops from the red grape borrow,  
 To bathe the relic from morn to night."

Such verses were in former times of English poetry called *tumbling verses*. But, in fact, their tumbling movement may be subordinated to a pervading principle of rhythm, so as to resemble dancing rather than tumbling. Of course, for this purpose, all the feet must be of nearly equal rhythmical value, like all the bars in a strain of music; and, consequently, the weak part of the dissyllable feet, consisting of one syllable, ought to be stronger than each of the two weak syllables of the trisyllable feet; and if the syllable be such as not to bear this weight, the verse has all the more propensity to *tumble*. This remark, of course implies, that among the weak syllables some are less weak. And this any one's ear will readily inform him is the case; for though neither accumulated consonants, nor long vowels, nor diphthongs, can, as we have seen, necessarily prevent syllables from being weak, that is, analogous in the rhythm to the short syllables of the ancients; yet weak syllables, so weighted, have a cumbrous and heavy movement. Short syllables so lengthened, though they do not destroy the essence of the verse, do very much mar its smoothness. They do not make it cease to be verse, but they make it to be very harsh verse. And dissyllable feet may, by this weighting of the light syllables, approach to the nature of spondees, or continuations of two *equally* strong syllables. They can, however, only *approach* to this standard; for in modern verse, depending as it necessarily does upon the alternation of strong and weak syllables, spondees, — combinations in which two strong syllables succeed each other with no alternation, cannot regularly occur. And here the contrast between the ancient and the modern feeling of rhythm again comes into view. It would be impossible to make intelligible, as rhythm, to an English ear, a succession of feet of which a considerable part were spondees. In order to make them verse, the spondees must be read as trochees; just as in music, a succession of notes of equal length is perceptibly separated into bars by an accent on the first note of each bar.

The difference of principle between ancient classical and modern English versification being so great, it is plain that our verses are iambics or trochaics, dactyls or anapestics, so far only as this analogy or substitution of accent for quantity makes them such. But with this substitution of the modern for the ancient principle of versification, we find our English poetry to consist of masses of verse which we may describe with the most perfect propriety by the ancient terms. There is no reason on earth why we should not name our verses trimeters, hexameters, pentameters, and the like, according to the number of feet, or *bars*, to use the musical expression. And thus, English hexameters really differ from the most common kinds of English

verse, precisely in the same way and degree in which these kinds differ from one another.

Indeed, hexameters are among the most common kinds of English verse. Thus the measure of Shenstone's *Pastorals* is really anapestic hexameters, though divided into two trimeters :—

O ye woods spread your branches apace, to your deepest recesses  
 I fly,  
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase, I would vanish from  
 every eye."

This is, as Lindley Murray remarks of it, one of the most pleasing and familiar of English measures. The writing the two lines as one cannot alter the nature, or even the grace of the rhythm. It is (when the trimeter rhyme is not insisted on) a difference to the eye only, and not to the ear; it depends upon typographical fashion, like the printing of the old iambic line of fourteen syllables in one line, in the old form of the psalms, and in two, in the new. Thus we have,—

"The Lord descended from above, and bowed the heavens high,  
 And round about his feet he cast the darkness of the sky."

But in the more modern form—

"When all thy mercies, O my God!  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise."

But the English hexameter, especially so called, is dactylic rather than anapestic, inasmuch as it always begins with a strong syllable. It would be easy to transpose Shenstone's verses into this type. Thus :—

Woods spread your branches apace, to your deepest recesses I hie me,  
 Hid with the beasts of the chase, I would vanish from every gazer.

This is the measure of the best of our modern hexameters. Thus Mr. Longfellow's charming poem *Evangeline* opens :—

"This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines, and the hemlocks,  
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight."

In the second line we have already an instance, *garments*, of a dissyllable foot inserted among the dactyls. But this is also, as we have already remarked, a common feature of the most current English dactyls. Moore's verses, which we have already quoted to illustrate this practice, may easily be converted

into hexameters by the omission of a few words, which do not alter the general rhythm.

“When in death I recline, O bear my heart to my mistress;  
 Tell her it lived upon smiles of the brightest hue while it linger'd;  
 Bid her not shed one tear to sully a heart so brilliant;  
 Drops of the red grape borrow to bathe the relic for ever.”

We are not concerned to maintain that the diction of the passages which we have thus hexameterized suffers no damage by the change; but it must be clear to every reader that the slight change by which they became hexameters cannot convert them from smooth, dancing, acceptable English verses, into such harsh, tuneless, intolerable measures as all English hexameters are by some critics declared to be. The general current of the versification, in the two forms, the licenses taken in making syllables strong or weak, and in varying the strong with one or with two weaker, are absolutely identical. No doubt the pause by which one long line is separable into two shorter is a difference; but the long line, when it assumes the liberty of changing the place of this pause, does not alter its rhythm, but only acquires a new element of variety and dignity, as we see in our heroic and Alexandrine lines.

Where, then, is the origin of the disfavour with which some of our critical brethren receive the modern examples of English hexameters? The answer to this question is, we think, very curious, and capable of being very fully substantiated. English hexameters were attempted by the poets of Queen Elizabeth's time upon false principles, and have never quite got over the odium which this mistake drew upon them. Sidney, Spenser, and their friends, with their heads full of the rules of Latin quantity, and their ears familiar with the violence done to the ordinary pronunciation of Latin words, in order to read them into hexameters, began to construct English hexameters subject to the same rules, and requiring the same licenses; subject to rules in which the English ear recognised no real force; claiming licenses which revolted the English sense. They thus produced lines which could not be read as verses, without subverting the common pronunciation of the words; as we have seen that we must do violence to the ordinary accent of Latin words in order to make them run in Latin hexameters. Thus we have such verses as these of Spenser:—

“See ye the blindfolded pretty god, that feathered archer  
 Of lover's miseries | who maketh his bloody game.  
 Wot ye why his mother with a veil hath covered his face?  
 Trust me, lest he my love | happily chance to behold.”

(We take our examples from hexameters with pentameters, or *elegiacs*, as classical scholars call them; for the same remarks apply to both.) Here we have false English accents in *blindfolded*, *lovers*, *miseries*, *mothers*, *his face*, which make the verses deservedly ridiculed. But though we have these licenses, we have a careful attempt not to violate Latin rules; for *pretty* is conceived to be *prety* with a single consonant, and the first syllable of *bloody* is conceived to have only a single vowel, as in pronunciation it has.

Sidney, in the elegiacs and hexameters which his *Arcadia* contains, adheres to this pedantical refinement with wonderful pertinacity. There are, in his verses, very few examples of syllables used as short which in Latin would be long. Even such light words as *and*, *must*, and the like, are, we believe, never made by him to stand in the place of short syllables; and he is equally careful as to the endings of his words. Thus he says—  
 “Let not a puppet abuse thy spright, king’s crowns do not help them.”  
 But he would not have said—

“Let not a puppet abuse thy spright, king’s crowns do not profit.”  
 because *not* would then, according to the Latin grammarians, be long by position. In like manner, we find Spenser’s correspondents on this subject complaining of the difficulty which arises from the necessity of making the second syllable of *carpenter* long. To the spontaneous judgment of the ear, *carpenter* is, of course, a dactyl; nor does the mere English reader perceive any difference between the dactylic distinctness of such a word, and one free from any such combination of consonants; for instance, *pevterer*. On the other hand, Sidney forces the pronunciation of English words without remorse. Thus:—

“Fortune thus gan say, misery and misfortune is all one;  
 And of misfortune, fortune hath only the gift.”

Here we have *misery* with a false accent on the last syllable; and *misfortune* with the accent on the first and last, instead of on the second syllable, as it properly stands in the first line. It is not to be wondered at that verses like these found no acceptance with English ears, when presented by the side of the steady rhythm, according with the general usage of pronunciation, which Spenser employed in his *Faery Queen*, and which was vigorously followed out by his contemporaries and successors in various

forms. Among these forms there was no reason why dactylic lines of six feet should not be as grateful to the ear as iambic lines of five or of six feet, which were generally adopted. And we have no doubt that, if a poet of tolerable powers of poetical invention or narration, had composed a long poem in this measure, in good English, and observing well the sway of English accent to which our popular measures owe their popularity, the English hexameter might at this time have been as favourite a kind of verse as the Spenserian stanza.

In proof of this opinion, we may observe, that the hexameter so treated is, even now, a measure highly relished by the greater part of those who, having good ears for versification, have not had their taste prejudiced, and their memories occupied, with Latin and Greek hexameters. It is so, for instance, with most women who are lovers of poetry ; and how sensible such persons are to the music of good verse, every one knows, as the poems which they themselves write abundantly prove. Who of such persons ever found anything to offend in the verses of *Evangeline* ? What, indeed, readers of this class are startled and disturbed with, are the spondees, which modern hexametrists, with a lingering bias to classical models, still occasionally introduce. Such readers would not like such a line as this—

“ After the excellent pastor discreetly had question’d the *old man*.”

The inversion of the natural accent, *old man*, which the verse requires, for *old man*, which is the natural utterance, seems to them harsh. And accordingly, our smoothest hexameters are those in which such accents are avoided. But while hexameters, free from spondees and forced accents, fall welcome on the common ear, a more erudite class of critics, full of Latin grammar and of Virgil, are intolerant of all such attempts. They can see nothing in English hexameters but abortive imitations of Latin hexameters ; though, as we have seen, the two depend on quite different principles, and are governed by different rules. They declare that we cannot have this kind of verse, because we have no spondees in our language ; the fact being, that we have an unlimited supply of spondees, but that they are systematically excluded from all English verse. They complain that their ears are offended by diphthongs, and clusters of consonants made short, and short vowels made long ; whereas, in truth, the distinction of long and short syllables in English, though it affects the smoothness of verse, does not touch its essence ; and diphthongs, and the like, are habitually admitted in the weak syllables of all English verses by our smoothest versifiers. These critics are fond of quoting the grotesque fancies by which some

of Spenser's contemporaries expressed their sense of the perverted rhythm of such hexameters as were produced in his time, such as we have given examples of; the lines are like lame dogs, lame ducks, a colt yoked with an ass, and many other images of halting and unrhythmical movement; and these images apply, indeed, to such hexameters as we have quoted, as they do to lame lines in all other measures; but they are not more applicable to good modern hexameters than they are to modern heroic verse; nor half so much as they are to many of Spenser's Alexandrines.

We have, we conceive, no small proof that English hexameters have nothing in them ungenial to English ears, when we thus find that the condemnation of them proceeds only from those whose ears have been Latinized; or rather, who judge of verse by the eye, in disregard of the effect on the ear. And this proof, thus drawn from the grammar-school prejudices of our own countrymen, is fully confirmed by the history of versification in a neighbouring nation, almost identical with our own in the rhythm of its language, but not governed by the same prejudices. In Germany, as is well known, the hexameter has been introduced, received with great favour, and employed by the greatest poets of that people, in poems which have reached the highest degree of popularity. And why? Because in Germany, the hexameter had not to struggle with the absurd recollections and lingering traditions of the pedantic experiment made by the Elizabethans. In almost every other kind of verse the Germans have followed our lead. Percy's *Reliques* gave the tune which the Ballad of Germany has been delightedly singing ever since. The German Melpomene has, in like manner, adopted the rhythm of Shakespeare and Fletcher. But in the epic, the German muse has ventured to disregard the prejudices of her elder sister, and to echo the strain of the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid*. And no one who is acquainted with the *Messiah* of Klopstock, the *Louisa* of Voss, the *Herman* and *Dorothea*, and the *Reineke Fuchs* of Goethe, the *Hannchen* of Eberhard, will deny that she has in this way combined a Homeric dignity and reality with a genuine German rhythm. It would occupy us too long to give a history of the introduction of this measure in Germany, and of the reception which it has met with in the various instances which we have mentioned; but we may the more readily combine a few remarks on this subject with our criticism of the English attempts, inasmuch as several of the English hexameters before us are translations of the most noted and successful of the above mentioned German poems.

It was not without encountering some obstacles, that the German hexameter made its way. Klopstock, in his *Preface* to the

Messiah, apologizes for it, and speaks of Crist, in Leipzig, who, like our Elizabethans, "prescribed to the German hexameter the rules of the Homeric." But Klopstock's Messiah established the reign of hexameters in Germany. Religious poetry, when it obtains any popularity at all, is far more read, and is made far more familiar to the reader, than poetry which deals with merely mundane matters. The interest of the most solemn trains of thought, and the most sublime conceptions of which the human mind is capable, is, in such poetry, added to the ordinary charm of feeling and imagination. The poet soars "far above the Aonian mount;" dives far beneath the surface of daily life. His strain searches the heart, as well as stirs the fancy; puts in movement each man's vastest hopes and fears about his own immortal part, as well as his sympathies with heroes and heroines. Hence the perusal of such poetry becomes a religious exercise, as well as a gratification of taste. The currency which Pollok's *Course of Time* a few years ago obtained may serve to exemplify this tendency. When Klopstock wrote, Milton's *Paradise* was an old, and Young's *Night Thoughts* a new object of admiration among the readers of English poetry. Those poets were, in their respective spheres of thought and invention, the models which he imitated; but his rhythm was borrowed from Virgil's *Pollio*; for it does not appear that Vida's *Christiad*, though a poem of a subject so closely approaching his own, had any influence upon him.

Klopstock's Messiah became very popular in England, even in a prose translation. If the twenty thousand hexameters of which it consisted had been converted into the same number of English hexameters, there is no reason to suppose that its popularity would have been less; and it cannot be doubted that, in such a case, the currency of hexameters among us would have been much greater than it is at present. William Taylor of Norwich, the friend and correspondent of Southey, inserted in the reviews of that day, translations of some specimens, which give a very fair representation of the original; and may be regarded as among the first steps made in England to the proper use of this measure. The following passage (a simile) may serve to exemplify the character of these translations:—

"So at the midnight hour draws nigh to the slumbering city  
 Pestilence. Couch'd on his broad-spread wings lurks under the  
 rampart  
 Death, bale-breathing, as yet unalarm'd the inhabitants wander;  
 Close to his nightly lamp the sage yet watches; and high friends  
 Over wine not unhallow'd, in shelter of odorous bowers,  
 Talk of the soul and of friendship, and weigh their immortal duration.  
 But too soon shall frightful death in the day of affliction

Pouncing, over them spread ; in a day of moaning and anguish ;  
When, with wringing of hands, the bride for the bridegroom loud  
wails."

These lines are, for the most part, not only smoothly rhythmical enough to satisfy any unsophisticated ear, but graced with a significant variety of pauses, such as we admire in Milton's blank verse. In the last line, however, we have not only a spondee in the sixth place, (*loud wails,*) which is, as we have said, a stumblingblock to an ordinary English reader ; but also in the fifth place a dissyllable foot (*bridegroom,*) instead of the regular dactyl. Such exceptional lines, especially called *spondaic* lines, occur, as every schoolboy knows, in Latin poems :—

(" Cara deûm soboles magnum Jovis incrementum :")

and when sparingly used, may be made very significant, as the line in Klopstock may not unreasonably be held to be. But these hexameters of Taylor's, being only detached specimens, and appearing in the pages of Reviews, (often, alas ! we fear, a very transitory vehicle of the treasures committed to them,) seem to have made little impression on the English public, and the hexameter epic was left to pursue its course in Germany, uncheered by any sympathy or curiosity among the English readers of poetry.

Voss continued the supply of German hexameters which Klopstock had begun. The first three cantos of the *Messiah* were published in 1748. In 1781, Voss published his celebrated fac-simile translation of the *Odyssee*, in which a fidelity of imitation was attempted, such as appears at first sight impossible. The Greek was rendered not only line for line, but pause for pause, and often with a mirror-like reflection of the original wording and rhythm. This curious effort was not without its direct influence upon German poetry ; but probably still more important was the effect which it produced in moulding an original poem of the author, his *Luise*. Even in this poem, which became, and is, highly popular in Germany, we see how well the hexameter lends itself to the Odyssean reality of life in all ages ; giving a Homeric circumstantiality and homeliness of detail, with no small share of Homeric earnestness and dignity. Undoubtedly the action of this poem is trivial,—being nothing more than a pic-nic coffee drinking, held in the wood near the banks of Lake Eutin, to celebrate Luise's eighteenth birthday ; the company comprising her parents, her young brother Charles, and her betrothed Walter : and afterwards, the marriage in presence of the Countess, their neighbour, and Amelia, her daughter, Luise's friend. Thus the triviality of domestic detail and ordinary talk is not elevated by contact with weighty interests

and deep struggles of sentiment, as is the case in Herman and Dorothea; and we presume that it is in reference to this unraised, unidealized, everyday character, that eminent German critics pronounce the *Luise*, as we have heard one of them do, "etwas philisterisch." Yet we, who admire Cowper's *Sofa*—his tea-table and his green-house, and Crabbe's still homelier particularities, may condescend to tolerate the pastor of Grünnau's dinner and after-dinner; and even (in consideration of his German breeding) his pipe and his afternoon nap. We are now, thanks to Mr. Cochrane, able to refer the English reader to an adequate reproduction of this poem in our own language; and we think our countrymen who have a taste for idyllic simplicity and epic reality will find in this tale much to enjoy. In this, as in the case of the Messiah, Mr. Taylor, in his *Survey of German Poetry*, has given specimens of translation; and perhaps the comparison may not be without its interest, if we collate some of those earlier fragments of our English *Louisa* with Mr. Cochrane's full-length copy. This is Mr. Taylor's translation:—

"Wing'd were the steps they now took; winds blowing the robes  
of the maiden  
Close to her well form'd limbs, and dishevelling curls on her shoulders.  
Now from the stern of the boat the pastor descried them, and cried out:  
'Decently, children, and softly; you run like the fowls in the court-  
yard,  
When cook flings them some crumbs and a handful of barley or oat-  
meal:  
Cautiously, daughter, you'll stumble else over the roots of the bushes.'"

This is Mr. Cochrane's version of the same passage:—

"This time they turned: the breeze from the water  
Blowing her gown which rustled and flapped round the feet of the  
maiden,  
Tripping along, while her ringlets of dark hair waved on her shoulders.  
Nodding and signing the pastor exclaimed more loud from the shallop:  
'Gently and softly, you children! you really run like the chickens  
Over the court when the maid at the back-door scatters the barley;  
Slowly, *Louisa*, be careful and see you don't trip 'mong the bushes.'"

But perhaps we shall give a fairer impression of the character and capabilities of this kind of poetry, if we hasten to the catastrophe, which is brought about by Amelia inducing her friend to put on her wedding attire the evening before the intended day of the marriage; which she does in an interview held between the two girls in the "snug confidential room in the moonlight," on the ground of the necessity of seeing how it will look. Her appearance delights the prompt bridesmaid; and

when at the moment the bridegroom knocks at the door, she cannot refrain from letting him share her admiration.

"Rattled the door; loud laughing, Amelia towards it bounded,  
Turning the key, and, delighted, the bridegroom entered the chamber.  
Gently Amelia seizing the hand of the bride, as she blushing  
Stood all trembling, presented her now to the wondering Walter,  
And then, slightly inclining, in happiest humour began thus:

'Bridegroom, thus will Louisa to-morrow appear at the bridal!  
Say, have I dressed her with taste? Look carefully: is she not  
lovely?'

Ended Amelia: speechless the bridegroom stood with amazement.  
So in a country retirement a man whose kindest feelings  
Nature and spells of enchantment have nourished, and rendered  
ecstatic,

Looks on an apple-tree, now in its first full-blossoming beauty,  
Planted in youth by himself in the most loved spot of the garden, &c.  
So stood Walter, entranced with the charms of his lovely Louisa,  
Dressed as a bride, and a thrill of delight pervaded his bosom."

He cannot resist the joy of shewing her thus immediately to her parents. The father is equally delighted and affected; and, after some reflections on marriage, and recollections of his own, which soften him still more, he adds:—

"Say, shall I marry them now? it could not be better to-morrow,"

which accordingly is done with all due formalities, though every body is taken by surprise: the good pastor declaring the marriage to be valid in the most official manner, and adding (in Mr. Taylor's abridged translation of the passage)—

"Were it arraign'd by the voice of the General Superintendent,  
General Superintendent, I'd answer, the marriage is valid."

The description of the impression produced by the sudden news of the marriage upon Hans the houseboy, the "pretty Susannah" the housemaid, and other affectionate dependents and neighbours, with their consequent extempore festivities, close the poem; not, however, leaving unsung the decorations of the bridal chamber, and the bridegroom's elegant dressing-gown,

"Also the slippers of crimson morocco bespoke for the wedding.

Namely, for each one a pair, and the two placed neatly together,"

and other appointments for the occasion no less appropriate, and no less carefully described.

The *Luisa* shewed how well the hexameter was adapted to the domestic epic; and gave occasion to another poem of the same kind, but of far higher excellence. We speak now of Goethe's *Herman and Dorothea*; which exhibits the same

Homeric homeliness of detail, (much moderated however in its proportion to the whole poem,) the same reality of household conversations and natural family affections; and besides these, a Shakespearian truth of dramatic character, and a story which, though its incidents peculiarly mark the close of the eighteenth century, have a breadth and simplicity of human interest which might have been borrowed from the patriarchal histories of Isaac and Rebecca, or Jacob and Rachel. This poem has also been translated by Mr. Cochrane, who, however, has had at least two predecessors in the work, besides the portions which Mr. Taylor had translated. This tale is so well known, even in England, that we shall not think it necessary here to narrate it. But we will give a specimen which, we think, may correct an impression generally current, that the hexameter poet is at home only in homely details of external things. Herman has found Dorothea, a beautiful, affectionate, and intelligent damsel, in a crowd of exiles who are flying the country in consequence of some of the horrible events of the war of the French Revolution. He is deeply smitten with her, and wishes to make her his wife; but, not daring to tell her so, brings her to his father's house with a sort of ambiguous invitation that she is to assist his mother in household matters. The father, who wishes his son to marry, but, being an ambitious man, has made up his mind with difficulty to such a match as this, nevertheless tries to receive her with well-meant jocularly. Then follows the description of the impression produced upon her by this reception:—

“But the surprised young maid, much wounded and vexed by the banter,

Which she imagined was spoken in ridicule, merely to hurt her,  
 Stood, from her cheek to her shoulder suffused all over with blushes;  
 But she, collecting herself, soon full self-possession recovered,  
 And thus answered the father, although her chagrin scarce hiding.  
 Well! a reception like this your son did not lead me to look for,  
 Who represented his father a good, kind, courteous burgher;  
 And I am sure that I stand in the presence of one who is civil,  
 And who suits his demeanour to answer the person he speaks to.  
 But it appears unto me that you sympathy want for the maiden  
 Who now crosses, a stranger, your threshold, hired as a servant;  
 Otherwise, surely, you never would mock her with jesting unkindly,  
 Far less rude, howsoever inferior she is in station.  
 True 'tis, I enter your dwelling with only my clothes in a bundle,  
 Which were it properly furnished, would confidence give to the inmates;  
 But still knowing myself, well know I what's due to my station.  
 Kind I am sure it is not, to receive me, on ent'ring, with banter,  
 Forcing me almost to turn at the door, where a home I expected.”

Herman is on the rack all this while, as may be supposed; but the matter is made apparently worse by the pastor, who rebukes

her for shewing a temper unfit for her position. This attack brings out a further display of the state of her heart :—

“ Thus he addressed her : his searching remarks much wounded the maiden,

Who no longer her feelings restrained, but betrayed her emotion

Visibly ; sighs, in her bosom suppressed long, audibly bursting :

And while the big warm tears from her eyes streamed down she thus answered :

Little the seemingly wise man knows, of a truth, who in sorrow  
Counsel would give, how weak are his efforts to comfort, or lighten  
Aught of the woes irresistible destiny lays upon mortals.

Happy is your lot, then no wonder a joke you delight in !

Sufferers cannot so feel ; jests seemingly innocent pain them :

No, and it nothing would serve me, although I could even dissemble.

Better that *now* should appear what later would double my anguish,

Making me pine 'neath a slowly consuming but fatal disorder.

Let me away then. Here no longer I'll think of remaining.”

And having thus resolved to go, she declares, as the ground of her determination, that she had been so taken by Herman's appearance and manner, that she could not bear to live where she might see him the wife of another. This confession, of course, brings about a general explanation and an immediate betrothal. We think no one can deny either the affecting nature of Dorothea's position in this case, the skill with which it is brought about, or the natural pathos of the sentiments which she utters, and of which our limits allow us only to give a small portion. Nor, we think, will any reader of poetry hold that these feelings could have been expressed in ordinary couplets, with so much of homely reality, without falsetto or exaggeration, as in the measure in which Goethe expressed them.

It is natural to speak of Mr. Longfellow's *Evangeline* along with the *Herman and Dorothea*, for they are, so to speak, parallel poems. As Goethe describes the effects of a war in Germany, as felt in the domestic circles of the country, so does Mr. Longfellow narrate the effects of an American war upon American domestic life ; and Mr. Longfellow's poem has an especial interest to the lover of English hexameters, as being an original, not a translated poem, and as guided in its rhythm more by a true poetical ear than by imitations of other models. Mr. Longfellow, as might be expected from his other poems, is true to the character of the domestic epic ; true to its homely details and its natural feelings, graced with fanciful images. The poem is probably familiar to most of our readers, and we will only transcribe a few lines, to revive its tones in their recollection. Here is a family group :—

“ Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit or unsuccessful manœuvre ;  
 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the  
 king-row.

Meanwhile, apart in the twilight glow of a window's embrasure,  
 Sat the lovers, and whisper'd together, beholding the moon rise  
 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
 Blossom'd the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

It is a pity that Mr. Longfellow's story in *Evangeline* is so sad, and the course of events so aimless ; so that the impression left by the whole is far from corresponding with the exceeding beauty of innumerable passages which occur in it. If the same engaging writer would take up a national tale, in which the incidents are marked and striking, and the catastrophe satisfactory, and treat it in the same manner, we do not think it at all too much to expect that it might rival the fame of *Herman and Dorothea*, great example of a national poem as that is.

We have been unfortunate, in recent as well as in ancient times, in the original attempts which have been made at hexameters in England. Southey's *Vision of Judgment* combined almost every fault which can repel the lover of poetry. Politics and political intolerance, religious images and expressions bordering upon profaneness, machinery strange and yet mean, a multitude of personages and no drama, with the utter want of poetical interest, would have weighed down the most musical lines. But besides these faults, the Laureate's hexameters were, we are obliged to declare, tainted with the most shocking heresies in the article of versification, of which we may hereafter have a word to say. Passing over several minor essays in the same measure, all of which were more or less sportive, and therefore tended to diffuse a persuasion that hexameters could not be earnest, we may notice a little production which, though partly tinged by the same spirit, has still some remarkable characters in its composition. We speak of Mr. Clough's *Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich*. The strange name by which this composition is designated belongs, it seems, to a rude dwelling which stands in some region of the *Scotch Highlands*, and which is connected with the history of an Oxford reading party who spend the summer in its neighbourhood. In its versification, Mr. Clough's "Long Vacation Pastoral" is so uncouth and licentious as often to repel the most indulgent reader ; for it is often impossible to know how the author intended his lines should read as hexameters, and not unfrequently, as appears to us, impossible so to read them by any force of false accent. Indeed, Mr. Clough seems to have regarded his performance mainly in the light of a good joke, and to have retained extravagancies of accent, phraseology, and

imagery, as part of the jest. Yet, in spite of these blemishes, there is a tone of reality, culture, humour, and vivacity in the poem, which give it a considerable charm. The character of the several Oxonians, their eager colloquial discussions of the widest subjects, their several nicknames, and other fragments of a special language, which, after the manner of such young men, they have constructed for themselves during their season of domestic intimacy, their amusements, and their mode of treating their studies, are given with a truth which any one who has taken part in such an adventure cannot fail to be struck by. This kind of domestic life, as well as that of the family of the Pastor of Grünau and the Host of the Golden Lion, could only be faithfully given in the measure of the *Odyssee*. The main action here consists, first, in the colloquial speculations of the party concerning the place of women in society, and afterwards in the practical application of these by Philip Hewson, one of the party; who marries a Scotch lassie who dwells in the *Bothie* of *Toper-na-Fuosich*, and then goes out to New Zealand as a settler. Hewson is a democrat.

“ Philip Hewson the poet,  
Hewson, the radical hot, hating lords and scouring ladies,  
Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and fury  
Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition, and bishops.”

Hewson is in the habit of declaiming to his friends against the helpless, artificial character which is imposed upon women by modern habits, and the trifling of modern gallantry.

“ Still as before (and as now) balls, dances, and evening parties,  
Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and hearing them  
singing,  
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on the dreary piano,  
Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces of escort,  
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air balloon work,  
(Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a carriage.)  
Utter divorcement from work, mother earth, and objects of living,  
As mere gratuitous trifling in presence of business and duty,  
As does the turning aside of the tourist to look at the landscape,  
Seem in the steamer or coach to the merchant in haste for the city.  
Hungry and fainting for food, you ask me to join you in snapping—  
What but a pink paper comfit with motto romantic inside it.  
Wishing to stock me a garden, I’m sent to a table of nosegays;  
Pretty, I see it, and sweet; but they hardly would grow in my  
borders.  
Better a crust of black bread than a mountain of paper confections;  
Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and gathered;  
Better a cowslip with root than a foreign carnation without it.”

The tutor of the party, “ the grave man, nicknamed Adam,”

attempts to answer this doctrine of the equality of women ; and, among other matters, to retort the illustration.

However noble the dream of equality—mark you, Philip,  
Nowhere equality reigns in God's sublime creation.  
Star is not equal to star, nor blossom the same as blossom,  
Herb is not equal to herb any more than planet to planet.  
True, that the plant should be rooted in earth I grant you wholly,  
And that the daisy in earth surpasses the cut carnation,  
Only the rooted carnation surpasses the rooted daisy.  
There is one glory of daisies, another of carnations."

We might go on, for the discussion continues in an amusing and spirited manner. But, as we have said, Hewson does not confine himself to speculative discussion. Having determined in his own mind that woman must do something and be something, not a mere doll, he finds enough of his ideal to engage his thoughts in more than one case. First, he says, in earlier youth,

"Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless maiden,  
Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden uprooting potatoes,"

who produces a movement in his heart. Now, in the course of a holiday which the youths give themselves from their studies, to ramble in the mountains, he comes to a farm by the loch-side of Rannoch, where he is "smitten by golden-haired Katie, the youngest and comeliest daughter." But from her he tears himself, in consequence of the passing glance of another damsel ; and soon after, his companions hear of his falling away from his republican sternness. One of them

"Came and revealed the contents of a missive that brought strange tidings ;  
Came and announced to the friends, in a voice that was husky with wonder,  
Philip was staying at Balloch, was there in the room with the Countess,  
Philip to Balloch had come, and was dancing with Lady Maria."

This whirling in the vortex of aristocracy does not, however, long continue. Soon after, Philip is heard of at the Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich. He writes thence to his tutor concerning his having found Elspie Mackaye—

"She whose glance at Rannoch  
Turned me in that mysterious way ; yes, angels conspiring  
Slowly drew me, conducted me, home, to herself ; the needle  
Quivering, poises to north."

His tutor goes to him ; approves his choice. We have the  
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wooling, the father's consent; and, after a certain interval, during which he takes his degree at Oxford, and after a continuation of his discussions with his tutor on the object of human life, we have his wedding and his emigration.

We have dwelt the longer on this poem, because, notwithstanding its great, and indeed, wanton rudeness of execution, it seems to shew that the measure in which it is written may be made the vehicle of a representation of the realities of life, better than any more familiar form; more real and true, and yet not destitute, when managed by a poet, of poetical grace and ideal elevation. The conversation pieces in this, as in *Herman*, and in *Louisa*, have more of the spirit of conversation than Cowper's *Table Talk*, Pope's *Satires*, Crabbe's *Tales*, or any versified attempts at familiar and argumentative dialogue in the language. And as we have already said, the very novelty of the measure makes us willingly accept a style in which the usual conventional phrases and dim generalities of poetical description are replaced by the idioms and pictures of common life.


But in order that this measure may be, or may deserve to be, acceptable to the English ear, the rule must be carefully observed of not forcing the natural accent which belongs to the words used. It is not enough that the lines may *possibly* be read as dactylic hexameters; they should be such as are naturally so read, or at least, easily so read. One of Mr. Cochrane's rival translators of *Herman* and *Dorothea* appears not to have been sufficiently attentive to this rule. For instance, to take a specimen from a passage which we have already given in Mr. Cochrane's translation, namely, *Dorothea's* speech, we find such lines as the following:—

“How little thinks the worldly-wise man who seeks to console us,  
That his cold words have no power to touch the depth of our  
sorrow!”

Any one reading this without seeking to make verse of it would undoubtedly accent it thus:—

“How little thinks the worldly-wise man who seeks to console us,  
that his cold words have no power to touch the depth of our sorrow!”  
Whereas, if we rightly apprehended the translator's purpose, he would have us make dactyls of *How little, worldly-wise, That his cold words have no*; and thus he, at every step, does violence to the natural pronunciation; and three lines later we have a phrase which we should, of course, read—“No, there is no help for

me, even if I could dissemble." What a perversion is it to read this as a hexameter!



"No, there is no help for me, even if I could dissemble."

We might point out innumerable similar acts of violence in this translation. So long as such lines are offered to the world as specimens of English hexameters, it is no wonder that the readers of poetry turn a deaf ear, and the critics bend their brows into an awful frown.

It would not be difficult to give rules with regard to hexameters which would, if followed, prevent such harshnesses. But such rules are no more needed, and no more likely to be observed, than the like rules in any other kind of English verse. The main rule in these dactyls is, as it is in the anapestics of Shenstone, or Beattie, or Moore, or Byron, that the verses must of themselves read easily and smoothly into their appropriate metre. No doubt, either dactyls or anapests, where the short syllables are loaded with diphthongs, accumulated consonants, or emphasis arising from the sense, will be rough and unwieldy, and will be made to move in the prescribed rhythm, only by strong pressure, like a lame horse under a robust rider. But this is what any one who can make or read verses at all will learn from his own ear; and from the same authority he will learn how far such harshnesses are tolerable, or even graceful; for it is to be recollected that it is possible for verses to err by being too smooth. Many persons think, with the author of the "Feast of the Poets," that

"Pope spoilt the ears of the town  
With his cuckow-note verses, one up and one down;"

and the regular trot or canter of a series of perfect feet, either iambuses or trochees, anapests or dactyls, is in the end wearisome. When the ear is familiar with the normal hexameter, it accepts with gratification the variety produced by the dissyllable feet, and even the trisyllable feet, which are not quite smooth; in addition to the variety produced by the various places of the pause, to which we have already referred.

Still there is a certain movement in the dactylic hexameter which ought never to quit the ear; and one of the conditions of this movement is, that every verse should begin with a strong syllable. This we hold to be a rule that admits of no exception; and Southey, by violating this rule, as in other ways, has damaged the cause of English hexameters. He asserts speculatively "the license of using any foot of two or three syllables at the beginning of a line." But though he gives us a reason, that without this the verse would appear exotic and forced, he

has used this license in not more than half a dozen lines of this poem, if in so many. We have these lines:—

“*And Shakespeare, who in our hearts for himself hath erected an empire;*”

when plainly the verse would, to say the least, be much improved by the omission of the first syllable.

“*Upon all seas and shores wherever her rights were offended.*”

Here lost in their promise,

*And prime, were the children of art who should else have delivered Works and undying name to grateful posterity's keeping.”*

The last example, if it is to exemplify the license, has only five feet. It may be forced into a hexameter:—

“*And prime, were the children of art who should else have deliver'd;*”

but either way it can hardly be held as improving the general current of the rhythm.

Yet Southey has in this poem many passages well versified; for instance the passage beginning:—

“*Then as it swell'd and rose, the thrilling melody deepen'd.*”

Southey also asserts the trochee to be the proper foot for the last place: and such, no doubt, it is in general; and nothing more completely separates the hexameter from our ordinary verses than to have a spondee in the last place. This would be made more evident if hexameters were ever rhymed, which they might be as well as other kinds of verse. Mr. Tennyson had, in the first edition of his poems, some hexameters which rhymed at the middle and the end, like the leonine verses of the Middle Ages. Mr. Milnes has, among his poems, some hexameters with final rhymes. And the beginning of Virgil's first eclogue has been translated in the following manner:—

“*Tityrus, you at your ease, where the beech broad shadow is flinging Rest, to the sylvan muse your oat-pipe melodies singing:*

*We, from the fields we have till'd, from the homes we have loved, go as rangers,*

*We go as exiles afar, to mourn 'mid the dwellings of strangers.”*

But the perpetual continuance of this double, or as the French and Germans call it, *female* rhyme, is somewhat undignified. Still such lines shew the natural cadence of the hexameter; and such a cadence is most familiar to the common ear. Whether, however, the reminiscence of the ancient epic which the final spondee, used sparingly, may give, be not sometimes a grace, we shall not here discuss. Mr. Longfellow, in whose ear we have great confidence, does not shun it:—

“*When from the forest at night through the starry silence the reefer howled,*

Faces clumsily carved in oak on the back of his *arm-chair*,  
So in each pause of the song with measured motion the clock clicked.

When through the curling  
Smoke of the pipe, or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams.  
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the *maize*, hung  
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with *horn bows*  
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal."

It would have been easy to amuse our readers with specimens of English hexameters written for jocose purposes; of which many clever bits are current, the productions of eminent judges learned in the law, and others. Several such pieces of verse have appeared in *Punch*. These examples have diffused a notion that the hexameter is naturally jocose; the fact being, that parodies in any other measure equally prove the jocose nature of the measure; while the frequency and currency of these parodies shew how easily the English ear takes hold of the hexameter rhythm. Perhaps too, there is a poignancy added to the jest in such cases, by the mock pedantry of imitating the versification of Virgil and Homer, to which is generally added a corresponding cast of phraseology. We may reckon Viscount Maidstone's "Free Trade Hexameters" among those which aim, among other things, at raising a smile; though, like other parodies, they have also other objects. They begin thus,—

"Then came trooping together the well-booted sons of the farmers;  
Larger and bigger were they than the lank-bellied spinners of cotton,  
Sodden in vaporous mills, and husky with dust of the devil," &c.

One of the publications, of which the title stands at the head of our article, shews that persons of eminence, and eminence of various kinds, have not disdained to swell the hexameter chorus. We believe we are telling the public nothing which it does not know already, in stating that the translations from Schiller, Goethe, &c., published by Mr. Murray, are by Sir John Herschel, the present Provost late Master of Eton, Dr. Hawtrey, Mr. Lockhart, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Archdeacon Hare. Some of them are excellent specimens of hexameters; some, a little harsh; among which we may note the translation of "Herman and Dorothea." The translations of Homer are singularly faithful, spirited, and flowing. But perhaps we shall do best to select a case in which the hexameter (with the pentameter) can do what no other measure can do. The following is a translation of an epigram of Schiller, (*Columbus*), which could not be rendered to any purpose in any other measure,—

"Still steer on brave heart! though witlings laugh at thy emprise,  
And though the helmsmen drop, weary and nerveless, their hands,  
Westward, westward still! there land must emerge to the vision;  
There it lies in its light, clear to the eye of thy mind.

Trust to the power that guides ; press on o'er the convex of ocean ;  
 What thou seek'st—were it not—yet it should rise from the wave,  
 Nature with genius holds a pact that is fixt and eternal :  
 All which is promised by *this, that* never fails to perform."

The latter distich was quoted, with great effect, by an illustrious German, in speaking of the discovery of the planet Neptune by an English and a French mathematician, before it had been disclosed by observation.

We are glad to see that Miss Winkworth has, in the recently published third volume of the *Life and Letters of Niebuhr*, annexed translations to some of the curious passages from poets of the eighth and twelfth centuries, illustrating his sketch of the history of the city. These also, we think, could not be suitably rendered in any other measure. This is of the eighth century, given by Muratori,—

" Built in ancient days by the noble labours of Patrons,  
 Verging to ruin now, Rome thou art subject to slaves !  
 Kings that reign'd so long in thy walls have left thee for ever :  
 Left them and gone to the Greeks ; gone with thy glory and grace.  
 Constantinople is cherish'd : New Rome is the name that they call her,  
 Thou, old Rome, must decay—old are thy ways and thy walls."

This of the twelfth, by Bishop Hildebert of Mans,—

" Rome, even now unequall'd, ev'n now, when beheld as a ruin :  
 Here in thy fragments we see how thou wast great as a whole.  
 Time has humbled thy pomps, and levell'd the walls of thy Cæsars,  
 Yea, and the fanes of thy gods cumber the slimy morass.  
 Fall'n are the works of thy power, the works on which distant  
 Araxes  
 Trembled to gaze as they stood, mourns to reflect in their fall."

The whole elegy is full of a noble sadness.

Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., breathes the same strain.

" Rome, I love to ponder, and sadly to gaze on thy ruins ;  
 In thy ruins to-day see I thy glories of old," &c.

Here we have not so much to note the poetical beauty or antiquarian interest of these verses, as to remark that any translation except one in the original measure, would give the English reader a very imperfect impression of their tone.

We have not thought it unworthy of our critical dignity to devote a few pages to this subject ; for though, as critics accustomed to the established and received forms of art, we are naturally somewhat impatient of novelties in poetical fashions, and especially in versification, yet we think we have shown reasons for holding, that in this case the novelty is very slight, and the recommendations considerable.

ART. V.—*Ruth*: A Novel. By the AUTHOR of *MARY BARTON*. 3 vols. London, 1853.

THE story of "*Ruth*" is the simplest possible—that of a seduced milliner's apprentice, and of her illegitimate child. We see her first, beautiful, innocent, ignorant, friendless; then loving, betrayed, and deserted, when already about to become a mother; then trained into virtue out of ignorance, rather than restored to it out of conscious sin, by the kindness of friends and the duties of motherhood, but at the same time made to occupy a false position, for the sake of her helpless babe, by being passed off as a widow; then overwhelmed with reprobation through the discovery of her sin; and lastly, redeeming her own name, and restoring her son to self-respect, by spotlessness of life and self-sacrifice, and dying of a fever caught in attending, as a sick-nurse, on her early betrayer, whose hand, when at the summit of her past good fortune, she had rejected, because she felt, or thought, she loved him no longer, and because she saw him to be unworthy of being the father to her child.

The most marking characteristic of the book, we should say, is its perfect simplicity, truthfulness, its following out, step by step, of nature in all its parts, together with its exquisite purity of feeling in dealing with a subject which so many would shrink from. For instance, the latter part of the first volume shews us *Ruth* living with her seducer at a Welsh inn—a grand opportunity for commonplace moralists to picture to us terrible struggles of conscience in one or both of them—the debasement of the one, the corrupting influence of the other. The wife and mother who wrote "*Ruth*" does no such thing. *Ruth* is still the simple girl, country-bred, delighted with the new sight of mountain-scenery, with all her sympathies not deadened, but heightened, by the new power which has been developed in her, the entire devotion of a most humble, most trustful love. Mr. Bellingham is no Don Juan, but a young gentleman with a new toy, which he very much admires for its beauty, but sometimes grows tired of; addressed as "Sir" by her whom he calls "*Ruthie*;" trying to amuse himself in rainy weather by teaching her to play cards; and at last, when laid up with fever and under his mother's care, very glad to get rid of his companion as an incumbrance, provided the thing can be done handsomely, without his taking any trouble about it. And yet, when the bitterness of trial is come, and with it the inculcation of a higher morality, not by the reproof, but by the example, the love, the self-devotion of a Dissenting minister and his sister, (Mr. and

Miss Benson,) who take the deserted one into their house as a distant relation, Ruth is able to look back upon this period of outward sunshine and inward ignorance as one of guilt and sinfulness, and bears her life-long penance of self-abasement always, and latterly of outer abasement, as the just wages of her fault. She "was alive without sin once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and she died."—Another exquisitely natural development of circumstances alike and of character is shewn in the well-meaning untruth of the Dissenting minister and his sister as to Ruth's history. They remember the wild looks of an illegitimate son on seeing his baptismal certificate. The poor girl's sin has been one evidently more of ignorance than of unchastity. Must her yet unborn babe be punished for it by the world's scorn, even if she must? Will it be more than Christian charity that, when taken to a new place, established in a new sphere of action, she should not be haunted and dogged by the shame of her one fault? "It was the decision, the pivot on which the fate of years moved," and Mr. Benson "turned it the wrong way." Ruth Hilton, the "single woman," as she would be described in legal phraseology, becomes Mrs. Denbigh the widow; a minister of the Gospel and his sister burden their lives with an untruth. They try to conceal it from their faithful old servant, who, unknown to them, has been hoarding up her wages for thirty years, that she may die "an heiress," and leave all to "Master Thurstan;" they see her peering curiously at Ruth's fingers for the wedding-ring; they learn of her cutting off Ruth's flowing hair almost by main force, and dressing her in a widow's cap. Years after, Mr. Benson is stopped in his lectures to young Leonard, Ruth's boy, on the sin of falsehood, by old Sally reminding him that he is no worse than his betters, when they speak of Mrs. ——. The first falsehood needs to be propped up by others; Ruth's husband must assume some reality as a deceased surgeon; Faith Benson has to be stopped by her brother from telling more untruths than are strictly necessary, so easily do they come. Then the leading member of Mr. Benson's congregation, the rich Pharisee Mr. Bradshaw, so proud of his own integrity, so severe against sin, becomes an especial patron of the young widow, takes her into his own house as governess to his children, employs her as a sort of go-between with his headstrong eldest daughter, who will have her own way about a "suitable match" with her father's junior partner; and all the while Mr. Benson dare not reveal the secret, which he knows would forfeit the poor girl her position, whilst he knows her also to be well worthy of it. The guilt of this evil done, that good may come, weighs upon his whole life, makes him nervous, hesitating, apprehensive

of consequences. And then the discovery does come at last : poor Ruth is covered with the most undeserved reproaches ; her child cowers beneath the shame of his birth ; the great pew of the Bradshaw family becomes vacant in chapel, though the pew-rent is ostentatiously continued to be paid. The perfectly simple, necessary, logical evolving of consequence after consequence is here obvious to any one. You see that the temptation to the first falsehood is almost irresistible ; you feel instinctively that, sooner or later, it must be found out. You know that the more blameless is Ruth's conduct, the more she will justify the world's good opinion in her assumed character as a widow, and the more dreadful will be the shock of the discovery of her sin, the more bitter the world's anger at having been so deceived in her.

The dramatic power of the authoress of "Mary Barton" was not to be doubted. But what marks "Ruth" is her extreme sobriety in the wielding of it, the common incidents out of which she evolves it, the distinctive abstinence from exaggeration in her most highly-wrought and pathetic passages. The nerving of a young girl to self-control through the sudden illness of her lover, her despair and attempt at suicide when deserted by him, her sudden meeting with him in after days, when she has risen to new conceptions of duty, although occupying a false position, her rejection of his renewed suit for her child's sake, the shame, less for herself than for that child, of the discovery of her past sin, her own revelation of that sin to her child, and finally, the impulse of seemingly renewed affection which makes her wait upon her sick lover, her catching the infection from him, and her death—these are surely, almost without an exception, elements of dramatic interest which never even approach the outer verge of likelihood, scarcely transcend the painful realities of every day. And the setting is as simple as the picture. The most harrowing struggle of the book, perhaps, takes place, as it might in common life, in a drawing-room by the sea-side, amidst all the amenities of social life—we mean that between Ruth and Mr. Donne, (the Mr. Bellingham of former days), when the latter recognises her as a governess in his host's house at Abermouth. This would be too long to quote ; but let us take a specimen from that class of descriptions which are perhaps the greatest of all stumbling-blocks to mere pathos-mongers—Ruth's deathbed scene, as she lies delirious :—

"She displayed no outrage or discord even in her delirium. There she lay in the attic-room in which her baby had been born, her watch over him kept, her confession to him made ; and now she was stretched on the bed in utter helplessness, softly gazing at vacancy with her open, unconscious eyes, from which all the depth of their meaning had

fled, and all they told was of a sweet, child-like insanity within. The watchers could not touch her with their sympathy, or come near her in her dim world; so, mutely, but looking at each other from time to time with tearful eyes, they took a poor comfort from the one evident fact, that, though lost and gone astray, she was happy and at peace. They had never heard her sing; indeed, the simple art which her mother had taught her had died, with her early joyousness, at that dear mother's death. But now she sang continually, very soft and low. She went from one old childish ditty to another without let or pause, keeping a strange sort of time with her pretty fingers, as they closed and unclosed themselves upon the counterpane. She never looked at any one with the slightest glimpse of memory or intelligence in her face—no, not even at Leonard.

"Her strength faded day by day, but she knew it not. Her sweet lips were parted to sing, even after the breath and the power to do so had left her, and her fingers fell idly on the bed. Two days she lingered thus—all but gone from them, and yet still there.

"They stood around her bedside, not speaking, or sighing, or moaning; they were too much awed by the exquisite gracefulness of her look for that. Suddenly she opened wide her eyes, and gazed intently forwards, as if she saw some happy vision, which called out a lowly, rapturous, breathless smile. They held their very breaths.

"*'I see the light coming,'* said she. *'The light is coming,'* she said. And raising herself slowly, she stretched out her arms, and then fell back, very still, for evermore."—Vol. iii. p. 289.

Does not the shadow of Ophelia seem to flit around that death-bed? and would not Shakspeare himself have acknowledged the scene as a distant, but not unworthy outgrowth of his own genius?

The perfect naturalness of development in the story of Ruth results necessarily in a perfect clearness of purpose, from whatever side the work is looked at; a purpose not ticketed in the shape of a moral, but inwoven with the whole texture of the book, and as much part of it as the softness of a cashmere shawl, or the delicate design of a Lyons silk. That purpose, so far as respects the Bensons—after Ruth, the leading characters of the book—is the inculcation of the plain old English maxim, "tell the truth and shame the devil." Let us have no charitable Jesuitry, it tells us, no doing of evil that good may come; no paltering with the world's prejudices. If you want it to admire a self-devoted woman, don't flatter it by telling it she is a respectable widow, whereas she is nothing but a poor betrayed girl; compel it to love and reverence God's grace in the sinner; it is only thus that you will daunt its Pharisaical pride.

Again, in the unfolding of Ruth's character another truth shines out, clear and bright as day; the old truth which David expressed in a noble psalm—the truth which the Church of Eng-

land has boldly embodied in her service of the churching of women, every word of which is as applicable to a harlot who has become a mother as to the Queen of England on her throne—the truth that “children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift which cometh of the Lord.” A very strange truth, indeed, now-a-days—a truth denied by every advertisement asking or offering the services of married men or women, “without incumbrances,”—a truth denied by the fearfully increasing number of cases of child-poisoning, child-murder, abandonment of children, and perhaps still more so by the perpetual verdicts of “concealment of birth.” But the authoress of *Ruth* is a mother, and the duties of hallowed motherhood have taught her own pure soul what its blessings may be to the fallen. *Ruth* the seduced girl is made a noble Christian woman by the very consequences of her sin. Satan sent the sin—God sends the child. The new sense of responsibility which his birth brings forth, the feeling of the wrong she has done to him, of the joy which he is to her, of the evil which she must keep him from, of the good to which she must train him, these are the means of her sanctification. Is there a harlot mother in whom the germs of these feelings cannot be found, if we only look deep enough for them? But no. It is so much easier to point the lesson of the sin through its consequence, to insist on the shame, on the trouble, on the expense of the unlawful motherhood! Another time, perhaps, a tiny corse will be found in the cess-pool.—Why should you wonder? Is it not one “incumbrance” the less in this world, both to the mother and to the country at large, over-population being taken into account?

But the tracing out of the influence of *Ruth*'s motherhood upon herself is but a part, we take it, of the larger and more general purpose of the book—of that lesson which it inculcates, along with every penitentiary, ill or well regulated, in the world, for those who choose to read the lesson—that, as the sin of unchastity in the woman is, above all, a breaking up or a loosening of the family bond—a treason against the family order of God's world—so the restoration of the sinner consists mainly in the renewal of that bond, in the realization of that order, both by and through and around herself. We are beginning to learn that whipping unchaste women, or putting them in prison, are not, as our forefathers thought, sufficient safeguards against vice; and that, on the whole, if Newgate ever produces upon them any effect for good, it is only when a Mrs. Fry or a Sarah Martin comes into it, to tell of something which is not Newgate, but exactly the reverse of it—of the heavenly Father, and the babe Jesus growing into the adorable Saviour, the eternal Bridegroom of the everlasting Bride, the elder Brother, first-born among

many—of earthly households, framed, as far as man's poor endeavours can reach, upon the pattern of that heavenly one—righteous fathers, and pure mothers, and loving wives, and gentle little children, and brothers and sisters walking hand in hand through life. And we are also beginning to learn that, whatever effect all these new influences may have upon the poor sinner in the prison, their weight is tenfold when, instead of acting merely as an adventitious mitigation of the penalties of earthly law, they become the local main-springs of action around her; when she finds herself surrounded in the penitentiary, not by mercenary turnkeys and matrons, but by devoted women, who, for the love of Christ, have come to spend their very lives with her and the like of her, whether calling themselves deaconesses or sisters, as the lowly workers of Kaiserswerth, of the Rue de Reuilly at Paris, of Clewer, or elsewhere, or without any distinctive title. Then it is that discipline assumes for the penitent its true meaning and worth; then it is that she will sometimes submit, of her own free will, to poorer living, and coarser clothing, and harder work, than philanthropy would dare to impose on her in a gaol, and feel that the blessed privilege of being able to call herself a member of Christ, a child of God, is worth more than all the world besides.

Now, if the authoress of *Ruth* had been a mere professed philanthropist, a setter up of systems, she would have placed her scene of action in some model penitentiary, and shewn us her notions of the regular machinery to be set at work for manufacturing virtuous women. And, no doubt, she knows as well as we do that a vast deal of machinery is needed in this poor world, even for the sake of making people virtuous; that, so long as the churches do not lay hold upon the week-days and their work, as well as upon the Sabbath and its rest—do not claim as their sphere of action the whole of man's social life, the whole of his moral nature, system must often take the place of organic growth, societies must spring up, and apportion amongst themselves, in somewhat higgledy-piggledy fashion, many of the duties which should flow from the very constitution of the church, and form part of its regular order; that, in this age of ours above all others, penitentiaries are needed for the increasing numbers of poor creatures whom our depraved social state, and especially the growth of the manufacturing system, are constantly throwing about the streets. We have not the slightest doubt that she knows quite as much as you or we, friend reader, are likely to know, about the working of infant-schools and ragged-schools, factory-schools and servant-schools, day-nurseries, and penitentiaries, and sisterhoods, and all the other appliances of nineteenth century philanthropy, and has helped in not a few of them, and will help. But she knows also, we should imagine,

that all these same appliances of philanthropy, however praiseworthy, useful, pious, are but palliatives—remedies applied to urgent symptoms, whilst we cannot or dare not strike at the disease itself—shifts and contrivances to supply the place, to imitate the workings of nature (in fact, if the comparison be admissible, not unlike, in the sphere of spiritual action, to those “eccaleobions” for the hatching of parentless eggs, and those artificial hens for the nursing of motherless chickens, so characteristic among the material raree-shows of our age);—that the violation of God’s family order lies at the bottom of all social evils—that there would be no need of day-nurseries or infant-schools if mothers would or could do their duty—no need of ragged-schools if parents in general fulfilled theirs—no need of penitentiaries if the holiness of marriage were understood—no need of sisterhoods if men felt that they were brethren; that the success of all charitable institutions depends exactly upon the closeness of their imitation of those processes of moral nature of which they are to supply the want; upon the approximation of the infant-schoolmistress to a gentle and careful mother, of the schoolmaster to a wise and loving father, of the matron to a tender and motherly sister. And so she goes at once to the root of the matter, and places poor erring Ruth in a family, between a brother and sister, and their old servant, with her wronged innocent child before her for a monument of past sin and life-long duty. And thus the erring girl, as we said, grows up into a noble Christian woman, and outlives the discovery of her shame to receive thanks from clergymen and medical men for her devotion to the sick in time of fever, and to die from attending on the man who ruined her. We are quite sure that, by a course like this, the authoress will have done far more real service to the cause (as the cant phrase is) of penitentiaries, and nurses’ institutions, and sisterhoods, and deaconesses’ institutes, and the rest, than if she had “taken up” any one of those subjects; simply because she has, as it were, lifted the veil from off their working, to shew us the principle by which alone they can stand or fall.

The authoress of “Ruth” is one who looks at life so simply, with so little of partiality or one-sidedness, that we have a right to expect her characters to be as natural as the development of their actions. She has not, indeed, the wondrous Shakspeare-like gift of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, of throwing off a character in a few touches, so that the whole man rises at once before you, and you feel from henceforth his individuality throughout all he says or does, as clearly as if you knew him in actual life; a gift so remarkable in her, that one would say she absolutely *could* not see any of her personages in the abstract, as mere walking gentlemen. But the difference between the personages of the two

writers is not that between real men and women and abstract, but simply between sunshine and shadow ; or, perhaps, rather between that clear dry atmosphere of "the States," such as travellers describe it to us, bright and hard in its outlines, and in colouring like that of the south, and our own mistier skies, and the soft blurred lines of our hills, and the faint sunshine and light shadows of our summer, and the tender shadings and neutral tints of our landscapes. The characters in "*Ruth*" are all real characters, even when, like Mr. Benson, Mr. Farquhar (Mr. Bradshaw's partner), Jemima Bradshaw (his daughter), they grow slowly upon our view, half-riddles at the first. But long before the book is over we know them all well, and could tell each again out of a thousand. Ruth herself—the tender, loving, humble Ruth, so brave against everything but reproof—Mr. Benson, the deformed minister, led, to a great extent, by his half-motherly sister, Faith, in practical matters, but showing his own manly dignity as the "head of the woman," wherever moral authority has to be asserted, so pure and lofty-minded, and yet fettered and burthened for years with the sense of his one untruth :—Faith Benson, the shrewd, kindly, warm-hearted, active-minded maiden sister, yet still enough a slave to conventional respectability to be at first more shocked at the prospect of Ruth's becoming a mother than at the knowledge of her past sin, and who, after suggesting the first untruth to save appearances, ends by treating it as a positive cruelty to shrink from acting upon that untruth to the uttermost, when Mr. Bradshaw offers to take the exemplary young widow into his house as a governess :—old Sally, the maid-servant, with her quaint, harmless Phariseism of Churchwomanship, her vast contempt for Dissenters in general, her reverence for her own masters, and her lifelong devotion to the child whom she has maimed, whilst yet she is still at times the nurse-maid over the grown man :—hard Mr. Bradshaw, patronizing, self-righteous, stricken in his most cherished pride by the criminality of his son :—Jemima, his daughter, proud and self-willed herself, steeling herself against her love for her father's partner, because she thinks it is made by him and her father only a trade arrangement, then finding it grow the more, the more she estranges him by her caprices ; learning to hate Ruth, whom she loved once with all a girl's passionate friendship, because she sees Mr. Farquhar's affections gradually shifting to her ; and then recovering suddenly all her own nobleness of nature and affection for Ruth when her father upbraids the poor innocent hypocrite in her presence ; and recovering with her own better self Mr. Farquhar's attachment :—Mr. Donne, indifferent nearly to everything except outward beauty, negatively rather than positively

corrupt, anxious to "do the thing handsomely" with Ruth when his mother carries him away from her; capable of offering her marriage when he meets with her again, a governess in a tradesman's family, enough of a gentleman to forego blasting her character when she has spurned him from her; not enough of a man to do anything but regret that she should have loved him so much when he sees her dead on her bier,—not to speak of minor characters more sketchily dashed in, such as Mrs. Mason 'the dressmaker, Mrs. Bellingham, Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Hughes, the two contrasted Welsh hostesses—all these are real men and women, flesh and blood like ourselves. And the scenery and the society in which they move are equally real. The scenery, indeed, but slightly diversified, two country towns, the Welsh hills, and a sea-side bathing place—here a dressmaker's workshop, and the county assembly-rooms—there the poor dwelling of a dissenting minister, with its little garden behind, and the constant struggle against straitened circumstances, as it is carried on every day with such heroism in our middle classes, by dint of the most rigid economy and the most God-fearing cheerfulness. The society, the middle-class society of every day in a small town, especially in dissenting circles, with the poor minister and the rich shopkeeping pew-holder, and Christian duty constantly presenting itself in the sharp tangible shape of a sacrifice of pew-rents, where pew-rents are all the minister's life, varied only by a contested election, and the putting up for dissenters' candidate of a "very lax churchman," and the bribing for the sake of purity of election hereafter. All this is done most singly, truthfully, candidly, in such a way as to offer, we should imagine, a text to very opposite sermons. See the daily self-devotion of our ministers, would a Voluntary say, see how real and earnest must be their piety! these are Christ's real soldiers, and not your greedy archdeacons, the naughty boys who want "more good things," who "want all." See how false your system is, would the defender of Church Establishments reply; see how it does evil that good may come; placing the minister in the dependence of his people in order to try his independence; selling him into slavery to Mammon, in order that he may break his chains if he be a man, or perish in the attempt!

We have not taken up this book for the purpose of finding fault with it, but for the purpose of studying it, learning what it had to tell us, and having learned this, and only then, of judging of it by its fruits. We shall not stop to notice one or two provincialisms of style, which, indeed, have passed away from our memory, and would cost us more trouble to fish up again than the criticism would be worth; nor yet one piece of forgetfulness, of which the authoress, we dare say, is well aware by

this time. We might caution her, as we would caution Mrs. Stowe, against the too frequent use of eulogistic epithets, such as "pretty," "beautiful," &c., which grow to be almost catch-words. A graver artistical defect, as it seems to us, lies in the length of the work, and in the eking out of it by the love-story of Jemima and Mr. Farquhar. This, indeed, is in itself almost perfect, and wrought out with the truth and finish of a Miss Austin. But the character of Ruth herself and her fortunes are of too overwhelming an interest to allow us to dwell with complete satisfaction on this side-plot, which after all scarcely advances the action, since Jemima, though the first to learn of Ruth's fault, yet has no hand in revealing it. It is quite possible that it may have been introduced as a relief to others, nay, that it may have been worked out by the writer as a relief to herself, from the intense painfulness of the main plot. But this would only show that that painfulness has been—not overstrained, for the severest criticism would, we think, fail to detect one moral suffering of Ruth which is not the logical and almost necessary consequence of her fault, and the simple pathos of her death touches without harrowing at the last—but overlengthened. May we hint to her that "Deerbrook" is surely a not unworthy example of how a good novel may yet gain by curtailment?

There are, indeed, many who will object to the painfulness of "Ruth" as a positive defect. "I don't think I shall go on with it," said one very dear to us, after the reading of the first twenty pages, "I am sure it is not going to be pleasant!" And this feeling, that novels ought to be *pleasant*, is one so often met with, that really it seems to deserve a critic's attention. You will find it conjoined alike with the utmost levity and the deepest feeling; in those who never take any practical concern in the welfare of their fellow-creatures, and in those who spend their lives in tending upon them. Why should people be made miserable about fictitious woes, say some, whilst there are so many real ones to find out and to relieve? You do but pander to sentimentalism, and enervate the active sympathies; it is a crime to evoke feeling, without showing it at once a way to action; better laugh your fill over a pantomime than sit at home over a sad novel, if you have to deal with all the stern stuff of life on the morrow.—The world is sad enough already, say others; why make it sadder? I do grieve every day over real miseries; why must I weep afresh over imaginary ones? If I have ever time to spend over a novel, let me at least escape to some better and brighter world than this great gloomy one of every day—let me brace up my hopes and energies by being shown how happy and sunny a thing life might be made—how virtue might find a re-

ward—how true love might run smooth—how the wicked might find an earthly doom. And then the worldling chimes in, Surely I have trouble enough in this world without being bored with doleful stories, when I am sick and weary for want of some amusement! Of course there must be very wretched people in the world, but why should I be told of it? I don't know how I could relieve them, and shouldn't have time to do so if I did know; and besides, I am sure it is all very much exaggerated.

Now we are perfectly willing to admit that we know of few things more contemptible, than an author who deliberately sits down to write a sad story, for the purpose of exhibiting his own pathos, and playing upon the feelings of others, as he would upon an accordion. We are equally ready to denounce that morbid state of mind in which persons make up, sometimes during their life-long, for an utter indifference to sad reality, by a perpetual gloating over sad fiction. We are equally far from denying, that a mind overburthened with the contemplation of daily woe and oppression will sometimes, as it were, need the stimulant of a picture of fictitious righteousness and bliss. But we should be careful not to condemn the use because of the abuse; still more so, not to draw the exception into a rule. We do not treat the physician as a murderer when he uses laudanum, because yesterday a mother poisoned her child with it. We do not (unless indeed we be teetotallers) forbid the use of wine, because men get drunk upon it. But neither do we argue for the habitual use of brandy, because the jaded frame may sometimes need it on a sick-bed. The novelist's true answer seems to be:—I have to paint God's world as I find it, and above all, to shew others those portions of it on which I think they ought to look; a duty the more incumbent on me, if I am acquainted with holes and crannies which others have not pryed into, and which contain, nevertheless, sights which they should see. The sadder you say the world is, the sadder I must paint it. Wo be indeed unto me, if for the paltry sake of artistical effect, I tamper with its sadness, darken its shadows, exaggerate its miseries, so that the original shall no more be recognised from the portrait, or shall be turned away from as being itself the liar of the two! But wo to me also, if for the sake of your poor pleasure, and an equally paltry trick of brightness, I sun over the deeper shadows, paint out the tears and the wrinkles, daub up the tatters, and restore the ruins! That, by your own showing, were a worse lie than the other; and why should I have a lie in my right hand? It might have been far pleasanter for me, as for you, to have shewn you Ruth Hilton overcoming by degrees all worldly evil without, as well as all spiritual evil within; to have left her at the end of the

third volume the wife of a loving husband, a happy and prosperous mother. But look around you, and ask yourself how often the complete spiritual restoration of a fallen woman, as I have depicted it, is ever accompanied by complete worldly restoration? Or ask yourself rather, how seldom either will occur alone; and then see if in shewing you the painfuller picture, I have not shewn you also the truer one.

And we venture to think that the authoress would be right in so pleading. But indeed there is another test which may be used, and a simpler one. The book is above all one written for an earnest purpose; written less for those that are whole, than for those that are sick, or bear the seeds of disease within them. Is there one girl who would be tempted or encouraged to sin by the picture of fallen Ruth's ultimate holiness? Is there one fallen woman who would be encouraged to remain in sin by the picture of penitent Ruth's sufferings and death? If we can say yes to neither of these questions, perhaps we had better say no more about painfulness, lest people should become too inquisitive about the state of our own eyes, and the reasons for our rubbing them.

We certainly do not feel qualified to teach ethics to the authoress of "*Ruth*." But there is one point of her story on which we have felt some moral doubt, and hereby submit it to her: Is she quite sure that Ruth has the right, when Mr. Donne offers to marry her, and give their son all the advantages of his position, to reject his offer? Is she quite sure that there is not something of wilfulness in the plea—I love you no longer, addressed by a woman to the man by whom she is a mother—something of pharisaism in the plea, You would corrupt my child, addressed to that child's father? Granted that Mr. Donne has wronged and deserted her. Granted that her beauty is the main occasion of his present suit. But after all, he is suing for leave to atone for his own wrong, both to her and to his child. After all, he is just now nearer to doing a righteous act—nearer to the kingdom of God than he ever has been in this life. It is just no doubt, strictly just, for her to reject him. He has no right to complain of his punishment. But is it expedient, in the high Christian sense of that expediency, which is not lawfulness but the law itself? However slender, compared with his, her share in the sin of former days, does it not create on her part an obligation toward him which outstretches as it were mere justice? Is it for nothing that this fellow-man has been brought of old into relations with her such as *ape*, when they do not typify, the divinest of mysteries; is it for nothing that he is again brought face to face with her, brought to humble himself, at least intellectually, before her; but he must

be cut adrift, delivered over as it were unto Satan? Who will save him from his own unrighteousness if she will not? Who will seek him out when she turns away? Is it so very certain that there are no roots of goodness in him, which her hand, that he now bows to, might quicken into life? Is it so very certain that the child would be corrupted by the father, and not rather that the father would be regenerated through the child? Is he not the father? Even if he have no claim on the child, has not the child a claim on him, and for him? Has she such complete dominion over Leonard that she dares, of her own choice, deprive him of his father?

“We ask these questions in all humility. We do not deny that Ruth’s rejection of Mr. Donne is natural, and we acknowledge it just. We doubt whether it be Christian, whether, in God’s eye, she be not his wife, and forbidden to turn from him when he turns to her; whether, in fact, her refusal of him be not simply the sign that she has not self-sacrifice enough in her to devote her life to the man who has wronged her, though she may have self-sacrifice enough to die for him. And we cannot help thinking that the making Ruth die of a fever caught by Mr. Donne’s bedside is after all a little bit of unconscious, involuntary poetical justice on the part of the writer, an acknowledgment that when they parted she left him her debtor before God. Nay, when she knows that he is lying ill, does she not herself as it were forget that she loved him no longer?”

We have been hitherto looking at “*Ruth*” in itself. If we compare it with the author’s other works, and especially with “*Mary Barton*,” we shall find it present itself under some new aspects. Between “*Mary Barton*” and “*Ruth*” there is an evident kindredness of scope. Both describe the temptations of a young girl of the working-classes, the type chosen in both instances being that of the dressmaker. In the one she is saved by love for a man of her own class. In the other, she falls, but rises again. But “*Mary Barton*,” although deeply true to human nature in its essential constitution, and not in its evanescent phenomena, was yet an *occasional* novel, if we may so call it. Its main interest lay in those terrible class-rivalries, and class-hatreds, and class-miseries, which are the direct outgrowth of the manufacturing system, while as yet unsoftened, unpurified, unharmonized, by Christian duty and Christian love; in the treating of factory girls as a bevy of Circassians for his harem by the mill-owner’s son; of factory hands in general as a squad of slaves by the mill-owner; in the struggle with, and at last the breaking loose from temptation, of the slave girl; in the murderous revenge of the slave. But in “*Ruth*,” the occasional element occupies the very smallest possible space. The

milliner's workshop,—the county ball and the milliner's apprentices looking upon the luxury and the pleasures from which they are excluded,—are the merest introduction to what follows; the rest of the story lies far from all class-feelings, from all the subjects for blue-books and commissions of inquiry. Although we hear of Ruth, while at the Bensons, earning a little money by plain needlework, the writer takes no trouble to conduct us to the warehouse, to shew us the needlewomen waiting for orders, and the foreman bullying or fining them. She knows well that such scenes would but distract us *here* from her main purpose, the growth of holiness in the heart of the fallen woman, of the much-tried penitent. In this clear conception of her object, in this resolute avoidance of temptations which lay very close to her way, we acknowledge an evidence of high power and self-mastery; and we shall be all the better disposed another time, if she choose it, to acknowledge the truth of some work having for its object the delineation of some of those special social evils of which she knows so much, by this evidence of her entire freedom from all cant of philanthropy. Of this, however, her sweet "Moorland Cottage" was evidence enough already to all who would take the trouble to read it.

There is indeed a family likeness between the characters of "Mary Barton" and of "Ruth," not sufficient in anywise to impair their individuality, but rather to bring it out more delicately by slight contrasts. Thus Mr. Donne reminds us of Henry Carson; Mr. Bradshaw of Mr. Carson not a little; Jemima of Mary Barton herself, whilst Ruth seems often only a younger and lowlier, and less humble Alice. Of the "Moorland Cottage" we are reminded, more through the incident of the forgery by the favourite child, (can the offence be so common among the middle classes of our manufacturing districts, as to warrant the repetition of the means in two successive works by the same author?) and through the picture, though from opposite points of view, of the social relations between the poorer and richer members of the middle class, than by any particular character. But with these resemblances the differences are also great. "Ruth" is far more finished, more even, more artistic and less melodramatic (if we dare use so harsh a word) than "Mary Barton." There is also developing more and more in the writer, as the "Moorland Cottage" gave evidence already, a very striking power of describing the aspects of nature, such as is equalled by very few of the writers of the day. We might take for instances, if they had not been hackneyed already by quotation, the scene, from the story of Ruth's excursion to Wales with her lover, in which, standing by a sheltered mountain-pool, he decks her hair with water-lilies, (a passage which has strangely re-

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minged us by contrast of a famous description in George Sand's "Feverino," as the trial scene in "Mary Barton" recalled a similar one in "Mauprat"); and again, the description of Ruth's watching by night at the Welsh inn during her lover's illness, when shut out of his room by his mother.

But there is another quality developed in "Ruth," of which we saw only the faint glimmerings in "Mary Barton,"—humour. There are those—Schiller for instance—who have thought that the *vis comica* was the very highest reach of genius. Certain it is, that a sense of humour comes out generally more and more with the ripening of man's nature, and that a perception of the ludicrous side, even of great acts and righteous conduct, ay, and even of human misery, (at least in one's own self,) appears to be an element of the very kindest and truest wisdom, as enabling us to find excuses, or at least explanations for the ridicule which they excite in lower minds, open perhaps to this one perception—a ridicule which to younger and more fervid hearts, so full of admiration as to have no room left for humour, may seem absolutely fiendish. Now there *was* a quiet subdued humour in "Mary Barton," especially in the scenes between old Job and Will Wilson the young sailor. But in "Ruth" there is one character genuinely humorous, the old maid-servant Sally; besides a good deal of the same quality about the strong-minded Miss Benson. Here is a sample, from a conversation between the old woman and Ruth, whom she quarrels with for her melancholy way of doing her duty.

"Why! dear ah me! making a bed may be done after a Christian fashion, I take it, or else what's to come of such as me in heaven who've had little enough time on earth for clapping ourselves down on our knees for set prayers? When I was a girl, and wretched enough about Master Thurstan, and the crook on his back which came of the fall I gave him, I took to praying and sighing, and giving up the world; and I thought it were wicked to care for the flesh, so I made heavy puddings, and was careless about dinner and the rooms, and thought I was doing my duty, though I did call myself a miserable sinner. But one night the old Missus (Master Thurstan's mother) came in, and sat down by me, as I was a-scolding myself, without thinking of what I was saying; and says she, 'Sally! what are you blaming yourself about, and groaning over? We hear you in the parlour every night, and it makes my heart ache.' 'Oh, maam!' says I, 'I'm a miserable sinner, and I'm travelling in the new birth.' 'Was that the reason,' says she, 'why the pudding was so heavy to-day?' 'Oh, maam, maam!' said I, 'if you would not think of the things of the flesh, but trouble yourself about your immortal soul.' And I sat a-shaking my head to think about her soul. 'But,' says she, in her sweet dropping voice, 'I do try to think of my soul every hour of the day, if by that you mean trying to do the will of

God; but we'll talk now about the pudding; Master Thurstan could not eat it, and I know you'll be sorry for that.' Well, I was sorry, but I didn't choose to say so, as she seemed to upset me,—so says I, 'It's a pity to see children brought up to care for things of the flesh;' and then I could have bitten my tongue out, for the Missus looked so grave, and I thought of my darling little lad pining for want of his food. At last says she, 'Sally, do you think God has put us into the world just to be selfish, and do nothing but see after our own souls, or to help one another with heart and hand, as Christ did to all who wanted help?' . . . Well, I would not give it up, I was so pig-headed about my soul; so says I, 'I wish folks would be content with locusts and wild honey, and leave other folks in peace to work out their salvation;' and I groaned out pretty loud to think of Missus's soul. I often think since she smiled a bit at me; but she said, 'Well, Sally, to-morrow you shall have time to work out your salvation; but as we have no locusts in England, and I don't think they'd agree with Master Thurstan if we had, I will come and make the pudding.'—Vol. ii. p. 60.

We might have quoted two other capital narrations,—that of Sally's offers of marriage, and that of her will-making. A more delicate bit of humour is to be found in the wise conversation between Mrs. Bradshaw's two youngest girls as to the signs and tokens of love in their sister Jemima,—how exquisitely true to little-girl nature, let lady readers judge, if they will be honest enough to recollect their past selves.

It is indeed observable, that the humour of "Ruth," like that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," disappears before the end of the book;—as if the engrossing contemplation of the sufferings of the leading personage had gradually worked upon the writer herself, so as to deprive her of the power, or at least of the wish, to exhibit the gayer aspects of life. Something of this feeling is perhaps to be traced in *young* Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, and this may be the one grain of truth in that otherwise most insolent saying, that "if Shakspeare had not killed Mercutio, Mercutio would have killed him." It is only the very highest and ripest genius which can dare to bring out the ludicrous and the pathetic at once to the last,—as in that one marvellous scene in *Vanity Fair*, where a description of a certain meeting at Ostend from a steamer in the midst of the rain, and of the "bobbing" of a rather foolish and no longer young woman under the old threadbare cloak of a dull, awkward, elderly man named Dobbin, has made those feel their eyes water who otherwise rebel most stoutly against the proclamation of Mr. Thackeray's greatness. The last we see of Sally in "Ruth" is, however, a piece of homely pathos, quite as true and characteristic as her earlier humour. She is standing by Ruth's coffin in Mr.

Donne's presence,—not knowing of his previous relations with her :—

“ ‘ And I was not kind to you, my darling,’ said she, passionately addressing the motionless, serene body,—‘ I was not kind to you. I frabbed you and plagued you from the first, my lamb! I came and cut off your pretty locks in this very room, I did, and you said never an angry word to me—no, not then, nor many a time at after, when I was very sharp and cross to you. No! I never was kind to you, and I dunnot think the world was kind to you, my darling; but you are gone where the angels are very tender to such as you—you are, my poor wench!’ She bent down and kissed those lips, from whose marble, unyielding touch Mr. Donne recoiled, even in thought.”—Vol. iii. p. 297.

On the whole, we take it, our authoress has written a good, righteous, true book; such a book as shews that she has taken her calling as an author in Christian earnest, and means to go on in it from strength to strength; such a book as befits her own sweet spirit, and will make her, if possible, somewhat more loveable to all who love her already. But we fancy we hear some one saying, “ Women authors indeed! why must we have women authors? If a woman is a wife, and a mother above all, how can she find time to write books? what business has she to write them?” Now, we beg leave to say, that we have no partiality whatsoever for women authors, as such; that one of the most unpleasant recollections of our visits in old days to the reading-room of the British Museum, is that of certain creatures of the female sex, with ink half-way up their fingers, and dirty shawls, and frowzy hair, whom we used to see there; nay, that the fact of a woman's having written a book would, for ourselves, be decidedly a reason *rather* for going out of her way than for going in search of her. But we have to notice the fact, that at this particular period of the world's history, the very *best* novels in several great countries happen to have been written by women; that there is no American novel to be mentioned side by side with Mrs. Beecher Stowe's “ Uncle Tom;” no French novel that approaches the grandeur of George Sand's “ *Consuelo*,” or the perfect grace and beauty of her three “ *idyls*,” “ *La Mare au Diable*,” “ *François le Champi*,” and “ *La Petite Fadette*;” that Miss Bremer and Mrs. Carlen share the crown of Swedish novelism; and that, setting apart the two great popular writers of English contemporary fiction, Thackeray and Dickens, (whom we might perhaps best characterize by saying, that the works of the one are unacted and continuous comedy—Dantesque if you will—and those of the other unacted and continuous melodrama, rather than true novels,) the two novels which are perhaps most likely of all to survive in England from the present day, are

"Mary Barton" and "Jane Eyre." This, we take it, is a fact, and consequently has a meaning, which God has put into it. Our two English lady-novelists are certainly barely equal together to either of their two great foreign rivals, if they are to be so called. Compared with the epic vastness of "Uncle Tom," or the mythic dilogy of "Consuelo," "Mary Barton," "Ruth," and "Jane Eyre" are but single cantos or acts, or as detached groups beside the huge page of a Last Judgment or a Marriage of Cana. But still these works do far more than stand their ground beside those of even veteran masters like "the Caxtons," or of new ones like "Alton Locke." Fourier used to say that one-seventh of each sex was addicted to the pursuits of the other. And if George Sand, Mrs. Stowe, the authoress of "Jane Eyre" and "Mary Barton," stood alone in their respective departments, we might feel tempted to take up with an arithmetical rule, rather than go forward in search of a reason. But in France (in spite of the nature of French female education) Madame Charles Reybaud comes, in the judgment of many, only behind George Sand in point of permanent literary worth as a novelist; in America, Miss Wetherell's "Wide Wide World" and her "Queechy" are now only second in popularity to "Uncle Tom;" and with us the lady-novelists are so numerous as almost to defy enumeration—from Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the authoress of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland," Mrs. Caroline Norton, and Miss Jewsbury, through Mrs. Marsh, Miss Lynn, Miss Mulock, even down to Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Trollope, not to speak of the past efforts of Miss Martineau and Mrs. Jameson, or of what is felt by many as the imperishable freshness of Miss Austin. It is quite clear that successful novel-writing amongst women, as compared with men, whatever may be the degree of success, is now-a-days much more the rule than the exception.

Now, if we consider the novel to be the picture of human life in a pathetic, or as some might prefer the expression, in a sympathetic form, that is to say, as addressed to human feeling, rather than to human taste, judgment, or reason, there seems nothing paradoxical in the view, that women are called to the mastery of this peculiar field of literature. We know, all of us, that if man is the head of humanity, woman is its heart; and as soon as education has rendered her ordinarily capable of expressing feeling in written words, why should we be surprised to find that her words come more home to us than those of men, where feeling is chiefly concerned? There seems nothing improbable in the thought, that this supremacy of woman over the novel is one which will go widening and deepening, and that only through her shall we learn what resources there are in it for doing God's work upon earth.

But now a question arises, not to be flinched from. *What* women ought to write novels, that novels may be such as really ought to be written? A very common feeling suggests, that in our social state, wherein the supply of educated women, fit ornaments for rich men's houses, but unmeet helps for poor men's toils, so far exceeds the demand for wives, (polygamy being forbidden by law, in spite of plutonomic wisdom and the acknowledged blessings of *laissez-faire*), literature is a fit refuge for their activities and aspirations—an honourable employment of their solitary leisure—a praiseworthy source of worldly independence. But yet, when we look at female writers, we cannot help being struck by the vast superiority of the married, as a class, over the single, even from the days of Madame de Sévigné and Mademoiselle de Scudéry, downwards; we cannot help observing that *the* woman's book of the age—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—is that of a wife and a mother; and even if we contrast the two names more immediately before us, those of the authoresses of "*Jane Eyre*" and "*Mary Barton*," many of us at least can hardly repress the feeling, that the works of the former, however more striking in point of intellect, have in them a something harsh, rough, unsatisfying, some say all but unwomanly, as compared with the full, and wholesome, and most womanly perfection of the other.\*

Is there anything strange in this? Would not the reverse be strange rather? If the novel addresses itself to the heart, what more natural than that it should then reach it most usefully and perfectly, when coming from the heart of a woman ripe with all the dignity of her sex, full of all wifely and motherly experience? No doubt a young lady—and even an *old* young lady—can write with the fear of God before her eyes, and become a great and good novelist; but somehow, one cannot help suspecting that she would find it much easier to write in the fear of God if she had already to write in the fear of husband and children. In dealing with the subject of love, which, after all, must form the staple of all novel-writing, an unmarried woman must either draw upon imagination, or, at least, upon what one may call the prescience of the heart; or if, indeed, she draws upon her experience, *that* must be a bitter one, and one which she can hardly refer to without departing, in some measure, from the fair and becoming reserve of her sex. So that she is perpetually swaying between these three dangers; of being abstract,

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\* The foregoing pages were in the Editor's hands before we had read "*Villette*." The confirmation which that work affords to the views above expressed is almost painful. We entreat the authoress not to be deluded by the flatteries of journalists, into a belief that she has done service to God or man by publishing a work so unequal, so imperfect, so constantly untrue to itself and to her own great powers, as "*Villette*."

or morbid, or something like—we must mention the word—immodest. And although love, in its typical form, must be the great stumbling-block for girl-novelists, yet the same applies, more or less, to all affections connected with it, and especially the parental ones. And we think it will be found, on examining most of the best novels by the best unmarried female novelists, such as those of Miss Austin, Miss Bremer, Miss Martineau, Miss Edgeworth, that their excellence lies always away from the depths of the most passionate human affections, and consists either in a Dutch painter's accuracy in describing the surfaces and outer aspects of social or domestic life—in the development of some individual character, or of some family history—in the embodiment of some moral or economical principle; or lastly, in the rendering of the harsher passions. Compare, for instance—to choose a foreign instance—Miss Bremer with Mrs. Carlen, and the terrible heart-struggle of the “*Birchright*” with the sweet “*intérieurs*,” as the French would say, of the “*Home*” or the “*Neighbours*,” and you will soon see the difference. The one has indeed entered into life's heart-battle; the other has looked at it from afar, or paints it at second-hand.

On the whole, therefore, we are of opinion that active-minded, quick-penned young ladies, especially if devoid of those precious safety-valves to youthful hearts—intimate female friends—may, without much danger, spend their leisure (if any) in scientific treatises, historical works, and the like, whether original or translated, specially eschewing novels and poetry, at least “*Lyrics of the heart*,” and abstaining, if any way possible, from print; provided always, that upon their falling in love they do put aside all such labours, and only wake up to a consciousness of having achieved them, and of the purpose for which they have unknowingly done so, by the time they have to teach their children the names of the kings of England, or the difference between a fixed star and a planet, a snail and an oyster, a steam-engine and a fire-engine. By this time, with family cares upon their hands, and the moral responsibilities of their now completed life upon their consciences, to write and to print will be no mere temptations to their vanity, and it will be for them to judge whether they are really called upon to say something to the world—whether they have that to say which their husbands will gladly hear, which their children will never blush to read; and whether their calling be to works of fiction, or to the severest exercises of thought, we are sure that the little flaxen heads at their knees will add a truth and a charm to matter and style alike, though it be only through the instinctive erasure of those hard words which Willie does so cry over in his lesson. And the world will receive such works with a righteous deference. All will feel that the

wife and mother can have no time to lose; that if she speaks, it is because she is in earnest, and must speak.

But still, what is to become of the women who remain unmarried, and yet have gifts such as fully qualify them to do good service in literature? Gently, and with all reverence must we tell them—Endeavour to find for your gifts other employments. Precisely because your lot is a solitary one, do not make it more so by literary labours. Precisely because you are denied the most blessed enjoyments of the heart, strive not to blight your capacity for such as remain to you by giving yourselves up to those of the intellect. Be assured of this, that the more you do so, the more you will be exposed to unsex, and unhumanize yourselves by degrees; to become pedantic and hard, or sentimental and false. Therefore, try to *make* to yourselves, if need be, living and practical affections and duties, in the place of those you lose. Because you have leisure, which the wife and mother has not, spend that leisure upon others, in that way in which they will feel most sure that it is upon them that you are spending it. To you belongs the daily working, the drudgery of all charitable institutions. The adoptive motherhood of the school may be yours, yours the adoptive sisterhood of the Nurses' Institution, of the Penitentiary, of the simple district-visitor. Here, together with the household of your own parents, of your own brothers or sisters, is the sphere within which your heart may preserve itself fresh and lovely, and mellow every year more and more. Who does not know some one old maid who is the blessing of a whole circle? Do not be afraid of any talents which God has given to you being wasted in these exercises, in the sincere, conscientious, life-long struggle to make yourselves, if wives you cannot be, yet the best of sisters, friends, and all but mothers. Would you learn how? Let us point you to this description of one devoting herself to perhaps the most painful at first of all womanly tasks to the *lady*, the vocation of a sick-nurse:—

“At first her work lay exclusively among the paupers. At first, too, there was a recoil from many circumstances, which impressed upon her the most fully the physical sufferings of those whom she tended. But she tried to lose the sense of them, or rather to lessen them, and make them take their appointed places—in thinking of the individuals themselves, as separate from their decaying frames; and all along she had enough self-command to control herself from expressing any sign of repugnance. She allowed herself no nervous haste of movement or touch that should hurt the feelings of the poorest, most friendless creature who ever lay a victim to disease. There was no rough getting over of all the disagreeable and painful work of her employment. When it was a lessening of pain to have the touch careful and delicate, and the ministration performed with gradual skill, Ruth thought of

her charge, and not of herself. As she had foretold, she found a use for all her powers. The poor patients themselves were unconsciously gratified and soothed by her harmony and refinement of manner, voice and gesture. If this harmony and refinement had been merely superficial, it would not have had this balmy effect. That arose from its being the true expression of a kind, modest, and humble spirit. By degrees, her reputation as a nurse spread upwards, and many sought her good offices who could well afford to pay for them. Whatever remuneration was offered to her, she took simply, and without comment. . . . She went wherever her services were first called for. If the poor bricklayer, who broke both his legs in a fall from the scaffolding, sent for her when she was disengaged, she went and remained with him till he could spare her, let who would be the next claimant. From the happy and prosperous in all but health, she would occasionally beg off, when some one less happy and more friendless asked for her, and sometimes she would ask for a little money . . . to give to such in their time of need. But it was astonishing how much she was able to do without money.

"Her ways were very quiet; she never spoke much. . . . And yet, Ruth's silence was not like reserve; it was too gentle and tender for that. It had more the effect of a hush of all loud or disturbing emotions, and out of the deep calm the words that came forth had a beautiful power. She did not talk much about religion; but those who noticed her knew that it was the unseen banner which she was following. The low-breathed sentences which she spoke into the ear of the sufferer and the dying carried them upwards to God.

"She gradually became known and respected among the roughest boys of the rough populace of the town. They would make way for her when she passed along the streets, with more deference than they used to most; for all knew something of the tender care with which she had attended this or that sick person; and besides, she was so often in connexion with death, that something of the superstitious awe with which the dead were regarded by those rough boys in the midst of their strong life, surrounded her.

"She herself did not feel changed. She felt just as faulty, as far from being what she wanted to be, as ever. She best knew how many of her good actions were incomplete, and marred with evil."—Vol. iii. p. 171.

We do not wish to be misunderstood. We do not mean to say that the unmarried woman, any more than any other member of the human family, is exempt from that great Christian equity which makes knowledge, talent, genius, trusts for the benefit of others. We do not say that when, doing her duty in the state of life to which God has called her, she has gathered up treasures of experience which she feels will be useful to others, whether in the practice of art, or in tuition, or in the discipline of charity, it is not her business, if she has the opportunity, to communicate those treasures to others, by print or

otherwise. Nay, if, after all, she still feels upon her the unmistakable call to appeal to the hearts of her readers in the representation of human life through the novel, and has made up her mind beforehand as to the limits of her vocation, God forbid that we should deny her the right of exercising it. Who would wish that gentle Frederika Bremer had never written, old maid though she be? But before you hope to write as Frederika Bremer has written, see first what she is; see through her books, if not in friendly intercourse with herself, the tender, kindly nature of the woman, and how she has schooled herself into all graceful cheerfulness and sympathy, and from what a long and faithful experience flow her ever charming descriptions of family life and its duties. To be as good a writer as Frederika Bremer, a girl must first be as good a woman, and she will hardly become so till she finds herself—not very much younger.

We are writing here for our age and country, for Christians and for Protestants, in a society which brooks of no monastic seclusions, in which the active duties of charity sit fair and seemly upon the unmarried woman, in which no man would dare to think worse of a lady, because he met her coming forth alone from a poor cottage. There have indeed been times, there are countries and states of society, and of religious feeling, in which women, especially young women, have not this blessed English, and, above all, Protestant freedom to do good, or are barely allowed to do so under the penalty of soul-destroying vows. Where this is the case, we have no heart to condemn the poor nun for any literary effort, however *bizarre* or pedantic it may be, and have little doubt that sometimes through literature alone will some noble, womanly soul find utterance for her choked and stifled yearnings towards all loving righteousness. Nay, the reading of "Ruth" has strongly called to our mind, sometimes by analogy of subject, sometimes by contrast of treatment, a strange work of the tenth century, the plays of the nun Hrotsvitha,\* of the Abbey of Gandesheim in Swabia, two of which, the "Abraham" and the "Paphnutius," are, so far as we are aware, the earliest womanly pleading for the reformation of erring women—a pleading only heard centuries later, and realized in the Romish female penitential orders. In the "Abraham," she shews us an old hermit going forth, in secular costume, to rescue a niece from a life of sin, tenderly striving with her for her own redemption, chiding her for not telling him that she was lost, that he and his fellow hermit might have done penance for her; bidding her take heart in her self-reproaches, since "who ever was exempt from sin, save only the Son of the

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\* See "Théâtre de Hrotsvitha, religieuse allemande du dixième siècle, par Charles Magnin." Paris, Duprat, 1845.

Virgin?"—appealing to her own better nature by insisting on his own love for her, which had made him leave the wilderness, break the rule, mingle with the dissolute; entreating her to have pity on the fatigue which he had undergone, and to lay aside "that dangerous despair, a heavier weight, I know, than all the sins which thou hast committed." She yields at last, and he exclaims, "Now art thou really mine own daughter; now will I love thee above all things." They start on their journey, and she says she will follow his horse. "Not so," he answers, "but I will go a-foot, and place thee on my horse, lest the rough road cut thy tender feet." Think of what a nun's life is, and of what a nun's heart must be; think of the almost unconquerable self-righteousness of professed chastity, and then measure the depth of earnest, womanly sympathy which must have been beating in the heart of this poor Swabian nun, to make her put forth such loving words, words so true to the spirit of our dear Ruth herself! And if, in the "Paphnutius," her other play on a similar subject, which exhibits the conversion of the harlot Thais by another hermit, she describes the holy man as acting, on the contrary, in a spirit of the rudest monkish severity, and imposing on the penitent the most austere penance, and one which wears her life away, the true woman bursts forth at the last. A disciple of Anthony sees in a vision "a bed strewn splendidly in heaven with white garments, over which four radiant virgins preside, and seem to guard it by their presence," and which he thinks must be destined for "his father and lord, Anthony." But a divine voice tells him, "Not, as thou hopest, for Anthony, but for Thais the harlot is this glory reserved." Do you suppose that the more "respectable" nuns of Gandesheim, and, in fact, all the Mr. Bradshaws of the day, male and female, were not shocked at such doctrine, which actually placed a penitent harlot above a saintly hermit?

So Hrotsvitha wrote—she could do no more; and for such words as these we will gladly overlook many a page of pedantry. But suppose Hrotsvitha amongst us, a Protestant woman, and, if you like it, an old maid. Do you think she would be contented with *writing* about the reformation of her erring sisters? or would she not rather *do* it, and, so far as other duties would allow, give herself up to the doing of it, heart and soul? Or if, being a wife and a mother, she had but a few crumbs of leisure to spare for this blessed purpose, then, indeed, might we expect her to make the most of her experience for the benefit of others, to teach by preaching when she could not by example; and in that case, covering painful fact with the garb of fact-like discipline, rather than borrowing a legend as a vehicle for her own tunity, to and desires, we might very likely find her writing a novel's name would be—"Ruth."

ART. VI.—*Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français. Documents historiques inédits et originaux.*  
1<sup>re</sup> année 1852. No. 1 et 2. Paris.

THE present century, among other instances of progress, has been particularly distinguished by that which has been made in the art of writing History. The historian of the present day, if he desire to gain the approbation of the public, must not content himself with merely copying his predecessors, but he must have recourse to original sources of information, documents hidden away from public sight in the archives of governments, or in the chests of private families. Those relating to the same events, he must compare with critical skill, and sift the evidence which they present to him. However difficult it may be for a historian to keep himself entirely free from all bias in certain matters which deeply interest him, yet it is expected from him that he shall not write as a partisan. We now require truth above all things in studying the transactions of bygone days, and the writer who seems to transgress its bounds, is certain to meet with explorers in the same field to do battle with him.

One benefit which this critical method of writing history has produced to us, has been the raising of Archæology into a useful science. Instead of being, as it often was, a mere amusement, it has become an instrument for clearing up the state of former times. Antiquities of various kinds are now not merely objects to be gazed on, but they are used as illustrations of the records of history; and manuscripts, instead of lying in public and private museums, as matters of curiosity to visitors, and of vanity to possessors, are not only diligently sought, but carefully copied, and, if necessary, translated, and thus rendered available to the student, and made of great utility to the historian.

Every civilized country has now its societies for collecting and preserving the documents which throw light upon its history. Many of these have been already published, and have been found of great value in a historical point of view; and as old societies are becoming more zealous and active, new ones are springing into existence with specific objects, limited fields of inquiry, which,—just because they are limited, are likely to produce a beneficial effect on historical science, by directing particular attention to them.

Among the countries where, in modern times, history has been cultivated in a critical spirit, certainly France may claim a distinguished rank. Men like Daru, Barante, Thierry, Miche-

let, Mérimée, Thiers, and the learned ex-Professor of History at the University, Guizot, help to shed a lustre upon any country. In France, also, have been published, by the liberal assistance of former governments, and by societies, extensive series of historical records, including the best collections of memoirs and letters throwing light upon various periods of European history.\* It is obvious that the researches thus made and brought to light by the industry of a number of fellow-workers, not only facilitate the labours of those who afterwards combine these elements into regular histories, by presenting to them the documents which they require in an accessible form, instead of having to search for them in various repositories, and decyphering manuscripts often difficult to read; but many interesting pieces have been published, the existence of which was not even known.

It is because we appreciate the utility of societies having for their object the collection of historical documents and information, that we hail with pleasure the formation of the one the title of whose first bulletin stands at the head of this article. But we will not conceal the fact, that our pleasure is enhanced by the specific end of this Society of the history of French Protestantism,—the formation of a body of documentary evidence concerning the history, as well of French Protestants within France, as of those who were compelled to leave their country in times of persecution, together with the various fortunes of their descendants in foreign lands. There is no history that can surpass in interest that of the different phases of Protestantism in France; its rise and struggles in the sixteenth century; its prosperity during the greater part of the seventeenth; the attempt at extirpating it at the end of the latter and in the beginning of the next century; and its re-establishment, as a church recognised by the State, since the Revolution of 1789. Whatever can bring to light fresh information, whether from manuscripts or from forgotten printed works, to put those important events in a clear point of view, must be of the utmost interest.

It is a common subject of congratulation among Protestants—and it is often admitted by the more liberal of their adversaries—that the reformed religion has had a beneficial effect upon the intellectual progress of mankind. But it has not been quite so clearly perceived that the Reformation was, in a great degree, one of the *effects* of the reawakened spirit of inquiry, and of the assertion of the rights of the human mind to exercise its judgment upon subjects of the greatest importance. Accordingly,

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\* The "Société de l'Histoire de France" was founded in 1834 by Messrs. Guizot, Barante, &c. This was followed by the "Comité des Documents," instituted by M. Guizot, then Minister of Public Instruction. From these, historical science has derived great benefits.

at its rise, numbers of thinking men in every country of Europe gladly embraced its doctrines;—openly, where it could be done with safety, or privately in those countries where dissent from the ruling Church was crushed by the most cruel punishments. Thus, in France during the sixteenth century, almost all the learning and talent was on the Protestant side,\* as the side of progress, unless in cases where interest interfered; and the consequence of this was, that numbers of the nobility, including the Bourbons and the Condés, adopted the reformed creed. It may be easily understood that many of these persons were not actuated by a deep sense of religion. The assumptions of the Court of Rome and of the hierarchy, the absurdity of the superstitions promoted by them, the unreasonableness of many of their doctrines, and the loose lives of some of the clergy, disgusted many, and are quite enough to account for a portion of the progress of the Reformation. Much of what we have mentioned still appears to our eyes in the Church of Rome; but it has been so modified by the influence of the Reformation that the men of the sixteenth century would scarcely have recognised it in the eighteenth, as it shewed itself in Protestant countries and in France.† Although civilisation was advancing in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and literature was reviving, soon to produce some of the master-pieces of the human mind, yet there remained still much coarseness of manners, turbulence, and even ferocity. The perpetual wars which raged in various parts of Europe had greatly impeded the soothing effects of literature and of the arts. When the Reformation began, the dominant Church regarded the persecution of innovators as a sacred duty; nothing but the *extirpation* of heretics was thought of. Heresy was considered not only as a sin, but as a crime. Even in subsequent times, in a Commentary on the New Testament by the Jesuit Maldonatus—a text-book in many Romanist seminaries, and recently beautifully printed—on the parable of the tares in the wheat, (Matt. xiii. 24,) he quotes the opinion of some who used the

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\* M. Ch. Labitte says—"The Reformation (in France) had the privilege, and almost the monopoly of learning and talent."

† One of the *Étiennes*, better known by their Latinized name of *Stephanus*—the celebrated printers—has left a very extraordinary book under the title of "*Apologie d'Hérodote*." It seems that objections were made by some of the learned of that day to certain statements of Herodotus, as being incredible. The plan followed by Étienne in this book is to relate a number of criminal actions of Romish ecclesiastics, as matters of notoriety, shewing his contemporaries that, in their own experience, occurrences had taken place which exceeded those narrated by Herodotus in improbability. The usual method of the time was employed to refute the book; both it and the author were sentenced to be burned. The latter, however, escaped to the Jura mountains; and as the work and his effigy were consumed in the middle of winter, he used to say that he was never in his life so cold as on the day that he was burned.

Lord's words, "Let both grow together until the harvest," as an argument against the propriety of putting heretics to death. But he shews, that as this text cannot be used to prevent the civil magistrate from punishing criminals, so it does not interfere with the duty of persecuting heresy, which is worse than murder, since it slays the soul. With such opinions, it is not wonderful that the more conscientious men in authority were, the more barbarous should be their conduct. The only check which they received—besides that inconsistency which sometimes makes men act right in spite of bad principles—was the difficulty of carrying out what they considered their duty, when their adversaries became too strong for them. Francis the First began by burning heretics; but during the reigns of his son and three grandsons, under the guardianship of Catherine de Médicis, so many powerful nobles had embraced the reformed faith, and the royal power was so weak, that a degree of toleration was extorted for them, at least from judicial prosecutions. The house of Guise, a foreign family settled in Lorraine, but having property in France, were the champions of the Roman Catholic cause, while the Prince of Condé was the head of the Huguenots. The Court fluctuated between the two. Religion was more or less a pretext for both, under which they fought for their temporal interests, and both lost their lives by assassination in the civil war which they had fomented. The Duke's son, Henry, followed in his father's footsteps, and helped to suggest the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which Coligny, the successor of Condé, perished. Henry de Guise and his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, formed the notorious Catholic League, with the ostensible purpose of defending their religion against the Huguenots, and of preventing Henry of Bourbon, the next heir to the throne, from ascending it. They were both assassinated by command of the King, Henry III., who found that the power which they had gained over the Roman Catholic party was really turned against his authority. He met with the same fate himself shortly afterwards, and in him ended the house of Valois.

Henry IV. was now king *de jure*, but the adherents of the league refused to acknowledge a sovereign excommunicated by the Pope. Although he had been victorious in several battles, and held Paris closely besieged, yet many circumstances concurred to make it apparently very difficult for a king professing the reformed religion to reign over the French people. His opponents still formed a considerable and very bitter party, backed by the then powerful house of Austria. In an evil hour Henry of Bourbon hearkened to the promptings of temporary expediency, and apostatized from what in his heart and soul he knew to be the truth, to gain peaceful possession of the throne of

France; not, however, as it has been supposed, without indignant remonstrance from the pious members of the communion which he was forsaking. His best friend Duplessis-Mornay, strongly advised him against this setting at nought of conscience, and the bulletin above mentioned publishes a long and interesting letter from Theodore Beza, then the principal pastor of the Reformed Church, dissuading him from his contemplated change of religion.\* Henry, however, loved this present world, went through the mummerly of a public discussion, and changed his religion with a jest.† Still, endowed with many excellent qualities, imbued with truly liberal principles, anxious for the welfare of his people, and resolved to use his power for the benefit of Europe; he did much, and was preparing to do more to quell the despotism of the house of Austria, whose huge power weighed upon European politics, and on the cause of reformation, when the knife of a fanatic deprived France of her best king. This is, perhaps, the only instance history can furnish of an assassination, or a judicial murder, really promoting the ultimate object proposed. The assassination of Cæsar did not restore the Roman Republic. That of the Prince of Orange did not crush the Dutch revolt. And the same remarks will apply to a vast number of cases. But the assassination of Henry IV. probably saved Austria from being humbled, and certainly led to the political ascendancy of Roman Catholics. On his accession to the throne he had published the celebrated Edict of Nantes, which secured the free exercise of worship to his former co-religionists, which they enjoyed for nearly a century. But this edict contained two clauses, which subsequently injured the Reformed Church. The one was, that Henry, to secure the independence of the Huguenots, granted them certain cities and districts, which created an *imperium in imperio*, and prevented the amalgamation of persons of the two creeds; the other, that in giving a legal constitution to the Protestant party, it had been put under the direction of assemblies, in which the votes and the influence of their ministers preponderated. The first brought the Huguenots into collision with the government of Cardinal Richelieu, whose great object was the political unity of France. A civil war was the consequence, in which they were defeated; and La Rochelle, their stronghold, was taken from them. However, toleration was still granted them.

The second had the effect of alienating the feudal nobility

\* This letter disposes of the assertion of Schlosser, the author of a German life of Beza, and of Vulliémien, "Histoire de la Confédération Suisse," who copied him, that Beza approved of the abjuration of the king through political motives.

† *Paris vaut bien une messe.*—(Letter to Gabrielle D'Estrees.)

from them, who were mortified at having to play a secondary part to the pastors. During the civil war, just alluded to, the Duc de Rohan, presiding in Languedoc over one of those assemblies, had been exposed to the violent invectives and unseemly interruptions of the more influential pastors; exasperated by their turbulence, he exclaimed: "Ye are nothing but republicans; I would rather preside over an assembly of wolves, than an assembly of ministers."\* At the same time the government bestowed all its favour upon Roman Catholics; the Order of St. Louis, coveted by the nobility, was confined to them.† The excitement of war once over, many of those warlike barons relaxed in their ardour for a cause which they had embraced without any strong religious convictions. The consequence was, that numbers of the nobles returned to the Church of Rome during the reign of Louis XIII. Under Louis XIV., the cultivation of letters and science spread among the professors of the Romanist creed; the glory of the great king dazzled the young nobility, who followed him in his victories; the Roman Catholic clergy had many men of learning and talent among them, some of the highest genius. Bossuet, especially, produced a powerful effect by his controversial works. By the time that Louis revoked the Edict of Nantes, few of the distinguished families who had once professed the reformed creed remained faithful to it. The most illustrious houses—the Bourbons, Colignys, La Trémouilles, Bouillons, La Rochefoucaults, Rohans, the Duke of Montausier, the Marquises of Maintenon, Poigny, Montlouet, D'Entragues, all gradually abjured Protestantism. Its stronghold was now among the lesser nobility, the middle classes, and the industrious artisans. As long as the higher nobility were ready to defend their opinions with the sword, those opinions were respected. But as soon as the Protestants had become a peaceable and harmless flock, the king's conscience awoke to the sin of tolerating heresy. That conscience had slumbered during the greater part of his long reign, not only with respect to the impropriety of toleration, but to the indulgence of every sin which disgraces and hardens the heart of man. And when old age chilled long-indulged sensuality, and kindled the flames of remorse, his cooks invented‡ liqueurs to warm the royal stomach, and his confessors endeavoured to appease the never-dying fire of conscience, by advising the noble sinner to offer up his heretical subjects as a holocaust to the offended Majesty of heaven.

Persecution among all who practise it, has usually sought an excuse in endeavouring to connect disloyalty, and other criminal

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\* Bulletin, p. 47.

† Bulletin, p. 50.

‡ This is a literal fact. See *Brillat-Savarin, Physiologie du goût*.

principles, with religious opinions. Our Protestant ancestors thus endeavoured to justify their penal laws against Roman Catholic and other dissenters. In France, even now, such is the pretext for prohibiting all but the creeds recognised by the government, to meet for religious worship. In Italy, oath-breaking sovereigns are using the same excuse to stifle the love of the truth among some of their subjects. Count Guicciardini is expiating in exile the crime of reading the Bible: and a still more horrible sentence has recently startled the self-styled enlightened Europe of the nineteenth century: Francesco and Rosa Madiai were sentenced by the *paternal* Christian government of Tuscany to four years' hard labour as galley-slaves, for the same crime which the Holy Spirit praises in the men of Berea! Hundreds in Italy are trembling because they have had an insight into the truth; and all because the emissaries of Rome have persuaded stolid or selfish princes that freedom of conscience is dangerous to their government. But even this excuse Louis XIV. had not. Since the pacification by Richelieu, the Protestants had been pre-eminent for their loyalty. In the war of the Fronde, during the king's minority, efforts were vainly made by Roman Catholic lords to draw them into the opposition against the Queen-mother and Cardinal Mazarin. They remained firm in their allegiance, and contributed more than any other class of men, by their industry and enterprise, to the welfare of their country. Bigotry—unmitigated inexcusable bigotry, dictated the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The despot imagined, that at the word of his mouth his Protestant subjects would all renounce their faith. His wretched clerical advisers told him so. But he was doomed to disappointment. The measures employed,—the hanging of ministers, the dragonnades, the galleys,—proved ineffectual with the greater number. Thousands of families sought new countries where they might worship God in peace. France was impoverished, and Holland, Prussia, England, and Ireland, gained new branches of industry, and valuable citizens. Protestantism lingered a weak plant, until the Revolution once more gave it air and liberty to expand its branches.

In the meantime, while the principles of the Gospel were exterminated or banished from France, a far more dangerous enemy was slowly growing in the land. That dissatisfaction with superstition and priestly arrogance, which had once found its cure in the Reformation, now took the form of a cold, sneering infidelity. The Christian religion, which Protestantism had preserved in the hearts of millions, was weighed down by, and sunk under, the perversions of Romanism. In persecuting the Huguenots, Louis XIV. sowed to the wind, and his descend-

ant, Louis XVI., reaped the whirlwind. Infidelity was one of the main influences which caused, not the Revolution, but the horrors of it, and cost that unfortunate monarch his crown and his life,—infidelity born of superstition and intolerance. And now that the time for the power of Romanist principles on the minds of Frenchmen is, in a great measure, gone by; now that the moral sense is almost extinct in the majority of the people; now that the respect for civil authority has been shaken by frequent revolutions, and all is swallowed up by the fear of an unchecked despotism, that despotism has formed a hypocritical alliance with Rome and her ministers, as the only parties who still have a kind of authority over some, though they are just now stronger in appearance than in reality.

In the meantime the Protestant Church in France is peaceably but steadily making progress. Among other manifestations is the establishment of the Society we have mentioned—which has given occasion to this Article—and the warm interest it has called forth. M. Guizot has accepted the presidency; and other distinguished French Protestants have given their adhesion. In the preliminary observations the views of the committee are thus stated:—

“ For some time past, and especially during the last few years, in proportion as men have been more seriously engaged with earnest historical works, and as a taste for such has been extending, it has been generally acknowledged how limited and insufficient our resources are with respect to this subject—how poor our Protestant library is. This deficiency is the more annoying, as it has given full scope to ignorance and bad faith; it is the more to be regretted, as much light has thus remained under the bushel—many treasures have remained buried—many sources of edification and of life have been lost to the faithful. Some efforts have indeed been made; good and useful works have been undertaken and published. But these efforts were isolated, individual, or partial; those publications, however conscientious they may be, were still incomplete; they caused more to be desired than they gave; and, above all, made it obvious how much more was yet to be accomplished.”

They go on to mention several works recently published on the history of the French Protestant Church, which illustrate the interest taken in the subject:—Charles Coquerel's “ *Histoire des Eglises du Désert* ;” Napoléon Peyrat's work on the same subject; Alexis Muston's “ *Recherches sur les Vaudois de Provence* ;” the well-known D'Aubigné's History; and the most recent by Félice. And it is for the purpose of forming a collection of trustworthy documents to promote such works that this Society is founded; as they say, p. 13,—“ The totality of the labours of this Society will present, together with critical obser-

vations, a *general inventory*—a complete collection of the sources of French Protestantism—a mass of *pièces justificatives* of that history—an assemblage of *materials* by which it may be studied.”

The 1st Bulletin already contains some interesting historical documents. Besides the letter of Theodore Beza to Henri IV., mentioned above, there is some account of Bernard Palissy, together with a curious extract from his works; he is well known in France as an artist in enamel, but remarkable in consequence of the beauty of his style of writing, resembling that of his contemporary Montaigne; it contains a sketch of Clement Marot, the translator of the Psalms, with his address in verse to the ladies of France. Those metrical Psalms became so popular in France that the ladies used to sing them in the public promenades. There is also a list of twenty-two Protestants sent to the galleys, about 1702, for their religion, accompanied by a letter of Admiral Baudin, himself a Protestant, giving an account of the dreadful punishment which they must have undergone; in fact, most of them died after a few years suffering. The latter document proves the utility of a Society for preserving such curious matters, for the Admiral found it among the *waste papers intended to make cartridges* in the arsenal of Toulon! Lastly, there is a curious account of an inscription formerly existing at Nantes, commemorating the refusal of the mayor and corporation to execute the orders of their Governor, the Duke de Bourbon-Montpensier, to massacre the Huguenots at the time of the St. Bartholomew. To those who know the particulars of that atrocious slaughter, the letter of the Duke will offer a mixture of the *naïf* and horrible; it is dated 26th of August 1572, and is as follows:—

“The Admiral (Coligny) having been so wicked as to form a new enterprise to kill, yesterday or to-day, as well His Majesty as the Queen, his mother, his brothers, and all the Catholic Lords of their Court, among the which, ye may be assured, I was not forgotten, God, who in time of need hath always manifested that he loves his own, and how righteous and holy the cause is which we maintain for his honour, hath willed and permitted that this conspiracy should be discovered, and hath so well inspired the heart of our king, that straight-way he hath determined to execute that same exploit against that wretch and those of his said conspiracy, wherein he hath been so faithfully and speedily obeyed, that on yesterday morning as aforesaid, the said Admiral—with ten or twelve of the most noted of his adherents—was killed in his lodging and thrown upon the pavement; and this execution was followed up on all the principal men of that party which could be found in this city, of whom there are so many slain that I cannot tell you the number thereof. I will insure you that the principal chiefs were the first despatched, excepting the Count Montgomery, who was lodged in the Faubourg Saint-Germain-des-Prez. Hereby the

intention of His Majesty is sufficiently known as to the treatment to be given to the Huguenots of other cities, and also the means whereby we may hope to behold hereafter some certain rest in our poor Catholic Church, the which we ought not to fail to carry out as much as in us lieth, after such a declaration which the king hath made of his devotion to the same, in the which I beseech our Lord to aid him and to make him persevere, that he may be perpetually praised for it, and that he may grant you, Messieurs, his holy and worthy grace.—Your very good friend, Louis de Bourbon.”

We regret that want of space should prevent us from giving more extracts from this promising periodical. But we hope that having drawn the attention of our readers to the plan of the Society which has published it, many who love the principles of the Reformation and of civilisation, may be induced to make themselves better acquainted with its labours, and perhaps contribute to its store of information. They greatly desire to collect information concerning the Protestants who fled in the days of persecution. The descendants of these confessors are many of them in Great Britain and Ireland. There must be memorials of their fathers among them, and it is well known with what love they look back on those. In Ireland, some of the most respected families spring from Huguenots. They had churches in Dublin, in Portarlington, and in other towns. Such persons cannot shew their attachment to the cause of their ancestors more clearly than by communicating to the Society—and thus making known—the interesting documents which they may possess.

Since the foregoing Article has been written, seven numbers have appeared of the historical periodical to which we have introduced our readers. Many of the articles are of the highest interest: among others, a series of letters from French Bishops of the time following the revocation, proving, on the authority of the persecutors themselves, the flagitious means used,—both by violence and by bribery, to carry out the king’s objects in producing ecclesiastical unity.

Already, without any extraordinary effort, a number of interesting documents have come to the knowledge of the writer of this Article,—throwing light in particular on the history of the French Protestant settlers in Ireland. Among other curious facts, it is proved by them that the poplin and tabinet manufactory was established in Ireland by these settlers, and that of linen in the north greatly promoted.

ART. VII.—*Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian.* Edited by a Friend. Edinburgh, 1853.

WE cannot be mistaken in supposing that this work is, in the main, an Autobiography. The names of the principal characters are fictitious, and here and there an incident is introduced having the air rather of an artistic invention for the purposes of disguise than of a real occurrence; but, on the whole, it is clear, from internal evidence, that we are to regard the book as a faithful transcript by a living Italian of his recollections of his own boyhood and youth, from the year 1818 to the year 1833. When we add that the writer represents himself as a Genoese, born about the year 1809 or 1810; that in the course of the narrative we are made acquainted with the social and political state of Piedmont at a time when, instead of being as now the freest portion of Italy, it was the very stronghold of Italian despotism; and that the most prominent personages in the latter part of the story, including the author himself, were the chiefs of that noble band of young men who, twenty years ago, raised the flag of Italian nationality and independence, and whose survivors, Mazzini pre-eminent among them, still carry that flag in the face of Europe—we say enough to indicate that the book is one of no ordinary interest. Under the modest guise of the biography of an imaginary Lorenzo Benoni, we have here, in fact, the memoir of a man whose name could not be pronounced in certain parts of Northern Italy without calling up tragic yet noble historical recollections.

The interest of the work, however, by no means depends exclusively on the nature of its materials. Let the reader most disposed to fling aside works having any political allusion, take up this book, and it will be sure to rivet him. Here is no rabid revolutionary writing, no effusion of commonplace demagoguery from the pen of an infuriated refugee. Sad events are, indeed, told; and the writer, in retracing the history of his youth, has to walk over a ground consecrated to him but too bitterly by the memories with which it is covered—memories of wrongs silently endured, of aspirations unjustly repressed, of young hopes crushed, of friends and brothers buried before their time. But all is told simply, firmly, soberly, with the tone of a man whose nature is genial and truthful; who has all along possessed that tolerance, that habit of viewing things in just proportion, which belongs to minds of large culture and accomplishment; and who has even acquired by his later experience something of

a spirit of conservatism, disposing him to look back with a smile on the period of his more ardent youth, when abstractions seemed golden, and he had greater faith in the power of individuals to remodel society. The book, therefore, is not a dose of liberal Italian politics under the guise of a story. It is a faithful autobiographic novel, a genuine story of real life. Its merits, simply as a work of literary art, are of a very high order. The style is really beautiful—easy, sprightly, graceful, and full of the happiest and most ingenious turns of phrase and of fancy. We question if any book has been recently published in this country, indisputably the work of a foreigner, exhibiting so perfect a command of pure, elegant, and idiomatic English. And in the higher respects of artistic construction, clear and graphic narrative, and varied character-painting, the book is equally excellent. A vein of quiet, keen, and pleasant humour pervades it throughout. In short, while we recommend it with confidence to all those to whom the nature of its materials as a story of Italian life twenty or thirty years ago will prove a special attraction, we can recommend it also to others, who might be proof against such an attraction, as a composition characterized by a finer species of literary interest than many of the most popular novels of the season. There is love in it, too, ladies; a beautiful Italian Lilla wins and pains the heart of the young Lorenzo; there are spots of pure sunshine, and that sunshine Italian, in the course of the story; and even at the close, where the darker elements prevail, and men struggle with men with death for the issue, love hovers in the air, and white arms are wound impeding round the fighting and the flying.

Dismissing the work as a whole, with this summary description of it, to the care of those who shall read it, let us take it up here in the aspect in which it most interests ourselves—that is, as an authentic picture of Italian boyhood and youth under a despotic government some twenty or thirty years ago, and of Italian life in general as it still flows on wherever there is despotic rule. The state of society in Piedmont is happily not what it was at the period to which this story refers, though even there some of the features of the picture are still unchanged; but it must be a sad reflection to the writer, that what he has set down here respecting the social condition of his native portion of Italy then, is to be accepted, with but little alteration, as still true of every other portion of the Italian peninsula.

Boyhood and youth, words of deep import, which after all imply very much the same things all the world over! Yes, the route which a child has to travel on his way to manhood is, amid all the diversities of clime and country, whether amid the fair-haired sons of the North, with their blue and grey eyes

betokening research and phantasy, or the flashing-eyed and black-haired children of the passionate South, very much the same in reality. To the many, a route onward to that common field of professional activity where they shall make money, and have houses of their own, and beget children in their likeness, and labour on and die; to the few whose destiny it is to think, a weary path, beginning at any point of a vast circumference where the chance of birth may have cast them, but leading surely and invariably to that middle space of all where the initiated of all nations walk up and down, putting the same questions and giving the same answers! This is one of the things with which we have been impressed in reading the present story. It is on the whole, however, a story only of external and social life; and hence there is more throughout of local colour and costume than if, even with an Italian for the author and the subject, the purpose of the story had been to exhibit the gradual development of an individual mind. The very first scene, where we are introduced to the young Lorenzo, then a boy of seven, living with his uncle, a Catholic priest, in a small country town of Piedmont at some distance from Genoa, is thoroughly Italian:—

“Every day, as surely as the day came, when the clock struck eleven, my uncle the Canon invariably said Mass, at which I invariably officiated as his assistant. This ceremony had long lost the attraction of novelty, having been repeated daily for two whole years; and as, besides, my uncle’s Mass was very long, it is needless to say, that I went through it with a feeling of intense *ennui*. So, when, at a certain moment, after having helped the priest to the wine and water, it was my duty to replace the sacred phials behind a curtain on the left of the altar, I never failed, by way of relief, to take, under cover of that same curtain, a long pull at the phial of wine. This was only for the fun, as wine was not with me a favourite beverage. \* \* \* My uncle was a weak-minded, rather good than bad sort of man, about sixty, who spent one half of the year in expecting wonders from the approaching crop, and the other half in bewailing the failure of his hopes—thus for ever oscillating between the two extremes of unbounded expectation and utter despair. My uncle had only one distinct idea in his brain—olives; only one interest in life—olives; only one topic of discussion, either at home or abroad—olives. Olives of every size and description—salted olives, dried olives, pickled olives—encumbered the table at dinner and supper, and no dish was served without the seasoning of olives. All my uncle’s walks, in which I was regularly ordered to accompany him, had for their sole object to observe the appearance of the olives on the trees, and to watch their progress; and, at a certain period of the year, we literally trod on olives, which were strewed a foot deep on the floor of our large hall. The very air we breathed was impregnated with olive emanations. The rare intervals

in which olives were let alone were employed by my uncle in abusing France and Frenchmen. This was a sort of secondary hobby with him. What France or the French had done to the old canon I do not know, but I well remember a certain anecdote on the subject, which he would repeat over and over again, with ever-renewed mirth and no little pride. Being once in the vicinity of the Var, where this river separates the Sardinian States from France, he had crossed the bridge, gone over to the French side, bit his thumb at France, and come back triumphant. Let France get out of it as she can !”

From his residence with this worthy gentleman Lorenzo was taken back at the age of eight to his native Genoa, to be entered as a pupil in the Royal College of that city—a place of education corresponding, in the Italian scale of ascent, with a Scottish grammar-school, or rather (seeing that the pupils were for the most part boarded within the establishment) with an English public school. The constitution of this seminary is thus described :—

“ The Royal College was under the direction of the Reverend Somaschi Fathers, one of the monastic orders devoted by their institution to the education of youth, and was governed according to the following hierarchy :—

“ A Father RETTORE—sovereign power, without control or appeal—Czar and Pope in one.

“ A Father VICE-RETTORE—*locum tenens* of the first in case of absence or illness.

“ A Father MINISTRO—the real executive power, everywhere present, and meddling with everything.

“ Last of all, the PREFETTI, or superintendents. A prefetto was placed over each division, and never left it night or day. At table, in the school-room, at church, in the play-ground, the inevitable prefetto was ever there, ever everywhere. During the night, from his bed, placed at the upper end of the dormitory, he commanded the whole room at a glance, and watched that silence and order should not be broken.

“ I must add, that the irksome and enslaving duties of prefetto were so ill remunerated, that none but a starveling of the lowest order of priesthood would have accepted the position. They were generally men without cultivation or instruction of any kind, and pretty well justified our school expression, that their tonsure was taken as a ticket of exemption from the plough or the conscription.”

This general description is followed up, in the course of the story, by portraits of the several officials and dignitaries connected with the school. Among the best portraits are the following :—

*The Prefetto.*—“ The Prefetto of our Division was an ugly, dirty, round-bellied priest, with a large red nose covered with carbuncles,

which might have rivalled that of Shakspeare's Bardolph, and two little savage eyes bright with malice. Such, in two words, was Don Silvestro. (The title of *Don* is given in Italy to all the clergy.) Scarcely able to read his breviary, knowing no language but the dialect of his mountains, his profound ignorance, which he himself could not help being aware of, joined to natural and instinctive malignity, kept him in a constant state of hostility towards a set of youths whose superiority humbled him, and disposed him to see an insult in any expression, the meaning of which his thick skull could not catch. But this sort of latent ill-will transformed itself into open warfare and frightful violence, whenever he chanced to be seized with a fit of a kind of malady, which we did not know how to define, and which was nothing less than decided melancholy madness. I suspect, for my part, that these fits were, if not occasioned, at least aggravated, by excess in drinking, as there was always about him, on such occasions, a strong smell of spirits. His fixed idea in these fits was, that we were determined to have his life. Sometimes he fancied we had poisoned his wine; at others he declared there was a plot to murder him during his sleep. I remember that one day he saw a menace of death to him in a red cross which I had most innocently painted on my desk. Another time he had one of my schoolfellows sent to prison, as guilty of having sharpened a pen-knife with the intention of cutting his (the Prefetto's) throat. This unfortunate man died a few years afterwards in a mad-house, raving in his last moments of nothing but poison and daggers."

*An Absurd Professor.*—"The regular lecturer happening to be ill in bed, a supplementary professor filled his place—a thin, sallow, lanky priest of about thirty. His real name has escaped my memory, for he always went amongst us by the appellation of *Spiderlegs*, owing to the disproportionate length of his nether limbs, which gave him the appearance of a clerical shaven crown upon stilts. The excessive tendency to familiarity which characterizes childhood, requires, on the part of a teacher, to keep it from degenerating into rude disrespect, a nicety of judgment which few possess—and Spiderlegs least of all. He possessed not one quality which could command respect—no learning, no manners, no taste, no brilliant or solid qualities of any kind, to redeem in any degree the awkwardness of his appearance. On the contrary, a vulgar emphasis, absurd gestures, a rage for incorrect quotations, and a turn for floundering into subjects quite beyond his depth, combined to make of him the most grotesque caricature. I must further mention one of his foibles, quite incomprehensible in one so ill formed. His strange figure would have been perfectly veiled by the priest's long gown, such as is commonly worn in our country; but, as if to display his deformity to its best advantage, Spiderlegs had had the weakness to adopt the short ecclesiastical coat, knee-breeches, and black silk stockings, a rather modern innovation, first introduced by some abbé anxious to show off his handsome limbs. The most serious man could not have refrained from a smile at sight of Spiderlegs, with his head complacently bent on one side, his short cloak tucked up under his arm, his elbows squared, his toes turned out, tripping for-

wards with a sort of skip at every step, which gave him a family likeness to a magpie wagging its tail as it hops along.—The lecture begins—Spiderlegs is in his professor's desk, which is exactly like a pulpit. How often has he stood there as in a pillory, a mark for the mocks and gibes of his turbulent class! The pupils, one after another, enter the hall, each holding his coat-tails under his arm, and mimicking, with mock gravity, all the ridiculous peculiarities of the professor's gait. Presently, the pupils stand in a row, in the middle of the hall, to repeat their lesson. The lesson is said admirably—not a word is omitted. The professor lavishes praise and encouragement upon this extraordinary diligence, amid the titterings, to him quite incomprehensible, of the whole set; till one unlucky, near-sighted fellow, begins to hesitate and stammer. Spiderlegs frowns. 'Are you not ashamed,' cries he, 'to fall so far short of your companions? Follow the example they have set you.' Renewed hilarity. 'Go nearer,' says a voice. 'You ought to have put on spectacles,' cries another. 'We'll write larger another time,' breaks in a third. The direction of all eyes leads at last those of the bewildered lecturer to look over his desk, and there he sees, just beneath him, and facing the pupils, a huge paper, with the lesson of the day written in capital letters. He tears it off indignantly, and flings the pieces about him with rage.—The themes are then called for, but scarcely a dozen out of fifty can be collected. Spiderlegs exclaims against such an enormous deficit, and asks of those who have failed how this comes about. Now for the best of the joke. One, with a lamentable air, shows his cheek dreadfully swelled from toothache, which was of course, a moment before, in its natural state. Another has dislocated his wrist, and exhibits it to the professor, shockingly contracted. A third raises his fore-finger, bound round with a heap of rag—he has cut himself to the bone. Others audaciously assert that they have given in their theme, and that it must have been mislaid, and set about hunting for it, of course only creating disorder. Poor Spiderlegs must be satisfied with what he has got, and begins to read.—The professor having made up his mind to this, his audience make up theirs, some to lean with their elbows on their desks to take a little nap as comfortably as they can, others to have a game of draughts, others to play at odds or evens. A battle with paper arrows begins between the day scholars and the boarders, seated at the opposite sides of the hall, while the rest, who have no particular occupation, set to talking, laughing, or quarrelling, with the same freedom as if no professor at all were present."

*A Popular Professor.*—"Three hours later, the same hall which had been the scene of such uproar and riot in the morning, presented a totally different, and far more edifying picture. The pupils were bent in silent attention over their books, and order and propriety prevailed throughout. It seemed almost impossible that these should be the same youths, so riotous and unruly in the morning; and the man who, by his presence alone, could operate such a metamorphosis, deserves a few words of introduction to the reader.—Signor Lausi, our professor of Latin and Italian poetry, was a man about forty, with a

considerable tendency to corpulence, which, however, a tall, well-proportioned figure carried off very well. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles, had a rather high-coloured complexion, and a countenance expressive of serene benevolence. Gentle and intelligent was his smile, and his voice sweet and melodious; but the influence he exercised upon his numerous audience depended chiefly upon that natural refinement of manners which wins affection while it imposes involuntary respect. There is nothing that so surely commands reverence from young people as treating them with a certain degree of regard, which makes it a point of honour on their part to strive to merit the good opinion indicated. But, perhaps, the circumstance which had the greatest share in the authority and popularity of our lecturer on poetry, was that of Signor Lanzi's not being a priest. Had he been a priest or a monk—two words synonymous among us with tyrant and fool—he would infallibly have met with a systematic opposition, and an amount of ill-will, which he would no doubt in course of time have overcome, though not without a struggle. As he wore boots and a round hat, instead of a clerical three-cornered one and black silk stockings, he found no unfavourable prepossession against him, and we soon felt that we might yield ourselves to his guidance without degradation. Such at least was our college reasoning, and I give it for what it is worth. Signor Lanzi possessed besides intrinsic merits more than sufficient to captivate our young minds. His erudition in Greek and Latin literature was really prodigious, and he was very well versed in Archaeology. There was hardly an author, Greek or Roman—even the most obscure, that he had not analyzed, dissected, passed through the crucible of his brain; hardly a scholium or a commentary that he had not himself commented upon. It was a real pleasure to hear Signor Lanzi earnestly dissert, for hours, on the *Catonis animum atrocem* of Horace, or on the substitution of an *r* for a *v* in the word *Diva*. You would have supposed, from the solemnity of his tone, that the fate of the whole world rested upon the question. He was exclusive in his admiration of the classics, and he would positively work himself up to the point of weeping over *Fons Bandusia, splendidior vitro*, while the beauties of Shakspeare and Schiller left him quite unmoved. Indeed, he hated innovators as much as he could hate anything, and would, I believe, willingly have seen them consigned to an *auto-da-fé*. Such was the man who had undertaken to make poets of us."

*The Father Rettore.*—"The Father Rettore was a little old man of about seventy years of age. His carrotty wig, set awry, his high-boned rosy cheeks, a large vein, which marked a thick blue line upon his red nose always crammed with snuff, tended to render his appearance rather ridiculous than imposing. And yet, notwithstanding this somewhat grotesque exterior, never was monarch in all his mightiness more revered by his subjects than was the Father Rettore by the turbulent youth confided to his care; and this was not owing solely to the perfectly unlimited extent of his power. Other circumstances concurred to make him an object of profound respect, such as an illustrious name and exquisitely polished manners, for which he was indebted to a

highly aristocratical, nay, princely education, and a reputation for immense learning, and for an austerity of life worthy of the early ages of the Church. Wonderful tales of the penances and macerations he was said to impose upon himself circulated in the College, and were calculated to strike our young minds, open as they were to receive strong impressions from all that rose above ordinary life—and to inspire us with deep veneration for a head which we looked upon as already encircled with a halo of saintly glory. As just as it was possible to be in his situation, kind and humane, although frequently severe upon system, full to the brim of a conscientious sense of duty, this austere man, combined in himself, in the highest degree, the virtues and the defects of a fervent Catholic priest. Unbounded was his devotion to the young flock entrusted to him, for whose eternal weal he considered himself individually responsible to God; but this sense of responsibility caused him to carry intolerance to a pitch of cruelty worthy of a Torquemada, in all cases in which he thought—with or without reason—that he saw the slightest offence to religion. And such is the power of any faith deep and sincere, even when carried to excess, that in spite of its effects being often productive of serious evil to us, we looked with admiration on the bent priest, who at such times, drawing himself up, as if by miracle, to his full height, would stand majestic and inexorable, like Moses, when coming down from the mountain, he found the Israelites worshipping the golden calf. Besides, the Father Rettore, in order the better to maintain the manifold influence he possessed, did not disdain to have recourse to certain tactics, which proved his long and deep experience of children. A certain degree of mystery surrounded all his actions, especially the punishments he inflicted. It was not uncommon, for instance, that a summons to the presence of the Father Rettore should be followed by the disappearance of the individual thus summoned. What had become of him? Nothing transpired, and it was only on his being restored to his companions that it became known that he had been, perhaps, in prison. This was the system of Venice applied to a college. Like those of the oracles of old, so the awards of this dreaded monk came from an invisible source; for the Father Rettore lived far from the eyes of the profane, and in a mysterious sphere, from which, however, his influence penetrated everywhere, and at every moment. His very rare appearance in public became an event the more imposing from its always occurring unexpectedly. He spoke little, seldom smiled, was very sparing of praise, which he ever tempered with some slight reproof, and there was generally something of studied severity, I might say, of harshness, in his manner; but this rugged exterior concealed exquisite sensibility, which we had more than once discovered. At the bed-side of the sick his mask would fall off, and the natural man appear: there he let forth all the treasures of his gentle kindness. What care, what tender anxiety, what soft solicitude! He would become a child again himself, to bring a smile upon the lips of a sick child. With what affection he would make himself his nurse, watch and comfort him, and humour his little wishes or his whims!

It was affecting also to see the good old man on a sacrament day, his countenance radiant, and shedding tears of tenderness, as he prayed for his beloved children, whom he believed to be in a state of grace. These bursts of sensibility, which gave an insight into the depths of his soul, did not escape our sharp-sighted observation, and mingled with our awe of the Father Rettore the more tender sentiment of almost filial love."

Now, all these are thoroughly Italian portraits, that of the Father Rettore especially. And yet they are not strange to us. There is perhaps not one of these figures, and perhaps not one of all the pedagogic types introduced to us throughout the first half of the book, that has not its exact Scottish or English analogue. The contrast, for example, so admirably depicted, between the poor absurd Professor and his popular and efficient colleague, is one which reproduces itself, with little variation, in almost every college or grammar-school in our own country. Cannot the memory of every one of us furnish recollections of native pedagogues as absurd as the Genoese Spiderlegs, as worthy of undying respect as the Genoese Professor of Poetry? To our own memory as we write there rise the figures of three men, now dead, who, were there a record of such things, ought to be consigned to the order of academic infamy. There was Dr. A., a Professor of Natural History, a poor old man who gave us, instead of Natural History, a mere rubbish of scraps pertaining to no science in particular, who was a source of fun to us all, whom we pelted with snow regularly as the winter came, on whose black board we used to chalk ineffable figures, during whose lectures we sang songs, and whose dialect we used to mimic to his face. There was Dr. B., a Professor of Moral Philosophy, almost worse still, an old man who lectured trash to us out of manuscripts not his own, while some of us drank bottled porter under the seats, and whose wits, never bright, were all but absolutely gone, so that he used to be seized with mental obscurations and total loss of the power of utterance in the class-room. There was Dr. C., who ought to have taught us three or four languages, but in whose class-room we used to read novels, and write letters, from a perfectly sound conviction that this was the more judicious expenditure of the time we were obliged to be in his company. It makes us angry even now to think of how much these three holders of important Chairs defrauded ourselves and hundreds more, who are now scattered over the world, inferior to what they might have been by all that the hours thus wasted might have added to their culture. Probably the evil is one for which there can be no perfect remedy; and yet one cannot but think that there might be a provision for rooting out from our colleges all such very notorious incapables.

On the other hand, perhaps there is an educational value in the existence in our Universities and other public institutions, of a fair proportion of such pedagogic humbugs. They serve at least as sources of some of the most rich reminiscences in the after-lives of those whose youth they have professionally cheated. Happy, however, the educational institution that has not too many of them, and that can balance every Spiderlegs and Don Silvestro with at least one Signor Lanzi and one Father Rettore. Nor, fortunately, are such men more rare than their opposites. Side by side in our own memory with the very humbugs we have named stand men of a very different cast, every thought of whom, even yet, is a new sense of gratitude. One man, we remember, a colleague of the two incapables first mentioned, who was in all respects, save that of physical appearance, a very brother of the Signor Lanzi presented to us by our friend Benoni—a man whose head was itself a type of the true Roman strictness he loved to expound and inculcate, whose rendering of *O Fons Bandusiae* would have been a treat to Horace himself, whose reproaches for a false construction or a false quantity made us feel like criminals for half a day, and to learn Latin from whom was to be taught accuracy and research for ever. Nor, when he is remembered, is it possible to forget others to whom, each after his own fashion, a similar tribute would be due—him, for example, who, while he taught us Euclid, reminded us, by figure and character, of Aristides; or him, whose warm heart and enthusiasm made us love Homer and Sophocles for his sake as well as for their own; or him, the weak-voiced, strong-armed eccentric, who led us so cursorily, but so beautifully, over the field of general physics, whose real opinions baffled all investigation, who called us blackguards to our faces, made sly hits at the *idola fori* of our neighbourhood, and so first taught us to doubt and to question. Of these, some were men hardly known, perhaps, beyond a local circle within which their useful lives had been spent; but they were men who, if a right note were taken of such things, should have been sought out for public and conspicuous honour. Whether in Italy or in Great Britain there is no more deserving functionary in a Commonwealth than a conscientious and able teacher; and it might be made a test of the social condition of states how many such functionaries they have, and what scope is given to them.

Piedmont, thirty years ago, if we may trust the representation of its educational institutions given in the pages before us, would have stood very ill the application of such a test. The Signor Lanzi, and the Father Rettore of the Royal College of Genoa were, it is clear, exceptional phenomena—instances rather of how good men may lurk as anomalies under any system, or even be

cast constitutionally in the mould of the worst system, than of the proper character and bearing of the system with which they were associated. And here we are reminded, in spite of such international resemblances as we have noted, that it is to school-life in a despotic country that we are introduced in the pages before us. Whoever wishes to obtain an idea of the difference between the system of education in a free and that in a despotic country, ought to read the account which our author gives of the management of the Royal College of Genoa under the rule of Somaschi Friars. The essence of the difference soon appears. In a free country, education, as we know too well, may be deficient enough in quantity, and bad enough in kind; but, such as it is, it is supplied to those who can procure it as something good and desirable in itself, and the end and direction of such education are determined no farther than they may happen to be by the general wants of the community, and the general ideas, be they truths or prejudices, which float in the whole social atmosphere. In a despotic country, on the other hand, education, where it is administered at all, is administered as something which is dangerous, but which cannot be withheld; and the end, amount, and direction of such education, are determined by the one blasting thought, of how it may be reconciled with the conservation of despotism itself, as represented in a set of arrangements not spontaneously adopted by the community, but let down into it, and tied over it, as an entirely separate interest. Such preeminently, is education in Italy. In every part of Italy, with some exception now in favour of Piedmont, what is called the government, is something extraneous to the people, something tied down over them as an entirely separate interest; and such education as cannot be withheld is ordered, stinted, corrupted, supervised to the one end of not loosening or of farther strengthening the wretched bonds by which this incubus holds itself from being flung off. Worst of all, it has been reserved for the Roman Catholic priesthood, herein untrue to that ancient ideal of Catholicism which was proclaimed by their own Hildebrand, and which, with all its faults, contemplated a very different function for the Church in the history of the world, than that of being the lackey of secular tyrants—it has been reserved for this priesthood to assume the office of the thus degraded schoolmaster. How are the mighty fallen! A priesthood teaching, as the theory is, that the great God of heaven and earth has left as a deposit of his past presence and footing on our planet, an institution called the Papacy, and that it is for this institution to control the thoughts of men, and to issue from time to time, by virtue of its connexion with the unseen world of truth, new intellectual irradiations, and new moral decrees, till the

earth, swimming in factitious beauty, shall near the goal of the Eternal—this were a sight to awaken chivalrous respect even in those to whom the theory itself seemed but a fallacy and delusion. But where, save in the dreams of a few English neophytes, who are carrying more into Catholicism than they are deriving out of it, is such a priesthood now? The characteristic intellectual work of clerical Catholicism proper, at the present hour, is to write catechisms of despotism, such as the Austrians compel to be used in the schools of Italy, and otherwise to theorize everywhere for the conservation of a particular type of secular government. And this definition will hold good until Jeauitism shall show that it has a programme of its own, distinct from the mere design of converting the nations to the rule of the actual Papacy.

Even more striking than the author's picture of Italian school-life, as an illustration of the practice of despotic governments in the matter of education, is the account he gives of what may be termed the university portion of the career of his friend Benoni. At the time when Benoni is supposed to leave the Royal College and to enter on this portion of his career, the University of Genoa, which, with that of Turin, had been closed in consequence of the insurrectionary movement in Piedmont in 1821, had just been re-opened under a new code of regulations. In several chapters, accordingly, the author makes it his aim, partly by historical details as to the nature of these regulations, partly by humorous accounts of the shifts to which his hero and other young men were put in order to comply with these regulations, to present a vivid picture of the obstacles thrown in the way of the youth of Italy when they reach a period of life when they can think and judge for themselves. In these chapters we have some additional, and, we have no doubt, authentic portraits of Italian officials—in particular, a most graphic portrait of a Mr. Merlimi, Acting Commissioner for the Board of Public Instruction, and a perfect lynx of despotism.

Referring to the story itself for the facts, let us only note the impressions they give us, as to the real effect on the young men themselves, of the system of education pursued in the schools and universities of Italy. In the first place, it is clear, Italians in good circumstances do, under all the disadvantages of the system, succeed in being educated, and even, in some respects, well educated. Perhaps it is in the article of science, and especially of science as either stimulating to intellectual generalisation, or trenching on social practice, that formal Italian education is most deficient. The priests do not seem to be jealous of geometry, nor would they repress a decided bent to anatomy, to optics, or to hydraulics; but they would rather not have a Liebig

among their pupils, much less a political economist. In the article of traditional literature, on the other hand, they seem to be less wary. Young men belonging to wealthy families may, it is probable, be as well grounded in the classics, and in all the learning of archæology, in Italy as anywhere else. Literary taste, skill in versification, and the like, seem to be even encouraged; and in the native country of modern art, it would be hard if there were not the means of sufficient culture both to practical excellence in music and painting, and to a wide-spread and genial dilettantism. In short, whether it is that, even where priests are the schoolmasters, there is a certain routine of valuable studies which custom and the prescription of ages make sacred and inevitable, or whether it is that there are always a sufficient number of men like the Signor Lanzi and the Father Rettore to keep young men hard at work within the permitted range, or whether it is that there are in Italy sufficient means of education supplementary to that of the schools, extending even to liberty of access for the few to prohibited books of foreign and native literature, it is certain, that if the young men of the wealthier classes in Italy consented to be mere book-worms or dilettanti, they might go on as comfortably as in any other country in Europe. But they will not consent to this; and here lies the difference. We wrong them in expecting that they should. It is all very well for us in a land like ours, where we may rave on platforms if we like, and plunge up to the neck in politics of any colour, to affect the philosophy of a Goethe, sneer at the life of platforms and politicians, and preach the calm and sober culture of the individual. The calm and sober culture of the individual! The luxury of ennui to a man fatigued with work, the post-prandial appetite for nothing but wine and walnuts! But a nation doomed to ennui as its one occupation, served with wine and walnuts as its only food! We have lost the right English spirit in contemplating such matters. There is a cant, it may be, in these everlasting disquisitions on freedom, with which the world resounds; but in our horror of such cant, and our speculative disgust with the platitudes of demagoguery, are we not beginning to lose sight of the grand old truth which the word freedom does recognise, and to strike a note that is weak and false? O for one hour of a Milton to sound anew the trumpet-blast, to refresh an intellectual world sick with too much Goethe, and to teach how much better for the mind of man even the jars and broils of liberty, than the peace of priests, with pictures, dance, and song! Italy may come round at some time to the calm and sober culture of the individual; at present, what she craves is a little freedom to choose the opposite. Right or wrong, the youth of Italy are not content to be either mere book-worms or

mere dilettanti, even should the liberty of private religious scepticism be added in the most abundant measure. Hence a universal spirit of rebellion, such as no other country can parallel, against the entire system under which they are educated. With all that they do contrive to acquire by way of culture under that system, they feel that they are systematically wronged. With the instinct of many generations in them, they chafe and revolt under a system which seeks to train them up so that they shall be passive slaves of the governments that are tied down over them. Above all, they hate their schoolmasters. There is something terrible, something passing all that we in England know of hatred, in the hatred with which every educated young Italian regards a priest. A priest—only hear the tone of mingled contempt, loathing, and suspicion with which a young Italian pronounces the name! And hence in Italy it is the delight of young men to complete their own education by plunging into whatever regions of thought or investigation are under sacerdotal prohibition, and by running riot in all that can gratify their secret glee in doing spite to the priests. Thousands of Italians are freethinkers and blasphemers literally out of a spirit of revenge. That antagonism to what seems unworthy of belief which, in a free country, where it can have a natural outlet, assumes the mild form of speculative dissent tempered by social respect, assumes in Italy rather the form of secret orgies of sceptical conference, of bigotry against bigotry, of underground plot and organization to create, within a society all permeated by priests, another and esoteric society into which nothing priestly can penetrate. And so, on and on rolls life in Italy, one generation of young men succeeding another, each, while it is young, going through its course of hatred to the priests, and each, as age and respectability grow upon it, succumbing to these very priests, confessing to them, being married by them, and shrived by them, and carried by them to their duly consecrated graves. The women and the peasantry form in Italy, as in every other Catholic country, the permanent social menstruum in which the scepticism of the educated men is lost and dissolved as fast as it is formed. But already in Italy the entire social mass begins to be pervaded with what is virtually an anti-Papal feeling; and if the Pope wishes to live in a really Catholic country, he ought to leave Italy very soon, and take up his abode in Ireland.

It is a common observation of those who have opportunities of watching the youth of a country or of a district, in the aggregate, for any number of years, that talent and energy are not diffused in equal proportions over equal parts of a given period, but seem rather to come in irregular waves. Ask any

veteran teacher, and he will tell you that such has been his experience, and that, in looking back, he can fix on the precise year or years when his class contained a greater galaxy of talent than ever before or since. Whether it is that there is a kind of contagion operating among young men, so that, where there is one youth of any special bent, others are leavened all round him, or whether, as is more probable, the reason lies in a more general law, according to which, as the vegetable crops of certain physical years are unusually fine, so certain years, taken after a moral measure, are characterized by a better than average condition of human nerve, certain it is that this fact of undulation, of unequal concentration of talent and spirit in particular times and places, may be observed both on the large scale and on the small. Now, connecting the representations of the work before us, with what we chance to know of the real basis of fact in the history of Italy on which these representations rest, we have no hesitation in saying that the years 1830-33, about which time our friend Lorenzo Benoni, leaving his studies at the University behind him, is represented as beginning life in Genoa on his own account, as a young lawyer, must have been, if not for all Piedmont, at least for Genoa and its neighbourhood, precisely one of these epochs of unusual flower. It is a curious fact, indeed, already well known, that no city has contributed so many men conspicuous in recent Italian politics as Genoa. The fact might be susceptible of explanation were we to consider duly the peculiar relation of Genoa during the last forty years to the Sardinian kingdom, and again the peculiar relation of that kingdom to Italy in general. Suffice it here to remind our readers, that, until the year 1848, the Sardinian or Piedmontese kingdom was under a despotism both military and ecclesiastical, which gave its subjects ample opportunities of personally studying the common problem of the whole peninsula; that the natural subjects of this kingdom, the Piedmontese proper, have a peculiar and rather hard type of character, distinguishing them from the rest of the Italians; and again that the Genoese, politically compatriots of the Piedmontese since 1815, have elements in them, more especially the proud republican memories of a thousand years, distinguishing them from the Piedmontese, and qualifying them to think and act, under the conditions of their new combination, in an original and influential manner.

Leaving these hints to suggest what they may, let us fancy the one Genoese in whose fortunes we are at present interested, as he walked about his native city, laden with his last University honours, and with the poor prospects of a Genoese lawyer before him, in the year 1830. He has his office in his father's house, where he and his brothers live, petted by a mother whom

they all love, and enduring not a little from the tetchy temper of their father, who is secretly proud of them, but hardly sees what is to become of them all, and is in constant dread of their getting into scrapes with the authorities. The brothers, especially two of them, Cæsar and Lorenzo, who are nearly of the same age, are constant companions, and have much time on their hands—Cæsar having as little to do as a physician, as Lorenzo has as a lawyer. They read books, they walk out, they play billiards, they go to balls and theatres; they enjoy the moonlight and the lovely night-expanse of sea, smoking their cigars on the bridge of Carignano as long as the carabinieri, the detested police of Genoa, will let them stay out of bed; they do all that honest youths can to reconcile the hopefulness and buoyant spirit of youth in general with the chronic ennui to which youth in Italy is subject. It is hard work. At every step they are dogged by a carabineer, or meet the sinister face of a Jesuit, or have to command the hot Italian pride rising in their hearts as they encounter the insulting glance of an Austrian officer, or are reminded in one of a thousand ways of the miserable meshes under which the society of which they are a part lies bound and enthralled. In these circumstances they find a resource in what in Italy exists in all the force of a real passion—friendship. Precisely as the state of society in Italy develops types of treachery, meanness, cowardliness, and cruelty, more pure and exaggerated than are found in most other countries, so, on the other hand, operating on natures of better material, it produces characters in which the virtues of honour, fidelity, courage, and gentleness, are pushed to the degree of romance. What we call friendship in England would hardly answer to the Italian definition of the word. When an Italian brings himself to say *Tu* to a man, thus acknowledging him as his friend, it is a kind of paction of life and death between the two—purse, thoughts, secrets are thenceforth in common between them. Such was the friendship formed between our two brothers and a young fellow-townsmen with whom about this time they became acquainted, and who thenceforward figures in the history under the name of Fantasio. This remarkable person is thus described :—

“Fantasio was my elder by one year. He had a finely-shaped head, the forehead spacious and prominent, and eyes black as jet, at times darting lightning. His complexion was a pale olive, and his features, remarkably striking altogether, were set, so to speak, in a profusion of flowing black hair, which he wore rather long. The expression of his countenance, grave and almost severe, was softened by a smile of great sweetness, mingled with a certain shrewdness, betraying a rich comic vein. He spoke well and fluently, and when he warmed upon a sub-

ject, there was a fascinating power in his eyes, his gestures, his voice, his whole bearing, that was quite irresistible. His life was one of retirement and study; the amusements common with young men of his age had no attraction for him. His library, his cigar, his coffee; some occasional walks, rarely in the day time, and always in solitary places, more frequently in the evening and by moonlight,—such were his only pleasures. His morals were irreproachable, his conversation was always chaste. If any of the young companions he gathered round him occasionally indulged in some wanton jest, or expression of double meaning, Fantasio—God bless him!—would put an immediate stop to it by some one word, which never failed of its effect. Such was the influence that the purity of his life, and his incontestable superiority, gave to him. Fantasio was well versed in history, and in the literature not only of his own but of foreign countries. Shakspeare, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, were as familiar to him as Dante and Alfieri. Spare and thin in body, he had an indefatigably active mind; he wrote much and well both in prose and verse, and there was hardly a subject he had not attempted,—historical essays, literary criticisms, tragedies, &c. A passionate lover of liberty under every shape, there breathed in his fiery soul an indomitable spirit of revolt against tyranny and oppression of every sort. Kind, feeling, generous, never did he refuse advice or service, and his library, amply furnished, as well as his well-filled purse, were always at the command of his friends. Perhaps he was rather fond of displaying the brilliancy of his dialectic powers at the expense of good sense, by maintaining occasionally strange paradoxes. Perhaps there was a slight touch of affectation in his invariably black dress; and his horror of apparent shirt-collars was certainly somewhat exaggerated; but, take him all in all, he was a noble lad.—To him I owe having really read and enjoyed Dante. Many a time, before having made acquaintance with Fantasio, I had taken up the *Divina Commedia* with the firm determination of going through the whole of it; but soon recoiling from its difficulties I had given up the task, and contented myself with reading those portions of the great poem which are most famous, and the beauties of which are most popular. In a word, I had only sought amusement in Dante. Fantasio taught me to look there for instruction and the ennobling of my faculties. I drank deeply at this source of profound thought and generous emotion, and from that time the name of Italy, which recurs so often in the book, became sacred to me, and made my very heart beat.”

Fantasio and the two brothers become from this time the principal figures in a group or clique of young men, including some of the most promising of the educated youth of Genoa. Lorenzo is about twenty-one years of age, tall, thin, dark, and with an expression of languor in his countenance, which easily brightens up, and changes for the better. Cæsar, a year older, and to whom Fantasio is more strongly attached than even to Lorenzo, is less tall, but stouter and better proportioned, with a healthy glow in his cheeks, and clustering chesnut hair. Other

figures in the group are—a youth named Alfred, Lorenzo's *fidus Achates* at school; and a youth named Sforza, a daring, strange, resolute being, who, even as a boy, had shewn himself a born leader when firm will and action were required, whose hopes in professional life had been blasted by his expulsion from school for a fray against the friars, and who, though poor as a rat, and living frugally by giving lessons in drawing, would never borrow money or confess the want of it. There is besides another youth, Vadoni, an unfortunate wretch, who had been compelled by a miserly uncle to embrace the priestly office against his will; and from time to time there appears also a youth, of high aristocratic birth, named "the Prince," who figures rather equivocally in the earlier part of the story, where he is already introduced to us as Lorenzo's enemy and rival at school. These, we believe, are not imaginary portraits, but all portraits from the life. It will not be difficult, at all events, for such as have the clue, to recognise the original of Fantasio in a man not unknown at the present day in the history of Europe. The portrait is not without a dash of criticism in it, as if years and events had made Lorenzo no longer exactly what he once was to Fantasio, nor Fantasio what he once was to Lorenzo; and yet, if our identification of the portrait with the original is correct, what a tribute is paid to a man now much maligned in Europe, in the fascinating picture given in these pages of the young Fantasio of Genoa, so pure, so good, so noble!

From walks and talks together, from readings of Dante, from discussions of the great question of Classicism or Romanticism then agitating the literary world, from projects of literary journals in the interest of the Romantic school, to be published at Florence, where the censorship was less strict than in Piedmont—little wonder if the thoughts of Fantasio and his friends turned at last most decisively to Italian politics. Indeed, of what else could an Italian think? His country, its wrongs, its hopes of emancipation—from generation to generation this had been the one thought of every honourable Italian breast, a thought to be quenched, perhaps, in some by the cares of life as they grew older, and to be drowned by others in the feeble pleasures of literary dilettantism, but ever ready to burst out afresh, and never, never to be extinct in all. Full of this chronic thought, and cherishing in a nobler form than usual that hatred of priesthood and tyranny into which all Italians are, as we have said, schooled and driven, it was reserved for our Genoese group of friends to feel called, by the circumstances of the time, to put their thoughts in practice. A glorious example was before them in the successful struggle by which the Greeks had won their freedom. Why should not Italy do what Greece had done?

What was wanting in Italy that Greece had possessed? One thing only—a *Hetaireia* like that which had done so much for Greece; a secret association of patriotic souls, bound by a common purpose, and connecting all parts of Italy with each other! Such was the first step of Fantasio and his friends in their progress towards the dangerous career of political conspiracy; and for months, both in Genoa, and in the quiet and beautiful valley of San Secondo, to which they often retire to be out of the bustle of town, the one subject of their conversations is the possibility of founding an Italian *Hetaireia*. Lorenzo and his brother are watched by a kind and eccentric uncle John, who holds a commercial situation in Genoa, and who, perceiving what is in the wind, takes every opportunity of lecturing his nephews on the folly of expecting to turn society like a pancake. Uncle John's maxim is that the only thing is for every individual in his own sphere to be as good and do as much good as he can; and he openly declares that if he were sure that, the first shop he entered, he should be asked only the correct price or whereabouts for any article he wanted to buy, he would think that moral change a more important conquest for the country than all the institutions of Sparta and of Athens to boot. But, after all, his heart goes with the boys; and, had he been Goethe himself instead of only uncle John, his preachings could have had little chance with Italian flesh and blood, daily revolted by the workings of a government characterized since, in the words of even so calm a man as Mr. Gladstone, as a systematic setting up of the negation of God.

We cannot here trace the successive steps of the friends, led and agitated by the burning enthusiasm of Fantasio, in their search after the Italian *Hetaireia*. Suffice it to say, that at first they fling themselves into the arms of Carbonarism, a system of secret association, dating its origin from the Neapolitan movements consequent on the restoration of the Bourbons, and which, at this time, after being dormant for some years, was again recruiting its ranks in all parts of Italy. This connexion with the Carbonari brings a new personage on the field—a Count Alberto; and, with him, his sister, and a long and trying love-episode for poor Lorenzo. But our friends soon become disgusted with Carbonarism, which proves itself, in their experience of it, to be more a mummery than a reality; so that they have to look about among themselves for the elements of a better *Hetaireia*—all the more necessary at a moment when the French Revolution of July seemed to hold out once more to the nations the signal of emancipation. They are scheming and arranging such an association, when, O horror! Fantasio is arrested. It is a moment of intense anxiety, but at last, by an unexpected conjunction of circumstances which stopped the investigations

of the police at the very point when they might have led to death and ruin to all concerned, Fantasio is released, on the condition of his immediate exile to France. He leaves his little group of friends, and takes up his abode in Marseilles. And here for a little while the work of conspiracy is at an end; and in lieu of it love goes on. But soon there comes a messenger with a packet from Fantasio, announcing that as a refugee he has not been idle, that the rudiments of a new organization have been formed by him among his fellow-refugees, and that it depends on the friends he has left behind him in Genoa to give effect and body to this organization by spreading it throughout Piedmont and Italy. Here the memoir before us becomes actual and authentic history. After deliberation, the suggestion of Fantasio is taken up; Cæsar, his bosom-friend, becomes his substitute as the soul of the projected enterprise; and Lorenzo, Sforza, Alfred, Count Alberto, Vadoni, with two new associates—Adriano Stella, a merchant well known on the Genoese Exchange, and his brother Lazzarino, captain of a trading vessel,—are grouped around Cæsar as his coadjutors and ministers. To these is added, after a little while, a young cavalry officer named Vittorio. The work of organization now goes on in right earnest; it is no longer a set of youths dreaming and longing; it is a formidable conspiracy, amply provided with resources, and growing in dimensions every day. We here quote our author—

“In six months of incessant labour, we had obtained results at which we were ourselves astonished. Not a single town of any importance in the kingdom, but had its committee at work; not a considerable village that lacked its propagandist leader. We had succeeded in establishing regular and sure means of communication between the several committees in the interior, and we corresponded abroad, through affiliated travellers, with Tuscany and Rome, through Leghorn and Civita Vecchia, and so on to Naples. The number of adepts had multiplied to such an extent, that we soon felt the necessity of slackening the impulse. People of all classes joined us—nobles, commoners, lawyers, men employed under Government, merchant-captains, sailors, artisans, priests, and monks. Among these last named, my old friend Vadoni, now one of our sect, pushed on propagandism indefatigably, as did our colleagues Adriano Stella and the Prince, the first among the seafaring class, the second among the nobility. . . . . To render justice to every one, I must say that devotion and self-sacrifice were the order of the day in all ranks. Surely the hour appointed by Providence for the deliverance of Italy was not yet at hand, since such a combination of perseverance, self-denial, intelligence, and activity in its cause, were destined to fail in the attempt! It must also be allowed that the directing committee at Marseilles gave us good assistance. Thanks to their agency, the crews of our merchant-vessels which traded to Marseilles returned well indoctrinated and enthusiastic; and in almost all the steam-boats that plied along the coast of the Mediterranean we had confidential agents, charged to carry to the dif-

ferent ports along their line, not only letters, but bales of printed political papers, which were thus introduced to be afterwards distributed inland. . . . But it was specially in a line hitherto unexplored—I mean in the army—that the progress of the Association was most remarkable. Vittorio, the young artillery officer to whom Cæsar during my illness had presented the letter of introduction, had proved an inestimably precious acquisition. He was a young man of two and twenty, strikingly handsome. No man ever realized in my eyes, as he did, the type of a hero, both in body and in mind. He was taller by a head than the tallest of us, and erect as a tower, and though a youthful down barely shaded his lip, his broad chest and shoulders bespoke the full development of manhood; yet so finely and harmoniously was he proportioned that he did not strike you as being much above the ordinary size. The lines of his spacious forehead, and of his whole countenance, were of that pure cast that we so much admire in ancient Grecian statues; and his every motion and gesture bore that stamp of nobility and easy elegance with which nature endows her most favoured children. When looking at him in his simple but handsome uniform, leaning on his long sword, I could not help thinking of Achilles. The inward was in keeping with the outward man. Vittorio had an ardent spirit, enthusiastically devoted to all that is good and noble, a mild and affectionate disposition, and uncommon capacity and activity. Such a man, it will be readily conceived, could not do things by halves. He first of all secured the co-operation of two of his comrades and friends—his *staff* as he jocularly called them, and then went to work in right earnest. The success he met with exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and in a short time he was at the head of a respectable number of adepts. We were thus secure of access to the arsenal, and of finding there not only the arms which we wanted, but a body of men ready to join and march with us. From the artillery, to which it had been at first confined, the work of propagandism soon spread to the other military corps of the town. There could be no lack of elements of dissatisfaction in an army aristocratically constituted as ours was, (though by the law of conscription service was obligatory on all classes,) and in many corps of which merit was precluded from all advancement, if unaccompanied by pedigree or title. Now this was the case with nine-tenths of the numerous and well instructed class of non-commissioned officers. Let us add, with honest pride, the Piedmontese uniform covered many a brave heart, that beat high and fast at the words 'Italy' and 'National Independence.'

"Such was the state of our affairs in the beginning of the month of February 1882—just fourteen months from the first establishment of the new association—a state full of hope, but also full of danger."

There is no difficulty in recognising in this passage a description of the association which has since become famous in Italian history as the association of "Young Italy." There are many reflections which the picture here given of this celebrated association might suggest to us—particularly the reflection what a state of society that must be, in which all that is noblest

and most generous in a people is driven to such a mode of working a way for itself; and what centuries of suffering, unheard of in our parts of the world, it must have taken to impart to the Italian character such an aptitude for conspiracy and secret organization as is here disclosed. Let us only, however, refer such of our readers as cannot shake off the bad associations legitimately connected with the word *conspiracy* in a country and language like ours, where conspiracy is happily not, as it is in Italy, the only synonym for political activity, to the more detailed representations in the pages of our author. Only by a fair reading of the whole book can the proper impression on this subject be produced.

We hurry to the catastrophe. At the very time when the conspiracy was ripe, and when every hour of delayed action increased the danger of discovery, a difference arose between the Genoese centre and the branch in Turin as to the precise moment for striking the blow. A correspondence is going on to adjust this matter; but the delay is fatal—the conspiracy is discovered. A quarrel between two soldiers is the cause of the discovery. The police lose no time—Cæsar, Sforza, and others are arrested on the instant—Vittorio mysteriously disappears, and investigations begin which lead to wholesale arrests in all the towns of Piedmont. A warrant is out for the arrest of Lorenzo; but he contrives to avoid the carabinieri in time, is hidden for some days in Genoa, escapes in a boat under the care of a smuggler who bargains to carry him to France, grows delirious on the way, and insists on being set on shore on the Sardinian coast, skulks about for a while in the neighbourhood of a country village where he runs great danger of being discovered, and at last by a miracle makes his way across the Var and is safe on French soil. He hastens to Marseilles, and there from the lips of Fantasio learns the fate of those he had left behind him. The book closes with these tidings conveyed in the form of a “Note by the Editor:”—

“Lorenzo’s presentiment as to his brother’s fate had proved but too true. Nor was Cæsar the only one among the reader’s acquaintances—the single victim. Poor Sforza had been shot; the two associates of Vittorio, Miglio was one of them, were also shot. Vadoni was condemned to imprisonment for life; Laszarino to ten years’ solitary confinement in a fortress. The mystery that enveloped Vittorio’s fate was not cleared till some months afterwards, when it was ascertained that he was at Bologna, a prisoner. To explain:—On the morning of the day previous to the capture of the chief conspirators, Vittorio was summoned before his Colonel, seized on while off his guard, thrown into a post-chaise, and conveyed under escort to the frontier of the Roman States, of which he was a native. By this summary, and ap-

presently rigorous proceeding, had the gallant officer contrived, without committing himself too far, to save at least the life of his young subordinate, for whom he was known to entertain a special regard. Count Alberto and Alfred were left unmolested. Adriano Stella, who was absent from home at the time when the arrests began, took good care to keep out of the way. Many a fine fellow, chiefly among the military, whose name has not appeared in the foregoing pages—Vochieri was one—was shot at Alexandria and Chambery; some were confined for life, or for periods varying from ten to twenty years; a still greater number succeeded in effecting their escape abroad."

And so, for the present, the veil is dropped over this interesting Italian history. Reader, we could raise that veil. We could cite, out of authentic and known record, extracts stating in exact detail the time and manner of the death of him who passes in these pages under the name of Cæsar Benoni. It is a tale tragic beyond the power to relate it, calling up, as we write, the image of a prison-wall, of words written on that wall in blood, of gaolers finding a dead body. We could tell of other victims named or not named in this history; and we could trace the farther fortunes both of Lorenzo and Fantasio. The custom of courtesy does not allow that we should do so; only, as this whole history has to us a warmer interest than that of mere literary appreciation, may we be permitted, in conclusion, to throw off for an instant, the critical guise, and consecrate a few lines to private feeling?

The first Italian that we ever knew was a Genoese exile, driven from his country by events connected with those narrated in the volume before us. He might have been a younger brother of Cæsar and Lorenzo. Where these pages shall first see the light, there are many who, with us, will remember Agostino. Memorable to many he was, indeed, fit to be—to old and to young, to rich and to poor, to wise men and to gentle women. Nature never made a man in a nobler, finer mould. He was sent among us to shew what manner of man an Italian might be. Wise, calm, fervid, honourable, proud; capable of being so stern, and withal so courteous! Ever open and considerate to the sorrows of others, ever secret and jealous of his own! To those who saw him but once, he was the type of a thoughtful and most gentle man; to those who saw him often, a fountain of the richest and the rarest pleasure. What he was to ourselves—ah! what was he *not*? Dear to us yet, Agostino, as nothing ever can be dearer, the memory of the hours spent with thee; of the upper-room where we so often sat together, we and our common friend; of thy dark kind face, with its soft and melancholy eyes; of thy deep delightful converse, now of books and old themes of thought or fancy, now of matters personal, now of lighter and more gamesome things. Through thee

it was that we first learned to love Italy—Italy which gave thee to us, and to which again we gave thee back, when duty and freedom called thee. Ah, it is years since then; and now, as from thy bed of sickness under thine own Italian skies, each passing month wafts us tidings of hope or sadness, how we think of thee and the old days which return no more! Over all the intervening space of sea and land, I stretch my hand to thee, O Agostino—a salutation back to life, if our prayers can avail; a farewell for this world, if such is the decree, my elder and wiser brother!

Yet another Italian it has been our lot to know, also a Genoese exile, and not a stranger to the events of this Piedmontese story. He might be Fantasio grown older. Of him and what he is, it is not for private regard to speak; he is a man of whom history takes charge. Long ago was his name known in Italy; and now, whether he walks modestly in the streets of London, or suddenly appears elsewhere to pursue, with no official pomp or circumstance, the business which Italy has devolved upon him, it is felt that in his hands lies a portion of the power of Europe. For it is not long since the world saw him in a position which it has been given to no other man of the present age to hold—with his foot on the neck of the secular Papacy. France, with Protestant England consenting and abetting, took him thence and raised the prostrate victim. Once more he came amongst us, again to bide his time. His work seems over; Pope and tyrants are at rest, and hope seems to have grown sick in the heart of a waiting world, when, lo! he again quits our shores, and fire bursts forth wherever he plants his footsteps. A whole continent is searched for him. He is not here, he is not there; he is sought for everywhere in vain; and yet he “may well be in the heart of every Italian who has been outraged, oppressed, and wronged, and there no doubt, Pope and Austrian will one day find him.” Such is the prophecy, at least, of the *Times* newspaper.

Italia, O Italia, how long shall thy harp hang on the willows? How long, instead of retaining such men as these within thy bosom, to make thee what thou mightest become, shalt thou have to drive them forth as now to shew what that might be? Arise, thou noble land; arise in thy strength to right thine own wrongs, and, while righting these, to render at the same time that service to the world which the world expects from thee! Destroy that Nuisance crowned with a tiara which not thou alone, but a whole earth is tired of; crush, crush that Spider of the nations whose home-nest is in thee, but whose web over-spreads the world! Arise, and take thy place among the nations, O fair Italy; do among them as thou hast capacity and will; and be estimated according to thy deserts!

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Strayed Traveller, and other Poems.* By A. London, 1849.  
 2. *Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems.* By A. London, 1852.  
 3. *The Morlas. A Poem.* By V. London, 1853.

POETRY is scarce. Our age, famous as it is in many ways—abounding in great deeds, and far from being destitute of great men—seems unfavourable to the growth of the ever welcome flower. Many volumes of verses are published annually, evincing taste, feeling, and sometimes an artistic carefulness and finish. There is no indifference on the part of the public; on the contrary, we feel convinced that the "*Vates Sacer*," were he to come among us, could easily command an audience. The encouragement so freely afforded to anything which looks like promise, and the indulgence displayed to the poets of America, are the best proofs we could advance in favour of the existence of a genuine love of poetry.

It would be ungenerous to omit mention of an improvement which has taken place in the tone of many of our writers of verse. That there is often a delicacy and purity of feeling, a desire after noble objects of ambition, and what is better than either, an earnest and sometimes pathetic expression of sympathy for the wants of the poor, few of those who are in the habit of bestowing attention on the literature of the day will feel inclined to deny. For the higher attributes and mysterious qualities of song, we look in vain. But at least let us be grateful for the absence of misanthropical monodies, and voluptuous love songs. There is another peculiarity in many of the recently published volumes of verses, which can hardly fail to force itself on the notice of every reader. We mean the unmistakable traces which they bear of the influence exercised on his age and contemporaries by Mr. Tennyson. When the earlier poems of Tennyson first made their appearance, the admirers and disciples of the sensational school claimed their author for themselves. In his more recent productions, however, the poet has shown himself in an entirely new light. The debateable land that lies between the regions of sensation and the regions of thought, Mr. Tennyson has fairly claimed to hold. Where a great genius walks securely, how few there be that can follow! In the efforts of the pupils there is a want of proportion, and an absence of harmony which render the varied ease and facile gracefulness of the master only more apparent. It is far from unnatural that the younger portion of

the community should fix their admiration on the poet who is nearest them. Grave seniors may hint at the propriety of rigid adherence to classic models, and point to "the pure well of English undefiled,"—but in spite of all that has been, or that can be said, the poet whose verse comes bounding over the soul, who is continually in the thoughts and language of youth, must be he who has felt the difficulties, and perhaps solved the problems of the present time. There is one, it is true, who is for all ages and for all times, but it is rare to discover that the first affections of male or female students of poetry centre in Shakespeare. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

But it is time to turn from our somewhat desultory reflections and introduce our readers to "A." and "V."

"The Strayed Reveller" has been before the world for some time, and was, we believe, favourably noticed by more than one journal, on its first appearance. It is in all respects a pleasing and interesting collection. The writer, evidently a man of high culture, gave in this volume a promise of excellence which, we regret to say, his last production, "Empedocles on Etna," has not fulfilled. The poems in the first volume, as regards smoothness of rhythm, and elaboration of style, are strikingly superior to those of the second. Nor is the philosophy and general tone of the "Reveller" improved in "Empedocles." An indolent, selfish quietism pervades everything that "A." has written, mars the pleasure of the reader, and provokes him into thinking severe thoughts about the poet. But "A." is a poet. He has held deep communion with nature. He has studied in a way that we wish was more common than it is. From the works of Sophocles, and Homer, Goethe, and Wordsworth, he has gathered fruits, and he has garnished his gains with fresh blooming flowers of his own. The "Strayed Reveller" is an imitation of the antique. Though containing some fine imagery, there is little which we care to extract. A "Fragment from an Antigone" is well executed, but hardly worth the trouble which must have been bestowed upon it. As a specimen of the graceful fashion in which "A." can write, we give the following poem, "To my friends, who ridiculed a tender leave-taking." It reminds us in many ways of Goethe:—

"Laugh, my Friends, and without blame,  
Lightly quit what lightly came :  
Rich to-morrow as to-day,  
Spend as madly as you may.  
I, with little land to stir,  
Am the exacter labourer.  
Ere the parting kiss be dry,  
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

"But my Youth reminds me—'Thou  
Hast lived light as these live now :  
As these are, thou too wert such :  
Much hast had, has squander'd much.'  
Fortune's now less frequent heir,  
Ah ! I husband what's grown rare.  
Ere the parting kiss be dry,  
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

"Young, I said, 'A face is gone  
If too hotly mus'd upon :  
And our best impressions are  
Those that do themselves repair.'  
Many a face I then let by,  
Ah ! is faded utterly.  
Ere the parting-kiss be dry,  
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

"Marguerite says : 'As last year went,  
So the coming year 'll be spent :  
Some day next year, I shall be,  
Entering heedless, kiss'd by thee.'  
Ah ! I hope—yet once away,  
What may chain us, who can say ?  
Ere the parting kiss be dry,  
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

"Paint that lilac kerchief, bound  
Her soft face, her hair around :  
Tied under the archest chin  
Mockery ever ambush'd in.  
Let the fluttering fringes streak  
All her pale, sweet-rounded cheek.  
Ere the parting kiss be dry,  
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

"Paint that figure's pliant grace  
As she towards me lean'd her face,  
Half refus'd and half resign'd,  
Murmuring, 'Art thou still unkind ?'  
Many a broken promise then  
Was new made—to break again.  
Ere the parting kiss be dry,  
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

"Paint those eyes, so blue, so kind,  
Eager tell-tales of her mind :  
Paint with their impetuous stress  
Of enquiring tenderness,  
Those frank eyes, where deep doth lie  
An angelic gravity.  
Ere the parting kiss be dry,  
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

“What, my Friends, these feeble lines  
 Shew, you say, my love declines?  
 To paint ill, as I have done,  
 Proves forgetfulness begun?  
 Time's gay minions, pleas'd you see,  
 Time, your master, governs me.  
 Pleas'd, you mock the fruitless cry,  
 ‘Quick, thy tablets, Memory!’

“Ah! too true. Time's current strong  
 Leaves us true to nothing long.  
 Yet, if little stays with man,  
 Ah! retain we all we can!  
 If the clear impression dies,  
 Ah! the dim remembrance prize!  
 Ere the parting kiss be dry,  
 Quick, thy tablets, Memory!”

There is grace and pathos in the poem of “The forsaken Merman,” but it recalls certain poems of Tennyson rather too vividly. “The New Sirens” does more than recall Mrs. Browning, and that too by no means in her happiest mood. We advise our friends to avoid “The Sick King in Bokhara,” and assure them that there is nothing to be gained from the mystical pieces addressed to Fausta.

“A.” constantly disappoints us. We are in hopes all throughout his volumes that we are about to be delighted with a flow of melody, or a noble train of sentiment. He is often on the verge of excellence. He has been astride Pegasus. We can hardly venture to assert that he has ridden him.

“Empedocles on Etna” is an utter mistake. It fills seventy pages, and though the author calls it a drama, it hardly possesses one attribute of dramatic poetry. Every thing about it is modern. But the thoughts and images which the author has accumulated in this poem are often original. Callicles, a young harp-player, has followed the sage up the mountain side, and endeavours by snatches of song to soothe the sorrows of Empedocles. Here is an exquisite description of the scene:—

“The track winds down to the clear stream,  
 To cross the sparkling shallows: there  
 The cattle love to gather, on their way  
 To the high mountain pastures, and to stay  
 Till the rough cowherds drive them past,  
 Knee-deep in the cool ford: for 'tis the last  
 Of all the woody, high, well-water'd dells  
 On Etna; and the beam  
 Of noon is broken there by chestnut boughs  
 Down its steep verdant sides: the air

So freshen'd by the leaping stream, which throws  
 Eternal showers of spray on the moss'd roots  
 Of trees, and veins of turf, and long dark shoots  
 Of ivy-plants, and fragrant hanging bells  
 Of hyacinths, and on late anemones,  
 That muffle its wet banks : but glade,  
 And stream, and sward, and chestnut trees,  
 End here : Etna beyond, in the broad glare  
 Of the hot noon, without a shade,  
 Slope behind slope, up to the peak, lies bare ;  
 The peak round which the white clouds play."—P. 17.

Oh *si sic omnia* ! But alas, "A." has indulged to excess in poems of a meditative cast, reflecting, indeed, the culture and refinement of their author's mind, but failing to touch the reader. "Tristram and Iseult" display the author's characteristic power to great advantage. "The Memorial Verses" on Wordsworth's death, originally published in Fraser's Magazine, are really very memorable. Our readers will thank us for

"LONGING."

"Come to me in my dreams, and then  
 By day I shall be well again ;  
 For then the night will more than pay  
 The hopeless longing of the day.

"Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times  
 A messenger from radiant climes,  
 And smile on thy new world, and be  
 As kind to all the rest as me.

"Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,  
 Come now, and let me dream it truth ;  
 And part my hair, and kiss my brow,  
 And say—my love ! why sufferest thou ?

"Come to me in my dreams, and then  
 By day I shall be well again ;  
 For then the night will more than pay  
 The hopeless longing of the day."—P. 84.

There are indications throughout these volumes that the glorious scenery which surrounds the English lakes has especial attraction for "A." When we next meet with him, we trust that his poetry will exhibit more than it does at present of the severe manliness and exalted tone which must ever be associated in the minds of lovers of poetry with the hills and dales of Westmoreland. Less of aversion to action in all its forms,—greater

sympathy with the wants of the present generation, will endear him to many who would now turn away contemptuously from the self-complacent reverie, and refined indolence, which too often disfigure his pages. It is not merely as an artist that men love to regard a favourite poet. He must not only himself obey the dominion of moral and religious ideas, he must do more—he must teach others to go and do likewise. But, when all deductions have been made, and every critical objection has been stated, there still remains enough in the poetry of “A.” to justify a warm eulogy, and to entitle us to hope that he may yet produce poems worthy of a higher praise.

There is much in the poetry of “V.” to excuse the belief that the writer (who is really a lady) is a man. Vigour, firmness, and an almost philosophical acuteness, are its distinguishing characteristics. “V.” is a lover of realities. She has no meaning to conceal. She hates enigma. The unassuming form—betokening an absolute indifference to fame—in which the writings of “V.” have been issued, has, we are fully convinced, injured her reputation. Some years have passed since full justice was done in the pages of this Journal to the merits of her first publication, “IX Poems.”\* In 1842 she published the first canto of a poem named, “I watched the Heavens,” which, amidst much palpable imitation of Dante, disclosed a deep knowledge of the mysterious workings of the human heart. We venture, before introducing our readers to her last and best poem, “The Morlas,” to give the following extract from the conclusion of “I watched the Heavens:”—

“For ’tis not only in the sun to bask,  
Nor by bright hearths to shun the tempest’s rage,  
That man is summon’d to his earthly task,  
And shewn afar his native heritage.  
More glorious labours are assigned the race  
Whose future home is all the breadth of space,  
And who in many a fight must win the strength  
Which nerves their spirits to that height at length;  
E’en as the falcon, when the wind is fair,  
Close to the earth on lagging pinions goes,  
But when against her beats the adverse air,  
She breasts the gale, and rises as it blows.”—P. 58.

The concluding lines we think it would be difficult to excel. In the few words of preface to “The Morlas,” the author says—“I feel justified in offering it to the world, as the best I can do, which, if it fails to please, fails through want of ability, not for

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\* *North British Review.* No. xxi. p. 69.

want of pains." This is superior to the affectation which would have the public imagine that the novel or poem was the work of hours, not days. The poem opens with a description of a forest solitude, far from the track of men, which recalls the opening of Mr. Longfellow's "*Evangeline*," but, indeed, only to render the inferiority of the American poet's "forest primæval" very evident. The stranger, who narrates the poem, is led to moralize on the vicissitudes of humanity, the common lot, the ultimate destiny of man. A voice seems to reach the ear. The thoughts which fill the stranger's bosom have vibrated through many hearts in that still solitude. The spirit of the valley, who takes form and shape, appears before the eyes—

"A form which, how it met the sight  
I knew not, save that it was there ;  
A quivering and a colour'd light,  
That seem'd embodied but in air."—P. 13.

To trace the line of existence through various ages is the delight of the spirit. The savage and the sage are brethren. They have stood beside the flood, each with his own aspirations, his own hopes and fears. A stone, whereon a mother who had fled from terrors of war had laid her boy, suggests the recital of the mournful story.

"Then, as his eyelids closed at last,  
And every sense in sleep was fast,  
She rose to seek for needful food  
Wherewith to greet his waking there ;  
And left him in the shelt'ring wood,  
Spending her very soul in prayer.  
Her sleeping boy partook the breeze  
That stirr'd and freshen'd in the trees ;  
The same sun-ray that cheer'd the flower,  
Sent to his frame its quick'ning power ;  
It roused his blood, it smooth'd his limb,  
And dyed his cheek a brighter hue ;  
The cay that warm'd to life in him,  
Enjoy'd, rejoic'd—ah, suffer'd too."—Pp. 22-23.

A sudden rising of the waters takes the life of the child. The mother returns—

"She came, and saw the waters wild  
Rush where she left her helpless child,  
And stared upon the madd'ning view,  
And all her loss at once she knew,  
While pain intolerable pressed  
Shrieks from her over-master'd breast.—

And yet, in sooth, a mortal's grief  
 Has but a few brief years to run,  
 Time brought its winter of relief,  
 And she was ashes like her son."—P. 25.

This is finely and delicately touched. Our next extract describes the solitude in its early beauty :—

" A teeming solitude lay round ;  
 A sea of forest was my bound ;  
 Where winds alone would nobly sweep  
 As o'er the waters of the deep ;  
 Or from his rock the eagle's cry  
 Resound across the morning sky ;  
 While rustling in the covert's haunt  
 Stirr'd the unseen inhabitant.  
 All else was still ; creation's hand  
 Impress'd the solitary land ;  
 And many a wild's untrodden span  
 Still lay between my dell and man,  
 Who, new to earth, not yet could trace  
 Half of his mighty dwelling-place."—P. 32.

The descriptive parts of "The Morlas" remind us of Scott. The more serious portions of the poem combine much of the tenderness of Moore with the thoughtfulness of the later poems of Tennyson. We are, perhaps, inclined to desire some one exhaustive view of a single phase of human life, rather than the vivid but too brief sketches which the author has given us. But we must proceed in our analysis. A change comes over the peaceful solitude. The stag, as he seeks the margin of the water, bears a dart quivering in his side. "Long, red lines of blood" pass down the stream, and tell of distant strife and warfare. These tokens warn the narrating spirit of stirrings in the outer world—

" They told of far events to me  
 Which shook a land I could not see.  
 As when some troubled region rocks  
 Beneath an earthquake's 'whelming shocks,  
 A land at peace far off, will feel  
 A larger billow on its shore,  
 A cloud across its sky will steal,  
 And all grow quiet as before."—P. 34.

A fact in physical science is here rendered most forcibly. An exiled monarch seeks the wilderness. The fountain where he sought refreshment becomes the "Holy Well." Pilgrims repair to its welcome waters. The conscience-stricken find solace ; the sick health—

"The hunter, when his way was lost,  
His dog untrue, his purpose cross'd,  
And swollen streams and darken'd skies  
Show'd like offended deities,  
Bethought him of the hallow'd soil,  
And vow'd to leave upon its shore  
A portion of his hard-won spoil,  
If home might welcome him once more."—Pp. 38-39.

But superstition is doomed. The hour had arrived when "the oracles are dumb." The apostle of the true faith at last finds his way to this remote spot.

"The stars were forth, the worlds of light,  
The brother-worlds we see by night;  
And o'er them through the peopled sky  
Wander'd his meditative eye.  
In reverence by the stream he bow'd,  
Where prayer from human lips had flow'd;  
He also pray'd—but not as those  
Who heretofore the temple chose  
To adore an unknown God."—P. 41.

The signs of idolatry are removed, and the cross is reared above the fountain. We wish we had space for the beautiful narrative which follows. A pilgrim, weary of life, has come in desperate need to claim the succour of the holy well. His infirm feet can hardly advance up the glade. He envies the springing deer in its progress; and when at last the well is gained, and he has plunged in the wave, and felt no reanimating vigour pervade his frame, hope, which had sustained him hitherto, expires within his breast, and he sinks prostrate on the earth. But help is nigh at hand. He is bid, in the name of names, be free, and after he has indulged in the rapture of his new found strength, he returns to bend the knee before the Apostle, and to learn from his lips the glad tidings of truth. Night beholds the master and the disciple leave the valley together. The spirit, after telling the stranger that he has chosen him, from his air of thoughtfulness amidst the common throng, to hear the records of the dell, again becomes viewless, and the poem concludes.

We think that the extracts from "The Morlas" which we have given will justify the opinion that it is no ordinary production. The name is a puzzle. Some of the pains-taking contributors to "Notes and Queries," may, perhaps, be able to throw some light upon it. We hope and trust that the world has not heard the last of "V." Miss Mitford, in her agreeable volumes of personal reminiscences, informed her readers that "V." was

so richly endowed with all that is generally supposed to ensure happiness, as to render it matter of surprise that her poetry has so often spoken of sadness and death. She has some faults to cure. Her rhymes are often faulty, and there is an occasional harshness in her lines, which contrasts somewhat unfavourably with other more elaborate and smoothly polished passages. May she prosper and delight us again!

Let all readers of poetry purchase "The Morlas." We assure them that they will not regret it.

"The poet," said Goethe, shortly before his death, "as a man and citizen, will love his native land; but the native land of his poetic powers and poetic action is the good, noble, and beautiful, which is confined to no particular province or country, and which he seizes upon and forms wherever he finds it. . . . ."

If the poet has employed a life in battling with pernicious prejudices, in setting aside narrow views, in enlightening the minds, purifying the tastes, ennobling the feelings and thoughts of his countrymen, what better could he have done? How could he have acted more patriotically?"—(*Conversations of Goethe*, vol. ii. pp. 427-8.) These are truthful words, and we should be most unwilling to mar their force by any remarks of our own, were it not that we believe that it is often the tendency of youthful aspirants to obey them too implicitly. Topics derived, not from the storehouse of the individual consciousness, nor from the real aspects of humanity, but from the world of books and authors, seem to possess especial charms for young writers. It is almost needless to insist upon the fact that a studied neglect of "the common things that round us lie" is fatal to the ultimate popularity of the poet. Men arising from the toil and tumult of this busy time—redeeming its earthliness—elevating and purifying its weakness—singing not only for the studious and the refined, but also for the laborious and unlearned sons of toil, and bequeathing to generations yet unborn the goodly heritage of noble songs and stirring lyrics—such are the poets we desire to see amongst us, and we cannot believe that our hopes are in vain.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Recommendations of the Oxford University Commissioners, &c.* By JAMES HEYWOOD, M.P., F.R.S., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1853.
2. *Suggestions for the Extension of Professorial Teaching in the University of Oxford.* By BONAMY PRICE. London, 1850.
3. *German University Education; or, Professors and Students of Germany, &c.* By WALTER C. PERRY, Phil. Dr. of the University of Göttingen.
4. *The Rationale of Discipline, as exemplified in the High School of Edinburgh.* By PROFESSOR PILLANS. Edinburgh, 1852.
5. *Regulations for Scholarships, Degrees, and the Courses of Instruction in the Faculties and Schools of the Queen's Colleges, Ireland.* Dublin, 1848.
6. *Introductory Lectures on the Opening of Owen's College, Manchester.* Manchester, 1852.

OUR function being to watch over the immaterial, even more directly than the material, interests of our countrymen, we have from the first establishment of the *North British Review*, regarded the higher educational institutions of Scotland, not only as a legitimate, but as a peculiar object of our care. With all the heartiness of the most genuine sympathy, we have seconded the healthy and hopeful tendencies which are at work in society in other directions. We have commended the activity which is manifested in behalf of what is humane and beneficent, of what is pure and blameless. We have lauded the disinterestedness with which whatever is calculated to refine or elevate the masses of a hitherto too much neglected population, is instantly brought to bear on their condition, by those who are themselves already in possession of comfort, and refinement, and leisure. From the noble strivings of Dr. Chalmers, and the benevolent speculations of Mr. Helps, to the more immediately practical efforts of those who have founded Ragged Schools, and built lodging-houses, and furnished reading-rooms for the working classes, we have withheld our word of encouragement from no rational scheme which had the good of our fellow-men for its object.

At the same time, however, we have not failed to point out, that more has been done, in these years, towards satisfying the lower than the higher intellectual and moral wants of our people. Whilst we have been striving to raise the labouring classes from degrading sensuality and gross vice, we have done, for centuries past, little to foster the institutions which profess to cultivate the higher intellectual powers, and to supply guidance and nourish-

ment to the more active moral life of the community. In neglecting these roots of our civilisation, we have not only failed to provide for the upward movement of society in its ultimate manifestations, but, however vigorous may be the signs of life which, for a time, our social development in its earlier stages puts forth, we have been endangering the permanence of those very individual and citizen virtues on the possession of which we have hitherto so justly congratulated ourselves. But in previous discussions of this great and urgent national question, we have perhaps taken these consequences of the neglect of the higher instruction for granted rather too hastily; and to this circumstance is probably to be attributed, in no small degree, the little practical activity which the repeated demonstrations which our pages have contained of the fact, that the provision for supporting a literary or intellectual life in Scotland is so scanty and ill organized, have hitherto called forth. In saying this, we would by no means be understood as insinuating, that either our conclusions, or the premises on which we founded them, were denied. On the contrary, they were admitted with a facility which a greater knowledge of mankind would have enabled us at once to set down as deceptive. It is not as regards religious doctrines alone that a distinction must be made between a ready acquiescence and a living faith; nor is it in these only that a nominal believer is a more dangerous enemy than an open infidel.

But though we may have erred in assuming that all who do not openly oppose, or who, from motives of convenience, even ostensibly second our views, are heartily on our side, we should interpret ill the character of our age in general, and do grievous injustice to our own country in particular, if we failed to recognise that now in Scotland we may confidently look, if not for an efficient support of learned institutions, at least for a wider popular sympathy with intellectual and moral activity, than we could previously have hoped for. Not only by the opinions which they express, but by the far surer test of the books which they read, we know that a very large and most influential portion of our countrymen are deeply and sincerely interested in whatever they consciously feel, or even conscientiously believe, will enlighten their understandings, refine their tastes, or purify their hearts. Though we have probably fewer leading individual thinkers, and literary guides, in Scotland at present than at any other period of our history since the early part of last century, there is a wide-spread seriousness of purpose, and a thoughtfulness in the lives of the whole intelligent community, which bids fair to produce an atmosphere out of which, if not a higher and more creative order of minds, at least many im-

portant improvements in our national institutions and social arrangements may be expected to arise. But we must remember, that neither in the State nor in the individual will spontaneous development, however vigorous, supply the place of conscious effort. It is true that, with little sacrifice or effort of any kind, the public have already become the most generous patrons of literature in its popular forms. As regards that superficial enlightenment, of which cheap books and lectures are the vehicles, there is no longer any want of sheltering institutions or artificial culture. But the grain which nourishes, and the herb which heals, most frequently do not grow spontaneously, even in a fruitful soil, and so it is with the most nutritious and indispensable products of mind. If we do not sow them, neither shall we reap them. If we do not bring within the reach of some considerable portion of the community the possibility at least of studious leisure, we cannot look for those results to individuals and society which nothing but leisure and study have ever afforded to mankind.

But we are gravely mistaken, if the wide-spread sympathy with popular education and popular literature, to which we have alluded, does not supply some guarantee for the future support of its systematic cultivation; and in the causes which have hitherto starved and crippled the learned institutions of this country, we think we can trace, even now, symptoms of a temporary character. The spirit of dissemination, for the present, has drawn off the sap from the higher studies, and the tendency of our civilisation is to spread its roots among the people, not to throw its branches boldly into the air. But we are persuaded that the principle of social life has lost nothing of its power, and when the process of growth recommences, when the public interest in the higher education revives, it will draw its nourishment from a far wider class than it ever before could appeal to. Our present institutions of learning were founded in a great measure by the munificence of an age in which cultivation was confined to the few. What might we not expect now if a similar sympathy could be evoked on their behalf from the vastly broader basis of the popular intelligence of our country in the 19th century? Besides, it is obvious that the Universities of Scotland labour, in the meantime, under a double disadvantage; for whilst they have scarcely yet become objects of interest to the whole community, they have already lost, to some extent, the protection of those classes by which the community in former times was led. To the clergy and nobility they stand in a relation far less intimate than that which they formerly occupied, and from the middle class of laymen, who now rule the destinies of the state, they have not yet received that en-

lightened sympathy which has already been extended to the more popular educational institutions. Even in their internal organization, the Universities have not been able wholly to resist the spirit of the age, which forces upon them that more liberal character which already belongs to our other institutions; and in proportion as they comply with it, they cut themselves loose from what remains of their mediæval sources of nourishment. That they have no choice in following the general line of march, must be clear to every one who is not blind to the character of the time; and in this case it is obvious that the question of whether or not they shall succeed in adapting themselves to modern requirements, depends entirely on their success in enlisting the sympathies of the general intelligent public in their favour. It is on the Scottish people, in this sense, that the Scottish Universities must throw themselves. If the general voice pronounces that an efficient instruction of the highest kind, and a strenuous cultivation of literature, science, and philosophy, is not less indispensable to national wellbeing than a widely diffused superficial intelligence, then our country is neither so poor as to be unable to supply the conditions of their existence, nor so weak as to be unable to make its claim heard by Parliament. But our first concern is with public opinion. Even before we attempt to make a case, we must if possible gather an audience, and it is with this view that we now address, not to the gifted few but to the earnest many, a few plain observations on the political, social, and religious influences of the higher instruction and its representatives.

Sir William Hamilton succeeded in making one hundred and six witnesses agree in pronouncing the intuitive beliefs of mankind to be the foundations of philosophy, and if he had inquired into their political creeds, they probably would have had as little hesitation in declaring the aggregate result of the convictions of the community to be the root of legislation in all states that are entitled to be denominated free. Whatever may be the form of government, if it is to fulfil the condition which Aristotle pointed out once for all\* as the test of the legitimate, as opposed to the illegitimate or degenerate government; i.e., if it is to be a government, not of a class, but of the whole, its acts must be in conformity with this common conviction. It is in this that the monarchy differs from the tyranny, the aristocracy from the oligarchy, the free state from that which is governed by and for the rabble. Now, this common conviction, or common-sense, is neither the highest and latest discovery of

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\* Politicor. lib. iii. cap. v. *ἕνα μὲν ἐστὶν*, &c.

the most advanced individual members of the community on the one hand, nor is it the unaided and unguided opinion of the majority on the other. If it were the former it would be before the age, if society be progressive, and in any case would be above it; and, consequently, the institutions resulting from it would be suited to the requirements, not of the whole community, but of a very small portion of it. Again, if it were the latter, synonymous, that is, with the opinion of the majority, it would inevitably be behind the age, because the majority are not, and never can be, the true exponents of the enlightenment of which the age in which they live has taken secure and permanent possession. It is still but a minority who see even what has been fairly and conspicuously brought to light. Wherever this common sense has been attempted to be discovered by the mechanical process of counting voices, the real centre of gravity has not been found, and the consequence has been the instability of the social edifice. The moral influences, which in society carry in the end even physical force along with them, are all above this supposed centre; and to exclude their operation is impossible. In the legitimate state, which takes cognizance of them, they are elements of advance; in the illegitimate state, which ignores them, they are elements of disorganization. In either case they determine the current of events, and it is these influences, and this intelligence, taken along with the opinion of the majority *as modified by their action*, which form the common sense, the popular spirit, in its widest acceptation, which not occasionally or accidentally, but universally and necessarily, and this whether speaking through the mouth of a Parliament or a king, is the source of all genuine law-giving. Now, the question which is important for our present subject is this,—can you supply these influences, and adequately deal with the common conviction, as thus explained, by anything short of *the highest instruction which the age is in a condition to communicate to its children*? Do you make the most of the present, or do justice to the future, by disseminating, even if such were possible, to the whole community, an amount of insight short of that which belongs not only to the learned, but which, by adequate institutions for the purpose, may be made the common property of all whose necessities do not withdraw them from mental pursuits? Whatever may be our activity in directly checking vice, or preventing degradation, do we not, so long as we fail to communicate, to the greatest number who can receive it, the greatest amount of the highest instruction, lose the most powerful means which we possess of acting on the guiding spirits of society, of whose views its laws and institutions are, and ought to be, in a great measure the expression. Nay more, when we

turn from the political to the social side of the question, do we not, by lowering the whole tone of society, both intellectual and moral, cut off, even from the humbler classes, whose friends we profess to be, the source from which the benefits, which at present they are enjoying, flowed originally? To our mind nothing can be clearer, than that on the completeness of the higher instruction, and consequently of the institutions by which it is communicated, our general civilisation, of which popular improvement is only one of many consequences, is dependent; not only for its progress but its permanence.

But again, the popular thought of one age is dependent on the scientific thinking of the age which preceded it—the lower is nourished by the higher instruction. In each individual generation it is to those who have received the *complete* training of their time, that those who have received it *partially* owe the accuracy and precision of their knowledge, so far as it goes. Were it not that the information communicated to the people is continually referable to its source, and is exposed to the constant criticism of the class of persons from whose labours it was borrowed, it is manifest that in these respects it would degenerate in every hand through which it passed. That the fullest man is not always the readiest and clearest instructor, is so true as to be a truism; but it is not less true, though apparently not so well remembered in our day, that unless the full man were alternately behind the scenes as a coadjutor, and before them as a censor, the audience in all likelihood could receive from the ready man only a superficial and slovenly account of the subject-matter of discourse. Nor can it be doubted, that where the more ordinary gifts of clear statement, and ready and apt illustration, chance to fall together, as they often do, with depth and originality, a far greater impetus, and a much more serious character will be communicated to the thinking of an audience than can be given to it by an inferior man, however dexterous. A speaker of this character, along with the knowledge which he communicates, will impart something of his own mode of viewing it, and the better part of his audience will be participators, not only in the results of his thinking and of his learning, but of the habits of mind and methods of working by which these results were arrived at. Nor is it only from the professor's chair or the pulpit, from the platform, the bench, the bar, the senate, or through the press, that such instruction may be communicated. Though the person whom we have supposed should be denied each and all of these public channels, if you prepare him thoroughly, launch him into the community, and support him in it, he must and will do it this inestimable service. Even if his instructions should not pass beyond the circle of his

family and his friends, it is impossible to estimate the services which he may render in training others for wider spheres of activity. We believe there never was a deeply learned and thoughtful man, who did not create around him, and leave after him, his school of disciples.

But farther, we must remember that however we may estimate the advantages or disadvantages of the higher instruction, our having it and its representatives, in some shape, is not an optional matter. Wherever active minds are born into the world there must be those who acquire and communicate, who think and teach, beyond the mere rudiments of knowledge.

“Gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche,”

is a characteristic happily not peculiar to the “Clerke of Oxenforde,” either of the fourteenth or the nineteenth century. Speculation is inseparable from intelligent existence, involuntary in the individual, irrepressible in the community. “Man philosophizes as he lives; he may philosophize much or little, well or ill, but philosophize he must.” When we keep this fact in view, we have no difficulty in seeing that it is an error to suppose that the only impracticable schemers are those who propose to themselves an aim too high for humanity. We may reach the impossible by descending as well as by ascending; by taking too humble as well as too lofty a view of our common nature. Those who tell us that they wish all men could be persuaded simply to read their Bibles and attend to their business, utter a wish as chimerical as ever proceeded from the wildest believer in human perfectibility. No utopian ever proposed to himself a task more hopeless than that which the realization of their views would impose. The only choice that is left to man is between “philosophizing well” and “philosophizing ill,” and all that that public sense, which rules the destinies of free states, can do, is to make its selection between encountering the consequences of the one, or reaping the fruits of the other. Where the bane is inevitable, can there be hesitation in the mind of any reasonable man, or community of men, in seeking for the antidote? If you cannot have the lower instruction, in the sense of an acquaintance merely with the indispensable elements of knowledge, but, wherever you come upon a mind more active than the rest, must have an attempt at applying this knowledge to speculative purposes, can you innocently or safely leave this speculation to wander into regions where error is found by the wayside, but where truth, if gained at all, must be gained at the expense of long and patient and skilled husbandry. In this view the necessity of a Learned Class, for the mere *safety* of the community, comes out almost as clearly as that of a police or a magistracy.

They are the great moral "detectives," and unless provision is made by society for their vigilance, it is very possible that those whose boast it is that they "mind their own matters," may not be permitted for ever to do so in security. Let us remember what the consequences were of Rousseau and his followers being left to labour, with no monitors more adequate to the task of superintending them, than the obsolete and dogmatic priesthood of last century! If France had possessed a class of active men of letters, dealing with subjects of modern interest, ready to apply the tests of history to every crude political rhapsody, to subject every pretended theory to the *experimentum crucis* of an unsparing criticism, who can say that the Revolution would have taken the shape which it assumed? There was knowledge enough in the world to meet the emergency, if it could have been brought to bear upon it, for we are greatly mistaken if a single erroneous political doctrine was propounded by these writers which Aristotle had not already anticipated and refuted.\*

But if the present and the future do not greatly differ from the past, the purity of our religious faith and practice is not less intimately bound up with the higher instruction, than the rectitude of our political opinions, and the stability and progress of our institutions. In former times, the necessity of this connexion was never doubted. When the sacred functions, which the first-born of all Israel had performed, were transferred to the tribe of Levi, to them also was entrusted the care of the secular-spiritual interests of the people. The priests of Egypt, from the earliest times to the latest, were the representatives of secular learning. Manetho, the historian, is said to have been high-priest at Heliopolis, and certainly belonged to the order of the priesthood. The Persian, Assyrian, and Babylonian Magi, the Hindoo Brahmins, the Chinese Confucians, regarded the cultivation of the learning of their respective countries as inseparable from their sacred functions. The companions of Odin were the Levites of the Scandinavians, and the twelve pontiffs who were chosen from among them, were the interpreters of the law, and the masters of the lay. The Druids preserved to the unprogressive Celts the little that they had reclaimed from the realms of the unseen. In the classical nations of antiquity, the connexion between secular and sacred learning was less than was

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\* For further illustration of these remarks we may refer to the paragraph in the admirable pamphlet by Mr. Bonamy Price, placed at the head of this article, in which are so ably indicated the ill consequences of the conversion of the English Universities into Public Schools, and of their having failed to retain within their pale a class of persons who should be "held by public opinion to be the highest English authorities in the special branches of learning taught there."

ever elsewhere known, and there also the influence of the latter was at its minimum. In cultivated Greece, indeed, the philosophers were the true priesthood of the nation; and we may say of the secular, that it absorbed the religious element, rather than that it was separated from it. When in the Middle Ages the clergy assumed the guidance of the entire spiritual interests of the people, the assumption was acquiesced in, rather as a declaration of a connexion which mankind instinctively recognised, than as the proclamation of a new relation; and when in the end Protestantism established the right of private judgment and individual responsibility, in matters sacred as well as civil, the union was recognised, not in a tribe or an order, but in every individual member of Christ's body. "Ye are all priests," far from removing from the priesthood the responsibility of developing, in a secular sense, the highest nature of man, imposed it as a part of his religious duties on every responsible being. The privileges, and the corresponding responsibilities of the sacerdotal tribe, were, by the abolition of the Mosaic arrangements, extended by Christ himself to the universal Church. We are thus all Levites at our peril. The religion which we profess is not an exceptional law, a *jus singulare*, a rule for Sundays more than for Saturdays, for sickness more than for health, for our preparation for another world more than for our guidance in this. It is the constant rule of our secular as well as of our religious life, for the two indeed are one.

But when the priesthood was in a tribe, that tribe enjoyed, both amongst the Jews, and in the heathen nations which we have mentioned, such a portion of the fruits of the soil as was requisite for their support, not only as the ministers of religion, but also as the secular teachers of the people.\* The sacerdotal family had but a "tenth of the tithe"† which the children of Israel paid to the sacerdotal tribe. Now, if the duties of the Levites, secular and sacred, instead of being abolished by Christianity, have only been transferred to the whole community of the faithful, is it not obvious that, since from their very nature these duties must be the task of individuals, the obligation of making provision for their performance by the support of these individuals, has been transferred along with them. If the community is bound to perform them, it is bound to employ the means that are necessary for their performance. If, even on his own chosen people, in whose affairs God so often interfered by special providences, he imposed the duty of supporting, by the surrender of a tithe of their earnings, the class whose concern

\* Vide Coleridge on the "Nationality," Church and State, *passim*.

† Numbers xviii. 26.

was with their immaterial interests; and we suppose that it will be different in a condition of affairs in which direct interpositions have ceased, and in which ends are more constantly and manifestly the results of human means.

But even when we are agreed as to the necessity of secular pastors, and are willing to admit that somehow they must participate in the national wealth, the question remains as to the manner in which it must be given and secured to them. This brings us nearer to the practical part of our present subject.

By many persons who admit the inevitable connexion between the higher instruction and the progress of civilisation, it is contended that society has already so changed in its character, as to render it unnecessary that provision should be made for a learned class by direct endowment. If we can carry the lower instruction far enough, and make it sufficiently general, it will bear up the higher instruction and support its ministers by means of its own inherent strength. The principles of free trade, they tell us, are applicable here as elsewhere, and if we create the market, we need not fear that the commodity will be wanting. To this view we answer, that it is of the essence of the higher instruction to be unpopular to the extent of being an unmarketable commodity; and this opinion we found on a consideration of the relation which it holds and must continue to hold to the general intelligence of the community. Whilst man is a progressive and imperfect being there must be an unattained goal in knowledge and in virtue, and whilst men are unequal there must be those who have advanced on the onward march farther than others. However high you raise the general instruction and thinking of a people, therefore, you must still have a higher instruction, which, though absolutely differing from what we now call by the name, will hold to the general intelligence of the age to which it belongs the same relative position which the higher does to the lower instruction at present. The distance between the two may, without injury to society, be diminished for a time by the successful cultivation of the lower instruction, and the activity of popular literature; but it can disappear, if at all, only by a cessation of progress on the part of the higher instruction which would ultimately check the march of social development. Now that the lower instruction, and the general intelligence which it generates, do not at present sympathize with the higher instruction, to the extent of supporting it indirectly, will, we imagine, be admitted; and if we are right in asserting that the cause of this effect is likely to be permanent, can we hope that the effect will pass away? Can we, for example, look for a condition of general intelligence, in which the public will buy books, or hear lectures, or otherwise avail itself of a teaching,

in which the highest thinking of the time is embodied, to the extent of remunerating, or even in any way, however humble, of supporting those of whose labour it is the result? Nor is it the want of that amount of interest which is extended to popular teaching alone which prevents the higher instruction from being self-supporting. Take the case of books;—and even suppose, (what every bookseller can tell is far from being the case,) that those which possess a strictly scientific or profoundly speculative character, could be sold as readily as popular treatises or lighter literary productions, can they be produced with the same facility or in the same quantity? One single volume of no great dimensions, and which, if it is to be sold at all, must be sold at a moderate price, is probably the result of a life, or of several lives, devoted to the subject of which it treats. Even after its publication, whatever fame it may bestow on its author, it will bring him the means of living to no greater extent than any other successful volume of equal size, and up to that period to what have he and his fellow-labourers trusted? In the most favourable circumstances they have been exercising uncongenial professions, which stood continually in the way of the discharge of their natural duties to society, or they have been holding public situations, which, to the public loss, they found it necessary to convert into sinecures. Such are the fortunate exceptional cases in which perseverance in learned pursuits has been rendered possible; the rule is, that such men, after an unavailing struggle to serve two masters, abandon the one whom, if he had had the means of retaining them, they would have served with zeal; and the public, in place of the lay-pastors of whom they stood in need, have a very unnecessary and not very efficient accession to the already over-crowded ranks of the professions.

But even this is not the worst of possible evils. So long as such men are abundantly produced, they will contrive to give such a tone to the existing professions and to the public service as will enable them to draw a scanty tithe from their connexion with them, and the public will still have the benefit of their services, though probably at a greater cost than would have been required for their direct support. The state of matters which we have most to apprehend is that in which, wearied with the discouragements incident to their condition as irregular professional practitioners, they threaten to disappear from the community altogether. It is against this occurrence that we must guard, as we should against an influx of barbarism itself, and it is when its approach becomes imminent, that direct endowments for a learned class, which before would have been wise, become indispensable.

It is extremely difficult to assign a cause for the existence of that spirit of immediate utilitarianism which has brought the

higher forms of professional accomplishment into disfavour in our day. Perhaps it is to be attributed to the fact that the professions, like the Universities themselves, have passed from the patronage of the few to the patronage of the many; and that the many are scarcely yet enlightened enough to perform to them the offices which the few are no longer in a condition to render. Even in former times, it is true, those who exercised a profession were not dependent on monarchical or oligarchical patronage to the extent to which the professors of learning, both sacred and secular, were; but still, in accordance with the whole genius of society, the law by which they were governed came *de haut en bas*, and though far less liberal, and far less impartial, this law was probably a more discriminating one than that which is furnished by popular favour alone. The multiplication of affairs, incident to a growing external prosperity, has also unquestionably had the effect of rendering men less fastidious about the means by which each individual affair is despatched. They have no longer time or patience for the luxury of a learned treatment of their interests; and a learned lawyer or statesman, instead of being eagerly sought after, is deemed as an impediment to public business. But whatever the cause may be, the fact, we have good reason to think, is beyond dispute, and the manner in which it is at present making itself felt in the highest department of the legal profession, both in this country and in England, has been so recently examined in our pages, that for the present we must be contented to make a reference serve in place of a demonstration.\* We are far, however, from regarding this tendency, unfavourable as we think it to present progress, as a sign of social retrogression. On the contrary, we believe that in every state in which society is highly organized, and which enjoys great external prosperity, reference to general principles for rules of immediate action, on the part of those who are actually engaged in the despatch of business, must, from the delay which it necessarily occasions, come to be regarded as a worse evil than action which is at variance with principle altogether. In such circumstances, however, we are convinced that our safety does not consist in clinging, without farther investigation, to principles which have been established in more leisurely times. If our action in the senate and on the judgment-seat is to be in accordance with the requirements of our existing society, it must be founded not on principles which we have inherited, but on such as, by the constant labours of a living portion of our living community, are evolved for our present guidance. It is thus alone that the

\* Article in last Number on Sheriff-Court Reform.

"occasion sudden" can be encountered with a rational confidence, that the experience of the past can be made truly available to the present, and that the spirit of innovation, which, without such guidance, the judicious tremble to see at work, will serve effectually to strengthen the hands of those who are entitled to be original. If we cannot afford to allow our men of action to retire into the closet, as their ancestors did, to question the rules of their own conduct, we must not neglect to supply others\* for the duty which we refuse to them the opportunity of performing. We must submit to this additional division of labour, as a new consequence of a civilisation which, if it is to be progressive, must become daily more artificial, and we must furnish society with a class of persons who can charge themselves directly with duties which can no longer be combined with other occupations. Scotland has furnished perhaps the most memorable instance known to history of the benefits which, even as regards their external prosperity, one single theoretical labourer may bestow on whole generations of practical men. It is to an old Glasgow Professor of Logic whose own business transactions, for purposes of experiment, must have been pretty much on a par with those of Diogenes, that Europe is indebted for that science, the direct object of which was the supply of our physical wants, and for those principles of trade, by the practical application of which, in our own day, second-rate economists have gained reputations scarcely inferior to that of their great discoverer. If Adam Smith had been a merchant or a banker, it is scarcely probable that even he would have been able to view economics sufficiently in the abstract to enable him to raise them to the dignity of a science. In admitting, however, the necessity, and recognising the benefits of a separate cultivation of theory and practice in advanced societies, we must guard ourselves against the imputation of supposing that they can possibly exist independently of each other, or that their mutual dependence can be diminished without injury to both. On the contrary, it is precisely for the purpose of preserving their connexion, and preventing practice from being guided either by antiquated dogmas or by narrow empiricism, that we have dwelt on the necessity of a non-practical or rather a non-practising class. The function of these individuals will not be, by laying down lifeless rules for his guidance, to relieve the practitioner from the necessity of being

\* If you will have sciences flourish, you must observe David's military law, which was, "That those who staid with the carriage should have equal part with those who were in the action," and will the carriages be ill attended. So Readers in sciences are the guardians of the stores and provisions of sciences, wherever men in active causes are furnished, and therefore right to have equal entertainment with them.—*Bacon, Advancement of Learning*, vol. II. p. 34; ed. Montagu.

acquainted with the living and generative principles of his art, but, on the contrary, to bring these principles home to his consciousness, to keep them constantly before his mind, and thus, in the midst of his pressing affairs, to enable him to act in moral circumstances with the security which the complete possession of principle alone can give him.

The observations which we have hitherto made, from the inter-dependence of all the branches of our subject, have necessarily assumed something of an unsystematic character; but if we have succeeded in carrying the convictions of our readers along with us, we are now in a condition to derive from them the following conclusions:—

1st. That the highest instruction is indispensable to the political, social, and religious wellbeing of the community.

2d. That in no community, however enlightened, can the higher instruction, or the class which represents it, be self-supporting. And,

3d. That the tendencies of the present time in this country are unfavourable to their indirect support, in connexion with the professions, or the public service.

It is properly as a consequence of these conclusions which, whilst they pronounce the higher instruction to be indispensable, cut it off from all other means of support, that our former remarks on the inadequacy of the direct provision which is made for it in Scotland assume their true importance; and though we have no present intention of delaying our readers with statistics, we must take the liberty of reminding them of a few of the facts which we have brought under their notice in former articles, and of adding to them such as occur to us on the present occasion.

In our August Number of 1850,\* we stated the historical grounds which had led us, most unwillingly, to the opinion that the provision which existed for the secular-spiritual wants of our people after the foundation of our Metropolitan University in 1582, far exceeded that of which, considering the increase of our population and our resources, the present times can boast. According to the calculation which we then made, Scotland in the sixteenth century did not possess a fourth of the population, or a tenth of the wealth which now belong to her, and before its termination she had her four Universities in a state of equal efficiency, and possessing endowments little if at all inferior to those which belong to them now. Even after the abolition of the monastic and cathedral schools, the ancient burgh schools re-

\* *The Scottish Universities.*

maintained, and were frequently taught by persons who, in the days of Erasmus and Turnebus,\* enjoyed a continental reputation for scholarship. In addition to these provisions within the country itself, there was an organized system for the training of our youth abroad. Balliol College, Oxford, and the Scotch College in the University of Paris, were founded expressly for this purpose; and even where no such positive institution existed, there was scarcely a foreign university to which a Scottish youth of the sixteenth century could repair, at which he was not certain of receiving the assistance of his own countrymen, in the character not only of fellow-students, but of university teachers. The fact, that there is now scarcely an instance of a Scotchman holding a learned position in any other country, and the small number of names of living Scotchmen known throughout Europe for eminence in literature and science, is of itself sufficient to shew to how great an extent the present race of Scotchmen have lost the position which their ancestors held in the commonwealth of European letters.

When we search into the causes of the present condition of Scottish learning, we are struck with the fact, that whereas other countries have vastly increased their provision for their learned class, Scotland has remained nearly stationary. Since the date of the foundation of the University of Edinburgh, no less than six Universities have sprung up in the North of Germany, and there are nine which date from the Reformation. We subjoin in a note their names, with the dates of their foundation.†

‡ In the number immediately preceding that to which we have referred,§ we contrasted the staff of the University of Berlin with that of Edinburgh; but, as in applying to the latter the subdivisions of the former, we may seem to have committed an inaccuracy, we may mention again, that whilst the whole number of professors in Berlin averages about 150 or 152,|| that in Edin-

\* "Nunquam satis laudatus vir Andreanus Turnebus."—*Joa. Scaliger*. "Sol ille Gallie Turnebus."—*Lipsius*, &c. *v. Tytler's Life of Craig*. The grandfather of this "totius Europe ornamentum" was a Scotchman, and his own name, being interpreted, was Andrew Turnbull.

† "As the proficience of learning consisteth much," says Bacon, "in the orders and institutions of universities in the same states and kingdoms, so it would be yet more advanced, if there were more intelligences mutual between the Universities of Europe than now there is."—*Advancement of Learning*, ed. *Montagu*, p. 103.

‡ Dates of German Universities.

1. Marburg, . . . 1527.	6. Breslau, . . . 1702.
2. Königsberg, . . 1548.	7. Göttingen, . . 1737.
3. Jena, . . . 1558.	8. Berlin, . . . 1809.
4. Kiel, . . . 1665.	9. Bonn, . . . 1818.
5. Halle, . . . 1694.	

The two latter were established and endowed by Frederic William III., father of the present King of Prussia.

§ Lord Cockburn's Letter to the Lord Provost, February 1850.

|| The precise number varies from year to year, because the *privatim docentes*,

burgh is 31. But it may be said, that Berlin is the metropolitan university of a country, vastly greater in extent and population than Scotland. Let us take then the smallest of the Prussian universities—Greifswalde—and we shall find that even there the number (which is 34) exceeds that to be found in the largest of ours. The other Universities are on a similar scale. Bonn has somewhere about 70 professors, Halle 60, Breslau 80, Königsberg 53; even quitting Prussia, in the smaller German States we find a corresponding state of matters. Tübingen in Württemberg has 62 professors, Leipzig has 97, Marich (which ranks very low among the German Universities) 66, Göttingen 86, Heidelberg 62, Jena 60, Erlangen 47, Würzburg 39, Giessen 43, Marburg 50, Freiburg 39; every one of these thus surpassing in numbers the largest University in Scotland.

Nor are the ideas prevalent in this country as to the extreme poverty of these institutions altogether well founded. In Prussia, where, in the hands of a native, money goes at least one-third farther than it does in this country, we find that, apart altogether from their other sources of revenue, (which in the case of such small Universities as Halle and Greifswalde, are stated at £4400 a-year for the first, £7528 for the second, exclusive of fees), the government grant amounts to the sum of £53,440,\* a sum exceeding by several thousands a year the whole revenues of the Scotch Universities from all sources whatsoever.

But sincerely as we admire the learned institutions of Germany, and much as we love a people whose true vocation seems to be the search after abstract truth, it is impossible that the political results which their intellectual life has brought forth during the last four years, should not, for the present at all events, prejudice us even against that side of their activity to which we ourselves are so deeply indebted, and we therefore turn our eyes in a direction where no such objection meets us.

In a little work before us,† there is a table from which, as it seems to correspond with the more recent information of the University Commissioners, we extract the following facts:—In Oxford there are 598 professorships, lectureships, and fellowships; in Cambridge 482; in Durham 34; and in London there are 52 professors. From other sources we learn that, in

being candidates for extraordinary or ordinary professorships, are continually changing from one University to another; and their places are frequently not filled for some time after their departure.

\* There is, for the Gymnasia and Progymnasia, another grant of £127,648, making in all £181,088, which is voted annually for the higher instruction in Prussia.—Perry, p. 148.

† *The Statistical Companion*, by T. C. Banfield, Esq., Statistical Clerk to the Council of Education, and C. R. Weld, Esq., Assistant Secretary to the Royal Society. 1848.

Queen's College, Birmingham, there are 16; in New College, Manchester, 9; and in St. David's, Lampeter, 4 professorships, on similar positions—making in all 1190 persons in England who live, or may live, as men of letters, without being dependent on the exercise of a profession for their subsistence. To this number falls to be added not only the temporary scholarships and bursarships, but the College and University offices; and if we wish to exhaust the resources of England for learned purposes, we must farther take into account the stalls in cathedrals, and other livings in the Church to which active ministerial duties are not attached, as well as a considerable number of positions connected with the richly endowed public schools, and the Professorship of Law at Haileybury, lately held by the lamented Professor Empson. In Scotland, when we have said that there are 166 professors and lecturers in our four Universities, we have mentioned every learned position within the land.

But let us consider these 1190 literary positions of England. From the occupancy of these, Scotchmen have hitherto been all but excluded. To far the greater number of the fellowships, especially in Oxford, conditions of local birth, descent, &c. are attached, which amount to a total exclusion of all but Englishmen; and in the cases where such restrictions do not occur, an English education and English degrees, which, from the expense which attends them, are at present within the reach of only a very limited number of Scotchmen, are still requisite. Both of these causes of exclusion, however, we are probably destined to see removed in a very few years. Of the changes recommended in the statutes of the Universities both of Oxford and Cambridge, that which the Commissioners urge with greatest earnestness is the throwing open of the fellowships.

"Of the changes required," say the Oxford University Commissioners, p. 149, "perhaps the most important is that of removing restrictions on the elections to fellowships. These restrictions are of various kinds. The most injurious are those which confine the fellowships to natives of particular localities, to members of particular families, and to those who are, or have been scholars in the College. The result of these various limitations, whether imposed by statutes or the practice of Colleges, is, that of 540 fellowships, there are scarcely 20 which are open to general competition, and of these, few, if any, can be considered as absolutely free from statutable restrictions. Every other recommendation we propose depends, in a greater or less degree, on the removal of these restrictions."

\* In speaking of Germany, we also excluded from our computations the Gymnasial professorships, though these are often held by persons of the highest accomplishments, and do not always imply that amount of drudgery which is laid upon every one in Scotland who embraces the occupation of a teacher. Some of the greatest scholars of Germany, Matthiæ, Butmann, Meinicke, Nægelsbach, Carl Passow, &c., have found their positions in the Gymnasias so congenial to their tastes, that they have manifested no desire to go over to the Universities.

The Cambridge Report contains similar recommendations, though, comparatively speaking, the fellowships in Cambridge are open.

Then, as to the expense of University education. In speaking of the present state of matters in this respect, the Commissioners say:—"On the whole, we believe that a parent who, after supplying his son with clothes, and supporting him at home during the vacation, has paid for him, during his University course not more than £600, and is not called upon to discharge debts at its close, has reason to congratulate himself." At p. 41, the usual cost of graduation at Oxford is stated at "£800 at least," and we believe those of our readers who know the subject best will agree with us in raising this sum to £1000. By adopting a system of residence without the Colleges, and other changes, the Commissioners tell us (p. 50) that they "see no reason why the degree should not be taken for £200, even if the student resided for 84 weeks during the four years. This estimate includes all that would be necessary for his support, except board during the vacations, with clothes and pocket-money for the whole year." Now, to make all possible allowance for those financial frailties by which the generous natures of ingenuous youths are so frequently beset, let us double the sum of the Commissioners: £400 is probably about the sum which a gentleman's son spends during his four years' course at a Scotch University, and if travelling expenses and other extras are taken into account, we do not see how a three years' residence at Oxford could cost him less.

Let us take the sum then of £400, as that which a Scottish father will in future have to set apart for the education of his son at Oxford. Greatly under this sum he certainly cannot procure him an university education, and indeed cannot support him anywhere, except perhaps in his own family. Now, if he sends him to Oxford, it is not unlikely that, immediately on his arrival, he may gain an open scholarship, which will go far towards defraying his whole expenses; and even if he should fail in this, at the termination of three years he will be entitled to compete in one university for any one of the 540 fellowships which may fall vacant, every one of which greatly exceeds in value the expense to which he has hitherto been subjected. As to his chances the following paragraph from the Oxford Report is instructive:—

"It is calculated that the present length of the tenure of a Fellowship is about ten years. Supposing that such changes in the distribution of the incomes of the Colleges as we shall presently recommend should take place, it is probable that even then not fewer than 35 will become vacant, and be thrown open to competition every year. The University would thus be enabled to offer a sufficient provision to

one-eighth of its graduates, in case their present number should not increase, and, even if the increase should be as great as can reasonably be expected, it may be calculated that still a large proportion of those who graduated would, at the close of their career, be placed in a position of present and prospective honour and emolument. No other place of education in the world can offer such incentives to industry."

1. Suppose our Scottish youth, at the age of twenty-two, to gain a fellowship of £300 a-year, there can be no difficulty, in case of necessity, of his paying back to his father, in the course of four years, the whole sum which he expended on his university education. Now as the chance of this occurrence can be raised by previous preparation almost to a certainty, and as parental partiality is likely to view it at all times as quite as great as it is, it is impossible to conceal from ourselves the fact, that as soon as the Oxford and Cambridge fellowships are thrown open, a migration of our most hopeful students to the South, by which our Scottish Universities and our Scottish nationality must suffer a heavy loss, is likely to be the consequence.

We are perhaps freer from anti-English prejudices than some of the more patriotic of our countrymen might think desirable; but we do confess that we could not see without regret the whole youth of Scotland cast in the mould of the English Universities. We are persuaded that these institutions, from their very completeness, exercise on second-rate minds an influence unfavourable to originality and freedom of thought.\* Such, as it seems to us, is peculiarly the case with Oxford. Her pupils are struck, as it were, with one mental die, and on every subject which is presented to them, the opinions to which they give utterance, in place of being the results of their own individual thinking, are too frequently nothing more than an expression of Oxford views. But if there be one peculiarity in the intellectual character of our countrymen, as developed in their native academic institutions, that we specially prize, it is that openness and freshness of mind which is ready to receive new truth whence-soever it may come. Of this, many instances, past and present, might be mentioned. The philosophy of Newton was taught in the Universities of Scotland, long before it was substituted for the Cartesian hypotheses, in Newton's own University of Cambridge. In the present century, the modern philosophical opinions which originated with Kant, Coleridge endeavoured to introduce into England in vain; but even at his hands they were received without prejudice in a country, the national peculiarities

\* See Macaulay's observations on the effect which the elaborate drill of the Jesuit Colleges had in suffocating original genius."—*History of England*, vol. ii. p. 60.

of which, during his whole life, had been the favourite subject of his ridicule; and through Scottish channels they are now daily influencing English thought. We have already mentioned the claim which Scotland has to the origin of those economical doctrines which, during the last fifty years, have been slowly working their way into England; and to the same source is to be attributed, not only the mechanical inventions which signalized the commencement of the present century, but the medical, and even the legal reforms, which are now running riot among our English neighbours. How greatly, too, is the systematic and scientific agriculture of the age indebted to the free experimental research of Scotland during the present century.

In proposing that something should be done, not only for the preservation, but for the development of an intellectual nationality which has been so fruitful in results in the past, we propose only what has already been, or is about to be, effected in other parts of the empire. Any one who will look at the dates of foundation of the chairs and lectureships in the two ancient seats of English learning; will be convinced that even there, (before the days of the Commissioners, in whose report University extension holds so prominent a place,) more has been done towards meeting the increased requirements of modern society than in all our Scottish colleges. At Oxford, eight professorships and one readership have been founded during the present century;\* and at Cambridge, in the same time, six University teachers have been added. The London University, with its Colleges, the University of Durham, and the smaller establishments at Birmingham, Manchester, Lampeter, and St. Bees, all fall within the same period. According to the numbers which we have given above, somewhere about 130 new learned positions have been created in England during the last fifty years. In Scotland, during the same period, great additions have no doubt been made to the medical faculties in the three Universities which possess them; but as regards the faculties of Arts, the additions have been few; and even where new foundations are mentioned, they will be found on inquiry generally to be adaptations (sometimes very unwise ones) of formerly existing chairs. Where, for example, is our equivalent for the chair of public law in the University of Edinburgh, which was abolished at the suggestion of that sagacious body the Scottish University Commissioners?†

It is with reference to Ireland, however, that statesmen in re-

\* By the new buildings which have been erected since 1812, one hundred and seventy new rooms have been obtained.—Appendix E, p. 36.

† In the preceding and following calculations, we leave out of account the Non-conformist Colleges and Academies of England and Scotland.

cent times have most unequivocally expressed their sense of the importance of a learned class, by providing new means for its support. By the Act passed in 1845,\* for establishing new Colleges in Ireland, the Lords of the Treasury were authorized to issue the sum of £100,000 for purchasing land, and an annual sum of £7000 to any one College, but not to exceed £21,000 in all, for salaries of professors, and for premiums and exhibitions. In pursuance of this Act, as is well known, charters have been granted to three Colleges, called the Queen's College, of Belfast, Cork, and Galway. The buildings were completed in 1848, and the Colleges were opened in November 1849. In connexion with these Colleges, the Queen's University in Ireland, for conducting examinations and granting degrees, was established. By another Act of the same Session of Parliament, (c. 25,) the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, which had already for fifty years drawn liberally on imperial resources, was placed on a new footing, and permanently endowed for the maintenance of 500 junior and 20 senior students; the Act vesting besides £30,000 in the Commissioners of Public Works for the erection of new buildings. By the institution of the Queen's Colleges alone upwards of seventy new positions for learned men were erected in Ireland at one "coup." Of the increase in this respect which took place at Maynooth we cannot speak with accuracy, nor is it important otherwise than as shewing the liberality with which the Legislature sometimes makes use of the public purse, for the advancement even of a very questionable form of the higher instruction.

Will it not be a want of all true patriotism if Scottish members of Parliament fail to urge the claims of Scotland for a liberality corresponding to that which has thus been already extended to the other portions of the empire? That provisions for a learned class are wanting in Scotland, we have greatly deceived ourselves if we have not already abundantly shewn. Before finally taking leave of the statistical portion of our article, however, there is one consideration to which we must call attention. In stating the whole number of professorships in Scotland at 105, we left out of view that this number includes the professional Chairs, and that those in the Faculty of Medicine are very numerous. We must take the Faculties of Arts alone if we wish to judge of what can properly be called learned positions in Scotland, and by this means the number is at once reduced to somewhere between 35 and 40†. When we put this number against those of the other

\* 8 & 9 Vic. c. 66.

† There are several chairs of a general scientific, and general theological character, which we scarcely know whether to regard as belonging to the Faculty of Arts, or as referable to their professional departments of medicine and theology.

Universities, English, Irish, and foreign, where the medical Chairs are not at all more numerous than with us, our deficiency comes out in its true light. Often in a single College at Oxford, the Fellowships alone greatly exceed in number the whole learned positions in Scotland; and we have already called attention to the statement of the Commissioners, that even should their recommendations be adopted, "it is probable that not fewer than 35 Fellowships will become vacant and be thrown open to competition every year." We shall thus, not in England, but in Oxford alone, have nearly as great a number of learned positions open to competition every year as exist in Scotland altogether!

But what is to be done? By what means, and in what manner are we, in our poor and barren north, so to increase the efficiency of our Universities as to enable them to rival institutions which for ages have been gathering around them the riches of England, and which are now on the eve of a great renovation. The difficulty, we admit, is a grave one, but our present business is not with practical suggestions. Let the existence of these defects be once fairly recognised\* by the public, and the determination to supply them honestly and resolutely embraced, and the first great vantage-ground will have been gained.

In the few hints with which we shall conclude our present article, we are far from wishing to assume the confident tone which a strong conviction has forced upon us in the preceding part of it, and our object in throwing them out is rather to commence than to end discussion.

The defects of our Scottish Universities ought to be supplied in a manner consistent with their existing spirit and genius. Bacon tells us that in such cases the first consideration is "direction;" and though we have neither the "amplitude of reward," nor the "conjunction of labours" of which he speaks, there are two reasons which induce us to think that the cardinal point of direction has been correctly fixed. Of these the first is the results which, with means so inadequate, these institutions have already produced; and the second is, that one of the most prominent recommendations of the Oxford Commissioners is the introduction of the professorial system to a greater extent in that University. It is by a combination of the system which has hitherto prevailed in England, with that of the Scottish and Foreign Universities, unquestionably, that a complete academical system can alone be attained; but we believe that, to the people of Scotland, in the meantime, the institution of new Chairs, and the better endowment of old ones, will be more acceptable than the introduction of fellowships, scholarships, or

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\* "The opinion of plenty, is amongst the causes of want."—*Bacon.*

even tutorships, to any very great extent. Fifty new chairs, with half a dozen tutors to each University, would place the Scottish Universities in a tolerably efficient state on the present system; but fifty fellowships would, we fear, by no means produce all the benefits which the public would conceive itself entitled to demand.\* As to the extent of endowment requisite for a Chair, Bacon has fixed its measure once for all. "It must have a proportion answerable to that mediocrity or competency of advancement which may be expected from a profession."

The commendable attempt of the *Senatus Academicus* of Edinburgh to procure Parliamentary representation for the Universities of Scotland, if successful, will unquestionably have the effect of raising the character of their Degrees, and of answering in some measure the *cui bono* with which students have hitherto met those who urged on them the propriety of submitting to the examination. In their present state, however, we question whether the Universities of Scotland are really of sufficient national importance to merit a separate representation. As regards University Degrees, which in Scotland have never been productive of the benefits which have been derived from them elsewhere, one method of introducing uniformity and giving value to them, would be to combine the Colleges of Scotland into one University, resembling the Queen's University in Ireland, or the University of London, with a General Board of Examiners.

But our first object must be to increase the efficiency of our academical establishments, to widen their range, and render them more and more the nucleus of a learned class. Why should not their teaching, like that of the German Universities, be made to include History, in its various departments, and in separate courses, and the History of Philosophy, an-

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\* For the improvements which we propose we conceive that an addition of from £10,000 to £15,000 a year to the present revenues of the Universities would suffice. On grounds of common justice it seems to us that no very unreasonable demand would be made, even if the whole of this sum were to be claimed by our Scottish Members from the Imperial Exchequer. We learn from the newspapers that, in the estimates for the civil service of the year ending March 1851, which were recently laid on the table of the House of Commons, for purposes of education, science, and art, an increase is asked of no less than £127,661. Of this sum £100,000 are for the New Education Scheme for England, £17,496 for the National Education system in Ireland, £11,636 for the Board of Trade Department of Science and Art, £4847 for the British Museum, and £1768 for the National Gallery. The sum doled out to the Scottish Universities, including the Observatory, Museum, and Botanic Gardens at Edinburgh, is £7010, 3s. 4d.; and this poor pittance is this year shorn of £150, the amount of a special grant enjoyed by the late Dr. Mearns, as Professor of Divinity in King's College, Aberdeen. Against this reduction all that we have to set is a vote of £616, to buy up the feu-duty of the official residence of the Astronomer Royal at Edinburgh. Surely there is a Scottish grievance here of a more serious kind than one which has recently been running the round of the press.

cient and modern? In accordance with the often expressed opinion of Sir William Hamilton, we might have a class of Metaphysics, apart from Logic and Ethics; a Chair of Political Economy, which Lord Jeffrey was willing to have endowed at his own expense, should now be endowed from other sources; the Chair of Public Law, which the wisdom of our ancestors founded, might be revived; the Philosophy of Government might be taught; we might have a Chair for Ethnology, for the English Language and Literature, for Modern Continental Literature, Teutonic and Romanic; for Esthetics, and such other subjects, both literary and scientific, as are represented in the Universities of other countries.

But the root of the whole matter is to increase and multiply our provisions for a learned class. If this can be effected, ulterior arrangements for enabling us to avail ourselves of their labours\* will not be wanting. If our richer neighbours will not help us, our poverty will be indeed a reproach to us, if we cannot, in some measure, help ourselves. That the adequate supply of the requirements of the higher educational institutions of our country, must ultimately depend, to a large extent, on the liberality of individuals within the country itself, is an opinion which we ourselves have long held and expressed. There are no *opera basilica* in our day, except in Ireland, and we cannot better express our own convictions, or say a word more in season on this subject, than by quoting a single sentence from a speech which the Earl of Carlisle recently delivered to an Edinburgh audience. "Of one thing we may be sure, that whatever the government may consent or undertake to do, it will only be in aid and furtherance of individual exertion and liberality, and farther, that whatever government may have done, there will still be a great deal that will be left undone unless individuals take it up." It is to the growth of an enlightened public opinion, and to the formation of streams of private munificence, directed towards our national foundations of learning, guided and, when needful, increased by a patriotic government, that we look for that instauration of these noble institutions which the necessities of modern civilisation,—the social and religious interests of the nation, so urgently demand. We do not know any Scottish question of the day more fitted to call forth the efforts of the best, most patriotic, and most enlightened members of the community, than the one which has suggested the present article.

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\* Though not bearing directly on our present subject, we cannot refrain from expressing the gratification which we have felt in perusing "The Rationale of Discipline, as exemplified in the High School of Edinburgh," by Professor Fildana. From the same veteran hand, a similar work on University Discipline would be invaluable.

ART. X.—*The Private Journal of F. S. Larpent, Esq., Judge-Advocate-General of the British Forces in the Peninsula. Attached to the Head Quarters of Lord Wellington during the Peninsular War, from 1812 to its close.* Edited by SIR GEORGE LARPENT, Bart. 3 vols. London, 1853.

THIS is not merely a very amusing book, it is also a very suggestive one. It has the peculiar merit, too, of having been written by the only person who could have written it, or anything nearly resembling it. It is the private journal of an English lawyer, suddenly transplanted from the Inns of Court to the theatre of war, and brought, in his professional capacity of Judge-Advocate-General, into close connexion with the great Captain of the age, who was then fast rising to the zenith of his reputation. No other man saw Wellington as Mr. Larpent saw him. We have had many pictures of the chief, hastily sketched or elaborately executed, by soldiers who served under him; but Mr. Larpent approached him as a civilian, and his communications with the leader of that great and varied army related chiefly to a subject on which greater reserve would have been maintained before any other officer—the *morale* of his force.

It must be admitted that in one respect a Judge-Advocate stands in an unfortunate and invidious position as a narrator. He sees the worst side of the army; and the experiences of no man, except the Provost-Marshal, contain so many painful and humiliating pictures of war. He sees all the criminality without the excitement and without the glory. He sees the soldier out of the battle—not as a hero, but as a ruffian and a depredator. He has to tell not how gallantly the regiments bore themselves in action, but how pitifully they behaved in the stagnant camp, or on the line of march. These are things of which home-staying people, who only look at the national results of a successful campaign, do not care to take any account. They are hidden behind the spangled curtain, and few men will intentionally draw it aside. But it is well that we should see both sides of the great picture of “glorious war,” and we cannot help thinking that, in some respects, this, the most unattractive point of view in which Mr. Larpent’s journal can be regarded, is that which best develops its importance. In this point of view it is as suggestive and improving, as, in others, it is interesting and amusing.

Mr. Larpent was an English barrister, going the Western Circuit, who, “in 1812, was tempted by the Right-Hon. C. Mannors Sutton, then Judge-Advocate-General, to leave his profession, and to accept the situation of Judge-Advocate-General

to the armies in Spain under the command of the late Duke of Wellington, to remain at head-quarters with his Grace, and to manage the Courts-martial throughout the army." In September he sailed from Portsmouth, and early in November reached the head-quarters of the army at Rueda, where he presented his credentials to Lord Wellington. "I was introduced to Lord Wellington this morning," writes Mr. Larpent, on the 5th of November, "and delivered my letters. He was very courteous. We conversed for half-an-hour, and I am to dine there to-day, in full uniform. He is to send me fifty cases against officers to examine, in order to see if any can be made out on evidence, which is the great difficulty."

"Fifty cases against officers!" This was a pleasant beginning,—not likely to impress the new Judge-Advocate with a very favourable opinion of the discipline of the troops, or of the leisure that he was likely to enjoy. If there were fifty cases against officers, how many, on a moderate computation, were there likely to be against the rank and file of the army,—cases to be tried, for the most part, by inferior military tribunals, and not within the immediate cognizance of the Judge-Advocate-General?

At Frenada, Mr. Larpent for the first time transacted business with the General. The result of the inquiry into the fifty cases was beginning slowly to appear. All that the Judge-Advocate says on this occasion is, "The next person I met was Lord Wellington, and I asked him whether he wished to see me, and whether he had any objection to my moving here. He said I might choose, and take the best of the bad quarters. He then asked if I had my papers about me. I said 'All.' He then said, 'Come up;' and in ten minutes he looked over my papers, *four sets of charges* against officers, and they were all settled, with a few judicious alterations, in which I entirely agreed. I then came out and wrote them fair in the Adjutant-General's office, and two went to Lisbon that day." At this rate it would have taken nearly a year to get through the fifty cases if they had all been valid.

But it would seem that Mr. Larpent spoke in "round numbers," and that the stock with which he was set up in business at starting was in reality only thirty-two, and that these he was able to dismiss after two months of unceasing exertion. On the last day of the year he wrote:—

"I really for the last month have been too busy to write. During the last week, before Lord Wellington went away, he kept me hard at work, and left directions to try and clear off and get rid of all the cases pending for Courts-martial. About *thirty-two cases* were made over to me, some of two years' standing. We have now a Court sitting

at Lisbon, one in the second division at Coria, one in the seventh at Govea, and one here, which I attend myself, four miles off at Fuentes d'Onore. I have sent six to Lisbon, five to the seventh division, five to the second, and intended taking seven myself to Fuentes d'Onore; the rest have in some way been arranged."—Vol. i. p. 52.

We shall not follow Mr. Larpent into the details of his business, which he appends upon this occasion, though some of them are very suggestive. The great difficulty was the supply of evidence. The witnesses were continually falling sick, and the prisoners were following their example. Some indeed of the latter were summarily putting an end to all proceedings against them, and slipping through the Judge-Advocate's hands. "I have nine here," wrote Mr. Larpent, "in the Provost's hands for trial, and five are in the hospital—one just dead."

These repeated Courts-martial brought Mr. Larpent into frequent communication with Wellington. He speaks highly of the prompt and decisive manner in which the chief transacted business with him :—

"Lord Wellington, whom I saw every day for the last three or four days before he went, I like much in business affairs. He is very ready and decisive, and civil, though some complain a little of him at times, and are much afraid of him. Going up with my charges and papers for instructions, I feel something like a boy going to school. I expect to have a long report to make on his return."—Vol. i. p. 56.

After a little time, during which the pressure of business continued to increase, something of this awe on the one side, and reserve on the other, began to wear away; and Mr. Larpent writes that he felt more at home :—

"There never were known so many Courts-martial in this army as at this moment; and as I have the whole direction of them all, I really scarcely know where to turn, and my fingers are quite fatigued, as well as my brains, with the arrangements and difficulties as to witnesses, &c. I sent out seventeen letters yesterday; and to-day I have one case of thirteen prisoners, who have been committing every sort of outrage on their march here. Lord Wellington is now much more easy with me, and seems to trust to me more; and yesterday I was pleased when he said, 'If your friends knew what was going on here, they would think you had no sinecure. And how do you suppose I was plagued when I had to do it nearly all myself?' He seemed to feel relieved, and of course I could not but feel gratified."—Vol. i. p. 84.

The General soon began to feel confidence in the Judge-Advocate-General, who seems to have been a man of unpretending manners, and sound good sense; for a little way further on we find this entry in his journal :—

"Two or three days ago I was somewhat puzzled, when upon my

pointing out the sentence of a Court-martial as illegal, Lord Wellington said, 'Well, do write a letter for me to the President, and I will sign it, and it shall be sent back for revision.' I did not know his style, but the letter was fortunately approved of. I had yesterday a visit from Colonel — of the Engineers, begging for a favourable report upon the case of a complaint against a captain of artillery; I suppose people think that I have some weight in Lord Wellington's decisions, but that is by no means the case. He thinks and acts quite for himself; *with* me if he thinks I am right, but not otherwise. I have not, however, found what Captain — told me I should—that Lord Wellington immediately determines against anything that is suggested to him. On the contrary, I think he is reasonable enough, only often a little hasty in ordering trials when an acquittal must be the consequence. This, I think, does harm, as I would have the law punish almost always when it is put in force."—Vol. i. pp. 91, 92.

Here Mr. Larpent was right, beyond question. The unsuccessful attempts to bring offenders to justice always weaken the authority of the law. It would seem that the result of the haste with which trials were ordered, bore the expected fruit. There were frequent acquittals and recommendations to mercy. These exasperated the Duke:—

"I now see Lord Wellington almost daily on business; he one day fell into a passion about the Courts-martial for not doing their duty, by acquitting, and recommending to mercy, &c. He has always been civil to me, though at times quick and hasty in business; I nearly got into a scrape by saying a good word for Captain —, merely from his good character, as I did not personally know him. However, Lord Wellington so far acquiesced, that he said I need not draw the charge as yet."—Vol. i. p. 93.

A little further on, Mr. Larpent says:—

"The Courts will not do their duty; Lord Wellington was quite angry. He swore, and said his whole table was covered with details of robbery and mutiny, and complaints from all quarters, in all languages, and that he should be nothing but a General of Courts-martial. He has given some broad hints to the Courts in general orders."—Vol. i. p. 101.

We cannot say that we are surprised at the unwillingness of the members of the Courts-martial to pass sentence upon their comrades. That sentence being, in most instances, ignominious hanging, or the cruel torture of the lash. There are at all times great temptation to excess on the line of march. Brave soldiers, ay, and good soldiers, may step aside from the plain path of duty to help themselves in a strange country to the necessities of life, which the commissariat so scantily bestows upon them. The army was at this time insufficiently fed; and there was a good

deal of plunder. The necessity of suppressing it is not to be denied, but we hardly think that the natural leniency of the Courts ought to have evoked the bursts of passion of which Mr. Larpent speaks. Anger is not the feeling that it should have elicited. We admit the force of all that Sir Digby Neave says upon this subject:—"For the salvation of the army—for the lives' sake of an innocent unarmed population; and last not least, to keep the veterans' consciences in their well-earned retirement free from the memory of brutal excesses, such examples were made; but it is not less painful to think, that the flush of the morning's victory on the cheek of the bravest of the brave, has been changed at even by the gripe of the provost-marshal into the paleness of death, contrasted with the black smear of the cartridge still round his mouth, evidence of that good service that had called forth the admiration of his officer;" and it is not less natural that the officer should shrink from the duty of doing the enemy's part by depriving the brave soldier of life, or fearfully wounding him with the terrible cat—it is not less natural that, sometimes bearing in mind the truth,—

"What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted;"—

they should be willing to acquit or to pass light sentence on men who have yielded, perhaps under the pressure of sore temptation, to the temptations which beset them on the march.

The story to which Sir Digby Neave alludes is so much to the purpose, that we must lay aside Mr. Larpent's volume for a moment, whilst we extract this very striking anecdote:—

"This horror, incident to glorious war, took place after the battle of Orthez. Early the next morning, Colonel Weldman of the 7th Hussars, marching out with his regiment and a large part of the army, *saw a man hanging by the road-side, his mouth black with cartridges.* He was recognised as a private of the line who had done good duty during the action. The poor fellow was carrying a sack out of a deserted mill, when the Duke rode by. 'Provost, do your duty,' was the order passed, and the soldier suffered for the good of his comrades; for it was owing to the repression of pillage, and payment for provisions in an enemy's country, that our camp was supplied when the French troops were in want."\*

But the question that naturally suggests itself is, "Did these summary punishments repress pillage?" At a subsequent period of the war, as we see, the soldiery were plundering as recklessly as ever. It was found necessary, therefore, to give increased

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\* *Four Days in Connemara*, by Sir Digby Neave. London, 1852.

powers to the lower military tribunals. It required at first thirteen officers to hang a man ; afterwards, seven sufficed. A police corps was also established ; and Mr. Larpent, thinking prevention better than cure, exhorted the chief to introduce some cautionary passages into the general orders. He tells us that offenders were sometimes sentenced to receive 2000 lashes, but that 700 were considered the maximum of endurance.

It would appear that, in those days, a man sentenced to 1200 lashes was supposed almost to escape :—

“I have now got a Court-martial in the fourth division, the only one which has been hitherto free, to try three fellows for going out at night and stealing seven sheep, keeping sentry as a guard over the two shepherds, whilst they skinned the sheep and divided the meat. Two other men were with them, of better characters, and they are therefore to be admitted as witnesses against the three. The Court at Coimbra has let my two worst fellows *almost escape with twelve hundred lashes*. They ought to have been hung, as they are desperate fellows—both Irishmen. They have been most mutinous and insolent whilst under trial, and one of them, a few days since, said he did not know whether he was to be hung or flogged this time ; but if the latter, he would take care *next time there should be no witnesses to tell of what he had done*.”—Vol. i. pp. 143-144.

There is something painfully suggestive in this. It would seem that, if a man “almost escaped” with 1200 lashes for sheep-stealing, instead of determining to steal no more, he determined, on the next occasion, to murder as well as rob. Such declarations do not go far to prove the virtue of the severe discipline which it was thought necessary to enforce. Yet a little way further on, we find Mr. Larpent saying, “We have flogged and hung men into a little better order ;” and again—“The statement of Courts-martial, which I shall present to Lord Wellington to-morrow, satisfies me that we are mending, and that we have not tried fifty cases, hung eight, transported eight or ten, flogged about sixty severely, and broken several officers, for nothing.” It is to be hoped that such discipline was not “for nothing,” though the effects are not very apparent ; for we do not proceed very much further into the heart of Mr. Larpent’s narrative, before we find that the men were plundering and deserting as recklessly as ever. Sir Digby Neave says, in the passage which we have quoted above, that if it had not been for Wellington’s severe discipline, the conduct of our army on the march would have been as bad as that of the French. Mr. Larpent in one passage says that it was worse.

It appears, however, that other measures than the lash and the platoon were sometimes tried. Here is a cheering proof of

the good effects of moral influence. It may have been, as Mr. Larpent says, "an odd thing," but it seems to have been successful :—

"We are as quiet here as at Frenada. Desertion is terrible. I think, however, Lord Wellington must stop it. We have only as yet tried five out of sixteen on trial. They are all sentenced to death, and all shot! This will, I think, at least have a good effect on our new reinforcements. One of our officers did an odd thing to stop it, and it answered, or has so hitherto. He called his men together, and addressing them, said,—‘I want no men who wish to go to the French, and if any now will say they wish to go, I promise to send them in with a flag of truce.’ No one stirred, nor has any one stirred since.”—Vol. ii. p. 74.

The severer remedies, it seems, were not always successful. The Provost was sometimes outwitted, and criminals escaped after conviction.

"Here we are still quiet and very busy; Courts-martial all at work, &c. In these hills, however, our Provosts are not the most secure; and common precautions will not do against men who know they are probably to be shot in a day or two. I told you previously of a man who was to have been hung the next day, but escaped overnight. Another Court is just cut short for the same cause. They adjourned till yesterday morning for a witness for the prisoner, and in the night he was off. Another man under sentence of death near Maya, and three other deserters just taken as they were going over to the French, were put foolishly under the care of a man and a lad armed to convoy them a little way. They rose on them, took away their arms, and went over with them to the French post. I am sorry to say, however, that we have still enough to hang."—Vol. ii. p. 75.

Still the old story,—“we have enough to hang!”

These are very painful matters to write of, and we shall be glad to quit the subject. Such things may be inseparable from war under the best of circumstances. They were certainly inseparable from the military system which obtained forty years ago. The *morale* of the British army was very low, and pains were not taken to improve it. The old system of enlistment for life had a tendency to draw into the ranks only the scum and refuse of English society. Few men took the shilling in those days except under the influence of liquor, or desperation, or both. Military service was not looked to as an honourable profession. It was deemed by the outside world not ennobling, but degrading. It was a service into which men were to be deluded and betrayed; for no one would voluntarily seek it who could follow the plough, or tend the loom, or earn ten shillings a week after any other fashion, in shirt sleeves and a round hat. It was altogether a reprobate profession. The stamp of the outcast

was upon it. The soldier quitted his home—enlisted, perhaps under a false name. His friends seldom heard of him again. Perhaps they did not wish to hear. He had “gone for a soldier.” It was enough. Honest men looked upon it as a sort of moral death, and shrunk from all allusion to the subject, as though the erring son or brother had utterly disgraced his name.

It is true that at this time men, who lived at home and looked eagerly for the Gazette, were stirred ever and anon into a great enthusiasm when glad tidings came from the seat of war, and they heard how victory dogged the heels of victory, until England was well-nigh drunk with fame. They had a keen sense of military glory in the abstract, and a true appreciation, perhaps, of the army in the concrete; but there always was, and there still is, a remarkable disproportion between the public estimate of the British army and of the British soldier. The British army is something which wins great battles and raises the national renown and the national prosperity to the highest pitch attainable by any nation under heaven; but the British soldier is something to be hanged, to be shot, to be flogged, under the remorseless hand of the Provost, if he escapes the bullets and the sabres of the enemy. It must be admitted that we have never sufficiently considered the individual manhood of the British soldier. In Mr. Larpent’s time, we fear, it was not considered at all. Army reform has recently made considerable strides; and under the present Commander-in-Chief, who was always highly esteemed as a military reformer, we doubt not it will make still more satisfactory progress. But within a very recent period all the environments of military life have been only such as fatally tended to brutalize the common soldier. The system of enlistment—the want of sufficient barrack accommodation—the absence of schools and soldiers’ libraries—of the means of healthful recreation and innocent amusement—the frequency of corporal punishment—the apathy and exclusiveness of the officer, all tended to keep the soldier down in the scale of manhood. And then there was often, on service, a total want of religious instruction—a general desecration of Sabbath. Hear what Mr. Larpent says of this:—

“There has been no chaplain here for these last eight or nine months, or any notice taken in any manner of Sunday. It used to be, I hear, a very regular and imposing thing to attend divine service performed out of doors—hats off—but the people must now think we have no religion at all, as every business almost (public at least) goes on nearly as usual. The English soldiers, however, keep it as a holiday, though the Portuguese will many of them work.”—Vol. i. p. 75.

One would have thought, that in that immense camp a Chap-

lain would have been as useful an officer as a Judge-Advocate. But in those days, in civil no less than in military life, the system was rather to punish than to prevent crime. We thought little of prophylactic measures. Perhaps a few ministers of the gospel might have diminished the work of Mr. Larpent and the Provost.

There is some consolation, however, in the thought that such are the progressive tendencies of the age towards good, that the state of things here represented could hardly exist in the present day. There is infinitely more morality and religion in the army than there was fifty years ago. Indeed, we are inclined to think, that among the officers of the British army, under which designation we include Queen's and Company's officers alike, there are as many really religious men as in any other class of English gentlemen. In these days, if there were no chaplains with the army, many an officer's quarters would be thrown open for domestic worship on the Sabbath. We remember with what pleasure we read in Major Edwards' "*Two Years on the Punjaunbee Frontier*," how, far beyond the outskirts of civilisation, among a savage people in a dreary country, a young English officer, Lieutenant Taylor, exhorted his comrade to join with him in divine worship on the Sabbath, though the congregation was only to consist of those two young officers, one of whom was to officiate, and a third of doubtful Christianity. We do not believe that in the present time, any number of British officers, thrown together on service, would fail to preserve, except in a critical conjunction necessitating action, the solemnity of the Christian's day of rest.

We turn now to the more agreeable part of our duty. We have seen what were the materials of that army with which Wellington achieved his great victories on the Peninsula. We have seen the worst side of the British soldier—the worst side of war. It is to be remembered that the work is the journal of a Judge-Advocate, or rather, a series of letters written to a near relation, never intended for publication, and not published until forty years after they were written. It was not that Mr. Larpent turned aside to speak of such things, but that it was his business to contemplate them, and that such records naturally belonged to the annals of his daily life. A Judge-Advocate's view of an army is not the pleasantest that can be taken—but it is one of the most instructive. What the lessons to be learnt from it are we have cursorily indicated. But what we now wish to say is, that this picture of the British army enhances the extraordinary merit of the commander who led it on to victory. To the general reader the interest of Mr. Larpent's book will centre in "*Lord Wellington*." These volumes overflow with

anecdotes of the great Duke. There is a genuineness about them beyond all suspicion. The letters have been published as they were written; and there is in every page a Boswellian minuteness of detail more valuable than bolder writing. The future historian will find in them much to illustrate both the character of the man and the annals of the war; and the most careless reader will find in them more amusing matter than in any work the "season" has put forth up to the present time.

We have not as yet fairly represented the characters of the book before us. We believe that this can best be done by taking at random a few brief passages containing traits of individual portraiture—principally the portraiture of Wellington himself. It is probable that some who do not take just account of the qualities which go to make up the military character, may think that Mr. Larpent's picture of the Duke is not a very flattering one—that its tendency is less to elevate than to degrade. But this is altogether a mistake, as we hope presently to shew. Here are some illustrations of the *activity* of the man—a fête is given at Ciudad Rodrigo, "of which he is Duke." "A grand dinner, ball, and supper."

"Lord Wellington was the most active man of the party; he prides himself on this; but yet I hear from those about him that he is a little broken down by it. He stayed at business at Frenada until half-past three, and then rode full seventeen miles to Rodrigo in two hours, to dinner, dressed in all his orders, &c., was in high glee, danced himself, stayed supper, and at half-past three in the morning went back to Frenada by moonlight, and arrived here before day-break at six, so that by twelve he was ready again for business, and I saw him amongst others, about a Court-martial, when I returned at two the next day."—Vol. i. p. 114.

Here is another example of the same quality:—

"Not to lose a day, Lord Wellington, the first day he was here, rode all about St. Sebastian, to see it in all directions, examine, &c., and was provoked at the Spaniards parading for him, when his object was to be incog. The second day he went to Irún, on the frontier, on the Bidassoa, to see how things were going on there. The day before yesterday, having waited till eight o'clock (morning), just to receive the *Gazette*, with his battle despatches, and his appointment of Field-Marshal, away he went nine leagues over the mountains for St. Estevan. He is going to see more of the mountain passes that way, and says he shall be back the fourth day, if possible, though many think it impossible. We have heard of him eating some trout at Gaysueta at twelve, and arriving at St. Estevan at five, the day he left here."—Vol. i. p. 289.

But with all this activity, it would seem, that at this period

he was not habitually an early riser. According to Mr. Larpent's account, he did not like to take time by the forelock :—

"Lord Wellington and all his party went off at eight this morning for St. Sebastian to see how things are going on. He intends returning to dinner—a late one, I think it will be, though they all have fresh horses on the road. . . . Lord Wellington is not as easily roused from his bed as he used to be. This is the only change in him ; and it is said he has been in part encouraged to this by having such confidence in General Murray. I understand he was always naturally fond of his pillow. He had rather ride like an express for ten or fifteen leagues, than be early and take time to his work. On the whole, this may fatigue him less as being a less time on horseback."—Vol. ii. p. 7.

We are inclined to think that this was rather an accident than a propensity. The following seems to be more characteristic of the man as he is now known to us :—

"You ask if Lord Wellington has recollected ——— with regard. He seems to have had a great opinion of him, but has scarcely ever named him to me. In truth, I think Lord Wellington has an active, busy mind, always looking to the future, and is so used to lose a useful man, that as soon as gone he seldom thinks more of him. . . . He has too much of everything and everybody always in his way to think much of the absent."—Vol. ii. pp. 48-49.

This we can readily believe. People who are very full of business, in war or in peace, have little time to think of the absent or the dead.

Mr. Larpent speaks with becoming praise of Wellington's simplicity of character. He says :—

"I have no doubt that ——— plays the great man very well, and puts on all the dignity of a Jack in office. He likes the thing and has a turn for humbug, of which there is so much all over the world in every line, and which is often of such infinite use to those who can adopt it. I think it very tiresome, and I only rejoice that it is not the fashion here at head-quarters. From Lord Wellington, downwards, there is mighty little. Every one works hard, and does his business. The substance and not the form is attended to ; in dress, and many other respects, I think, almost too little so. The maxim of our chief is, 'Let every one do his duty well, and never let me hear of any difficulties about anything ;' and that is all he cares about."—Vol. ii. p. 212.

One or two more personal anecdotes and we have done. We learn from the following, that at the battle of Fuentes d'Onore Wellington narrowly escaped with his life :—

"Lord Wellington, the other day, was again talking of the battle at Fuentes d'Onore ; he said he was obliged to ride hard to escape ; and

thought at one time, as he was on a slow horse, he should have been taken. The whole of head-quarters, general and all, he said, English dragoons and French dragoons, were all galloping away together across the plain; and he more than once saw a French dragoon in a green coat, within twenty yards of him. One Frenchman got quite past them all, and they could not knock him off his horse. At last they caught his bridle and stopped him."—Vol. i. p. 145.

At Orthes he was wounded slightly. How it happened is not generally known. Mr. Larpent says:—

"I walked down to the bridge with Lord Wellington yesterday, and found him limp a little, and he said he was rather more pained than usual, but it was nothing. At dinner, yesterday, he said he was laughing at General Alava having had a knock, and telling him it was all nonsense, and that he was not hurt, when he received this blow and a worse one on the same place himself. Alava said it was to punish him for laughing at him."—Vol. iii. p. 41.

The next and last scrap which we have marked, contains an anecdote illustrative of the characters both of Wellington and Crawford:—

"I have heard a number of anecdotes of General Crawford. He was very clever and knowing in his profession all admit, and led on his division on the day of his death in the most gallant style; but Lord Wellington never knew what he would do. He constantly acted in his own way contrary to orders; and as he commanded the advanced division, at times perplexed Lord Wellington considerably, who never could be sure where he was. On one occasion, near Guinaldo, he remained across a river by himself, that is, only with his own division, nearly a whole day after he was called in by Wellington. He said he knew he could defend his position. Lord Wellington, when he came back only said, 'I am glad to see you safe, Crawford.' The latter said, 'Oh! I was in no danger, I assure you.' 'But I was, from your conduct,' said Wellington. Upon which Crawford observed, 'He is — crusty to-day.'"—Vol. i. p. 133.

We think that these passages will exhibit both sides of those interesting volumes, and show how varied are their contents. There is much grave and suggestive matter in them; much that is light and anecdotal. The book is a contribution to the genuine history of the Peninsular War, as welcome as it is unexpected. We have laid it down with a feeling of gratitude for hours of pleasant reading, and placed the volumes on our shelves with a certainty that we shall often refer to them again for the materials of authentic history which they so abundantly contain.

**ART. XI.**—*Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. With Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert, being the Result of a recent Expedition undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum.* By AUSTEN H. LAYARD, M.P., Author of "*Nineveh and its Remains.*" 8vo, pp. 700. London, 1853.

IN our former review of Mr. Layard's "*Nineveh and its Remains*,"\* we looked forward with eager anticipation to a more careful and extended scrutiny of the mounds of Assyria and Mesopotamia, but without any ground of hope that these anticipations would be so quickly and amply realized. Sanguine, however, as we were, we were not prepared to expect that while Mr. Layard was disinterring the slabs, and obelisks, and antiquities of the East, instinct with the history and customs of the countries that produced them, Providence should be raising up learned and sagacious interpreters to decypher the handwriting of the ancient sculptors, and read to us the history of sovereigns and rulers that were chiefly known from the pages of holy writ. These individuals were Colonel Rawlinson and the Rev. Dr. Hincks, whose discoveries resemble more the results of inspiration than of research, and hold out to us the gratifying hope that we shall soon know more of the heathen nations contemporary with the people of Israel, than we do of less ancient communities, and of races more closely connected with our own. In attaching so peculiar an interest to researches relating to the localities of Scripture history, we do not mean to insinuate that their religious bearing is the only measure of their value. To the Christian, indeed, this must ever be the principal source of his gratification; but he shares also in the pleasure with which the philosopher and the antiquary study the records of the past, and trace the history of their species through its recurring cycles of barbarism and civilisation. With them he ponders over the monuments of ancient life which preceded the creation of man. With them he lingers over the experiences of the past as a guide to the ameliorations of the future, and even in the blackest records of ignorance, and cruelty, and ambition, he sees the dawn of a better age, rejoices in the advancement of civilisation, and pants for the final emancipation of his race.

But while the volume of Mr. Layard must be thus interesting to various classes of its readers,—now casting a light on the scenes of Old Testament history—now adding a fresh buttress to our faith—now displaying to us the rude grandeur of prim-

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\* *North British Review*, vol. xi. p. 209.

eval civilisation, and reading aloud to the Western world the earliest histories of the East,—it is, at the same time, a book of travels, in which the author describes his journies in Armenia, Kurdistan, and various parts of Assyria, with that copiousness and accuracy which could be expected only from a traveller familiar with the language and customs of the people, and admitted to the closest intimacy with the semi-barbarous natives, and the rulers that oppress them. In this respect Mr. Layard enjoyed privileges which had never before been conceded to travellers in the East. His reputation preceded him in all his journies, and he was everywhere received as a friend and benefactor. The information, therefore, which he acquired, whether domestic, social, or political, was of the most authentic character, and relating as it does to the most interesting regions of the globe, it possesses a value of no ordinary kind. The vast territory of Asiatic Turkey, bordering on the birth-place of man,—basking under a temperate sun and an azure sky,—the seat of early civilisation and of glorious enterprise, is at this moment arresting the attention of the Christian, the statesman, and the philanthropist. Lying between the civilisation of the Western world and the dawning intelligence of the East,—between the Christian influences of Free America, and Europe about to be free, and the Anglo-Saxon sympathies of our Indian Empire, the vast continent which has Babylon and Nineveh in its centre will doubtless be the theatre of those great events which prophecy foreshadows, and whose mirage the statesman now descries in the distance. Already has the schoolmaster begun to ply his preliminary labours—the first and the surest steps of civilisation. Already does the missionary diffuse the aroma of his heavenly message, and already have justice and mercy been wrested from the oppressor by the benign influence of the traveller and the diplomatist. The schools and churches of the Armenian people are now laying the foundations of a vast Protestant community, which alone can regenerate the benighted nations of the East. These high expectations will, we trust, be justified by a careful perusal of Mr. Layard's volume, and we shall be glad if, in our brief analysis of it, the reader shall find some evidence of the great truths which we have ventured to enunciate.

After a few months' residence in England in 1848, for the recovery of his health, Mr. Layard returned to his post at the British Embassy in Turkey. The great interest which was felt and expressed in England respecting the important discoveries which he had made, induced the Trustees of the British Museum to propose to him the superintendence of a second expedition into Assyria. In reply to this invitation Mr. Layard drew up a plan of operations, which he considered best fitted to obtain interesting and

important information. The plan, as he himself observes, "was perhaps too vast and general to admit of performance or warrant adoption," and he was therefore "merely directed to return to the site of Nineveh, and continue the researches commenced among its ruins." With this view, "arrangements, hasty and inadequate, were made in England." Mr. F. Cooper was selected as the artist, and Mr. Layard was joined at Constantinople by Dr. Sandwith, an English Physician on a visit to the East, and by Hormuzd Rassam, who had aided him in his first discoveries. On the 28th August 1849, Mr. Layard and his party left the Bosphorus by an English steamer, bound for Trebizond, accompanied by Cawal Yusuf, the head of the preachers of the Yezidis, and four chiefs of the districts in the neighbourhood of Diarbekir, who had been sent to Constantinople, as a deputation to Mr. Layard, to obtain his assistance in the redress of grievances which had been recently imposed upon them by the Turkish Government.

After Mr. Layard's departure from Mosul in 1847, the military conscription was, in defiance of the general law in the Koran, extended to the Yezidis, and to the Christian inhabitants of the Pashalic. The duties of a soldier were incompatible with the rites and observances of the faith of the Yezidis, to whom the customs and the very food of the Turkish soldier were an abomination. Their children, too, were still lawful objects of public sale, and their parents were subject to persecution, and even to death on account of their religion. Under these circumstances, the chiefs of the Yezidi nation having learned that Mr. Layard was at Constantinople, requested his influence in obtaining access for the deputation to the Minister of State. Mr. Layard introduced them to Sir Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who obtained from the Porte an imperial order freeing the Yezidis from all illegal impositions, forbidding the sale of their children as slaves, securing to them the full enjoyment of their religion, and placing them on the same footing as the other sects of the empire.

Having reached Trebizond on the 31st August, the party commenced their land journey to Erzeroom on the following day; and by one of the caravan routes which connect Persia with the Black Sea, they reached Erzeroom on the 8th September. Accompanied by Mr. Brant the British Consul, Mr. Layard visited the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Forces in Anatolia, Reshid Pasha, known as the "*Guzlu*," or "Wearer of Spectacles," who had just returned from the subjugation of the wild mountain tribes of Central Armenia. These tribes had been in open rebellion against the Sultan, and, according to the Pasha, who united to a knowledge of the French language a taste for Euro-

pean literature, they were idolaters, worshipping venerable oaks, great trees, huge solitary rocks, and other grand features of nature. The chief priest and political head of the sect had been recently taken prisoner, and sent to Constantinople. The direct road between Trebizond and Mesopotamia once passed through their district, but from a remote period no traveller durst venture among tribes so notorious for their lawlessness and cruelty. The Pasha spoke of re-opening the road, and Mr. Layard thinks it probable that the district may contain the remains of ancient races, monuments of antiquity, and natural productions of sufficient importance to merit the attention of the traveller in Asia Minor.

In his journey from Erzeroom to Mosul Mr. Layard's caravan, furnished with seventeen horses and mules, took the direct route but recently opened to caravans, which passes by the lake of Wan, Bitlis, and Jezireh. He rested the first night at Guli, whose owner was Shahan Bey, a descendant of one of the Dereh-Bey's, or "Lords of the valley," who resided in their fortified castles or villages, and who, though yielding only a nominal allegiance to the Sultan, generally accompanied him in a great national war against the Infidels. Having been apprized of Mr. Layard's visit, Shahan Bey received him with the warmest hospitality, which was extended to the whole of his large company. The race of military chieftains who were extirpated under the centralizing system of Sultan Mahmoud, and of whom Shan Bey was at once the descendant and the representative, are thus described by Mr. Layard :—

"It is customary to regard these old Turkish lords as inexorable tyrants—robber chiefs who lived on the plunder of travellers and of their subjects. That there were many who answered to this description cannot be denied; but they were, I believe, exceptions. Amongst them, were some rich in virtues and high and noble feeling. It has been frequently my lot to find a representative of this nearly extinct class in Asia Minor or Albania. I have been received with affectionate warmth, at the end of a day's journey, by a venerable Bey or Agha, in his spacious mansion, now fast crumbling to ruin, but still bright with the remains of rich yet tasteful oriental decoration; his long beard, white as snow, falling low on his breast; his many-folded turban shadowing his benevolent yet manly countenance, and his limbs enveloped in the noble garments rejected by the new generation; his hall open to all comers, the guest neither asked from whence he came nor whither he was going, dipping his hands with him in the same dish; his servants standing with reverence before him, rather his children than his servants; his revenues spent in raising fountains on the wayside for the weary traveller, or in building caravanserais on the dreary plain; not only professing but practising all the duties and virtues enjoined by the Koran, which are Christian duties and virtues too; in his man-

ners, his appearance, his hospitality, and his faithfulness, a perfect model for a Christian gentleman. The race is fast wearing away, and I feel grateful in being able to testify, with a few others, to its existence once, against prejudice, intolerance, and so-called reform."—*Discoveries*, pp. 12, 13.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow Mr. Layard in his journey to Mosul—to describe the threshing-floors which he met with in every village, "the threshing-sledges" armed with teeth," mentioned by Isaiah, and the "unmuzzled" oxen and horses, driven over the scattered sheaves by the boys and girls to whom the duty is assigned, and to accompany him in his ride through the vast Tartar limits of the ancient city of Akhlát, a perfect forest of upright stones seven or eight feet high, of the richest red colour, delicately and tastefully carved, with arabesque ornaments and inscriptions. In the midst of these rise, here and there, a conical *turbeh*, or mausoleum of beautiful shape, covered with exquisite tracery, carved in relief in the red stone. "These ornaments of the dead still stand, and have become the monuments of a city long crumbled into dust." One of these *turbehs*, surpassing the rest in beauty, with its fine conical roof resting on columns and arches, contained in its basement chamber the dust of the Sultan Baiandour. In the vicinity was a deep ravine flanked with lofty perpendicular rocks, literally honeycombed with entrances to artificial caves, ancient tombs, or dwelling-places. These tombs are frequently approached by flights of steps cut in the rock, and a square entrance generally leads to a spacious chamber. Mr. Layard observed no traces of the method of closing these entrances, but he believed that, as in other parts of the East, it was by stones turning on a rude hinge, or "rolling on rollers," as when the "stone was rolled away from the sepulchre in which Christ was laid." The forest of tombs which we have already mentioned surrounds Akhlát like a broad belt, containing the accumulated remains of successive generations. "The triumph of the dead over the living," as Mr. Layard says, "is, perhaps, only thus seen in the East. In England, where we grudge our dead their last resting-place, the habitations of the living encroach on the burial-ground; as in the East it is the grave-yard which drives before it the cottage and the mansion. The massive head-stones still stand erect long after the dwelling-places of even the descendants of those who placed them there have passed away."

At the long, straggling town of Bitlis, Mr. Layard's party were seized with fever and ague, "that curse of eastern travel," and he availed himself of the day's rest to assist Cawal Yusuf

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\* Sledges stuck full of sharp flints in the under part, and drawn by oxen.

in obtaining out of the property of the late Sheriff Bey the restoration of the personal effects of two Cawals of the Yezidis who had been murdered at his instigation. Mr. Layard had received from Reshid Pasha an official order for this purpose, and was assisted by the Mudir or governor in accomplishing his object.

Of the three roads which lead from Bitlis to Jezireh, Mr. Layard chose the circuitous one which winds through the valley of the eastern branch of the Tigris, as it enabled him to visit the Yezidi villages of the district of Kherzan. Passing through a tunnel about 20 feet long, cut through a mass of calcareous rock, they reached, at sunset, the Yezidi village of Namki. Returning from their threshing-floor, the peasants were alarmed at the large company of horsemen whom they saw in the distance, whom "they took for irregular troops, the terror of an eastern village." Cawal Yusuf, concealing all but his eyes with the Arab kerchief which he then wore, rode into the midst of them, demanding peremptorily quarters and provisions for the night. The alarm thus given was instantly removed. The Cawal and his party were welcomed with the warmest affection. A report, which his long silence had confirmed, had gone abroad that he had been put to death by the Sultan. He was received with general rejoicing as the "dead who was alive again," and as "the lost who was found."

"Yusuf," says Mr. Layard, "was soon seated in the midst of a circle of the elders. He told his whole story with such details and illustrations as an Eastern alone can introduce, to bring every fact vividly before his listeners. Nothing was omitted; his arrival at Constantinople, his reception by me, his introduction to the ambassador, his interview with the great ministers of state, the firman of future protection for the Yezidis, prospects of peace and happiness for the tribe, our departure from the capital, the nature of steamboats, the tossing of the waves, the pains of sea-sickness, and our journey to Kherzan. Not the smallest particular was forgotten; every person and event were described with equal minuteness; almost the very number of pipes he had smoked, and coffees he had drunk, was given. He was continually interrupted by exclamations of gratitude and wonder, and when he had finished, it was my turn to be the object of unbounded welcomes and salutations.

"As the Cawal sat on the ground, with his noble features and flowing robes, surrounded by the elders of the village, eager listeners to every word which dropped from their priest, and looking towards him with looks of profound veneration, the picture brought vividly to my mind many scenes described in the sacred volumes. Let the painter who would throw off the conventionalities of the age, who would feel as well as portray the incidents of holy writ, wander in the East, and mix, not as the ordinary traveller, but as a student of men and of nature, with its people. He will daily meet with customs which he

will otherwise be at a loss to understand, and be brought face to face with those who have retained, with little change, the manners, language, and dress of a patriarchal race."—*Discoveries, &c.*, pp. 40, 41.

This interesting scene, so well described by Mr. Layard, was only the commencement of a series of ovations presented to him on passing through the Yezidi territory on his way to Mosul. Messengers on foot and on horseback announced to the surrounding villages the arrival of their benefactor, and the grateful inhabitants flocked to his tent to offer their congratulations. The joyous throng accompanied him from village to village. Their drums and their bells announced his arrival, and sheep were slain, and libations of raki poured out in his honour. Never were the conquerors of Assyria, or the Assyrian conquerors, received with such heartfelt rejoicing, as was the English traveller, who had conquered from their oppressors the inestimable boons of justice and of mercy. There is no part of Mr. Layard's successful labours that the reader will envy more than the triumph which he achieved for the grateful Yezidis. Let future travellers learn, that while they are exploring the territory, and studying the manners of semi-barbarous and oppressed communities, they may be able to lighten the yoke which they bear, without offending the power that imposed it. Lord Stratford and Mr. Layard are, we venture to say, not less esteemed by the Sultan and his government, that they have successfully interposed in the cause of humanity.

Before leaving the house of Nazi, the chief of the whole Yezidi district, Mr. Layard availed himself of the occasion to obtain a sight of the Melek Taous,\* or copper bird, which he ascertained to be a symbol or banner of the house of Hussein Bey. It was placed in a dark room, under a red coverlet. "The cawals drew near with every sign of respect, bowing and kissing the corner of the cloths upon which it was placed. A stand of bright copper or brass, in shape like the candlesticks generally used in Mosul and Baghdad, was surmounted by the rude image of a bird in the same metal, and more like an Indian or Mexican idol than a cock or peacock."

Leaving Nazi's house, followed by a large company of Yezidis, with a party of Christians with the Kiayah at their head, Mr. Layard reached Tilleh, where he crossed the united streams of the Bitlis and Sert, which join the western branch of the Tigris. It was at this spot that the 10,000 Greeks forded these united streams, called by Xenophon the Centritis. The deep ford was disputed by the enemy on the opposite eminence. Xenophon dreamed that he was in chains, and that his fetters

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\* See this Review, vol. xi. p. 235.

burst suddenly and spontaneously. His dream was fulfilled when two youths pointed out to him a better ford, across which he led his army in safety.

At the Yezidi village of Semil, Mr. Layard found the Yezidi chieftain, Abde Agha, seated "in the gate"\* of his mud-built castle, where business is generally transacted during the day. His reception was most hospitable; the lamb was slain, and the feast prepared; but, in the very midst of their mutual greetings, a messenger, in breathless haste, announced an attack of the Bedouins upon the village of Pashai, belonging to Abde Agha's tribe. The chieftain instantly mounted his high-bred mare, galloped off in the direction of the enemy, and left the hospitalities of his castle to be performed by his wife. On his return from the fight, in which he slew five Arabs with his own hand, he advised his guests to make the best of their way to Tel Eskeff, and apologized for not giving them an escort, as he was obliged to return to the battle with every man that could bear arms. They had scarcely got three miles from Semil, when a large body of horsemen appeared on a rising ground to the east. The momentary fear that they might be the victorious Bedouins was quickly dissipated by the appearance of Hussein Bey and Sheik Nasi, who, with the cawals and Yezidi elders, had ridden nearly 40 miles through the night, to escort them, if needful, to Mosul. They rode with Mr. Layard as far as Tel Eskoff, where there was no longer any danger to be apprehended from the Arabs. Here he met with many old friends, and with crowds of Jebours, who were anxious to be again employed at the excavations. At Tel Kef, his old superintendants of workmen met him at the roadside. Mr. Rassam, the vice-consul; Mr. Layard's old groom, with his horse ready to be mounted, and even the greyhounds that had been brought up under his roof, were all assembled to grace his entrance into Mosul. "Hastening over the creaking bridge of boats, we force our way through the crowded bazaars, and alight at the house I had left two years ago. Old servants take their places as a matter of course, and, uninvited, pursue their regular occupations as if they had never been interrupted."

Upon Mr. Layard's return to Europe in 1847, Mr. Ross had continued the researches in the mound at Kouyunjik, and had discovered several interesting bas-reliefs, but as he had left Mosul the excavations had been carried on by Mr. Rassam, whom the Trustees of the British Museum had authorized to employ a small number of men, rather with the view of keeping possession of the spot, than of carrying on extensive operations. The sculptures hitherto discovered in the mound had been

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\* See 2 Samuel xix. 8; 2 Chron. xviii. 9; Dan. ii. 49; 2 Kings vii. 1, and 18.

reached by digging down from the surface, but the earth having accumulated to such a degree, frequently to the height of thirty feet, the workmen now tunnelled along the wall, sinking shafts for light and air, and propping up the narrow subterranean passage, either by leaving columns of earth, or by wooden beams. "These long galleries, dimly lighted, lined with the remains of ancient art, broken urns projecting from the crumbling sides, and the wild Arab and the hardy Nestorian wandering through their intricacies, or working in their dark recesses, were singularly picturesque."

After examining the sculptures discovered in his absence,—namely, a series of bas-reliefs, recording the subjection by the Assyrians of a people inhabiting the banks of a river, probably in Southern Mesopotamia;—a pair of gigantic human-headed bulls, forming the portal to the hall containing the bas-reliefs; and a well cut through the large pavement slab between the bulls, and containing the remains of bas-reliefs,—Mr. Layard made arrangements for continuing the excavations, and after propitiating with a little civility the new Pasha, the sixth occupant of the office since he left, his workmen entered upon the task of making fresh excavations by the tunnelling process.

Mr. Layard was scarcely settled in Mosul when a deputation of the Yezidi Cawals, on the part of Hussein Bey and Sheikh Nasr, came to invite him to their annual festival. He found it difficult to refuse so earnest an invitation, and accompanied by Mr. Ross, one of his own party, he set off for Baadri, and was entertained for the night by the young chief who came to meet him with a large company of Yezidi horsemen. At the tomb of Sheikh Adi various ceremonies were performed,\* in honour, or in propitiation of the evil spirit. Sheikh Jindi, who had never been known to smile, was the *Peesh-namaz*, or "Leader of prayer" in these ceremonies, where hymns, with music and the *Tahleel*,† in favour of the evil deity, were followed by others in honour of Melek Isa and Sheikh Adi. The public, private, and domestic affairs of the sect were then discussed, and various reforms proposed: One of these, chiefly in reference to the mode of contracting marriage, was adopted, and in conformity with it several betrothals, in the midst of great mirth and applause, were made on the spot. At this festival the following ancient and curious ceremony was witnessed by Mr. Layard, and performed by the Kaidi, a powerful Yezidi tribe, who alone used to send 600 matchlock men to the festival:—

"In company with all those that have fire-arms they ascend the rocks overhanging the temple, and placing small oak twigs in the

\* See this *Review*, vol. xi. p. 231.

† *Ib.*, p. 234.

muzzle of their guns, discharge them into the air. After having kept up a running fire for nearly half an hour, they descend into the outer court, and again let off their pieces. When entering the inner court, they go through a martial dance before Hussein Bey, who stands on the steps of the sanctuary, amidst the assembled priests and elders. The dance being ended, a bull, presented by the Yezidi chief, is led out from the temple. The Kaidi rush upon the animal with shouts, and, seizing it, lead it off in triumph to Sheikh Mirza, one of the heads of the sect, from whom they also receive a present yearly consisting of sheep. During these ceremonies the assembled crowd of men, women, and children form groups on the steep sides of the ravine, some standing on the well-wooded terrace, others on projecting rocks and ledges, whilst the boys clamber into the high trees, from which they can obtain a view of the proceedings. The women make the *tahleel* without ceasing, and the valley resounds with the deafening noise. The long white garments fluttering amongst the trees, and the gay costumes of some of the groups, produce a very beautiful and novel effect."—*Discoveries*, &c., pp. 88, 89.

Mr. Layard had obtained a promise from Cawal Yusuf that he would shew him on the occasion of the festival the sacred book of the Yezidis. It consisted of a few tattered leaves, containing a poetical rhapsody on Sheikh Adi, who is identified with the Deity. The following are the last ten lines of the eighty of which it consists:—

- "70. I create and make rich those whom I will.
- 71. Praise be to myself, and all things are by my will.
- 72. And the universe is lighted by some of my gifts.
- 73. I am the King who magnifies himself;
- 74. And all the riches of creation are at my bidding.
- 75. I have made known to you, O people, some of my ways.
- 76. Who desireth me must forsake the world.
- 77. And I can also speak the true saying.
- 78. And the garden on high is for those who do my pleasure.
- 79. I sought the truth, and became a confirming truth;
- 80. And by the like truth shall they possess the highest place like me."

The Yezidis believe that Christ will come to govern the world; that punishments are not eternal; and that all who go to heaven must pass an expiatory period in hell. Circumcision is optional; infant baptism the custom. One person in a family may fast for the rest. Polygamy is unlawful; and Hussein Bey is the religious as well as the political head of all Yezidis wherever they reside. Nadir Shah is only the chief of the Sheikhs of the district of Sheikhan.

The excavations at Kouyunjik having been commenced, Mr. Layard went to Nimroud on the 18th October. He resumed his work there at the singular ruin called the Pyramid, a

high conical mound, forming the north-west corner of Nimroud, and into the base of it, in the western face, he ordered a tunnel to be cut. On ascending the mound next morning, he saw a group of travellers on its summit, and found in an excavated chamber Colonel Rawlinson, "deep in sleep, wearied by a long and harassing night's ride." For the first time, says Mr. Layard, we met in the Assyrian ruins, and besides the greeting of old friendship, there was much to be seen together, and much to be talked over. The fatigues of the journey, however, had brought on fever, and we were soon compelled, after visiting the principal excavations, to take refuge from the heat of the sun in the mud huts of the village. The attack increasing in the evening, it was deemed prudent to ride into Mosul at once, and we mounted our horses in the middle of the night. During two days Colonel Rawlinson was too ill to visit the excavations at Kouyunjik. On the third we rode together to the mound. After a hasty survey of the ruins we parted, and he continued his journey to Constantinople, and England, to reap the laurels of a well earned fame."

By the end of November they had explored the magnificent halls, no less than 124 feet long, by 90 wide. In the centre of each side was a grand entrance, guarded by colossal human-headed bulls. The walls had been completely covered with the most elaborate and highly finished sculpture, but these, as well as the gigantic bulls, had suffered from the fire which had destroyed the edifice. The long gallery to the west of the great hall had been occupied by a continuous series of bas-reliefs, "representing the different processes adopted by the Assyrians in moving and placing various objects used in their buildings, and especially the human-headed bulls, from the first transport of the huge stone, in the rough from the quarry, to the raising of these gigantic sculptures in the gateways of the palace temples." It would appear, from the minute description of the process given by our author, that cables, ropes, levers, and rollers, were the instruments by which these enormous masses were transported. An officer appears to be clapping his hands, "probably beating time," that the workmen may apply their strength at one and the same moment; another officer holds to his mouth what "resembles the modern speaking trumpet." In raising the massive sculptures, sometimes 20 feet square, and therefore weighing 40 or 50 tons, no other auxiliary to manual strength seems to have been used than the levers and rollers, and wedges for varying the height of the fulcrum. Mr. Layard used "almost the same means" for moving from the ruins to the banks of the Tigris the winged bulls and lions now in the British Museum. Great as these weights are, they are even far exceeded by those

moved by the Egyptians. According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the granite colossus of Rameses II. at the Memnonium, weighed 887 tons when entire; and the stupendous monolith in the temple of Latona at Buto, must have weighed upwards of 5000 tons.\*

The king who is represented in these bas-reliefs, as superintending the placing of the bulls, is Sennacherib himself, as appears from the short epigraph upon the bas-reliefs describing the subject. One of these, according to Dr. Hincks, runs thus,—"Sennacherib, king of Assyria, the great figures of bulls, which in the land of Belad were made for his royal palace at Nineveh, he transported *thither*?" In a fragment of another epigraph, mention is made of objects of wood "brought from Mount Lebanon and taken up (to the top of the mound) from the Tigris." Mr. Layard supposes that these may have been beams of cedar which were extensively used in the Assyrian palaces; and he adds, that "it is highly interesting thus to find the inhabitants of Nineveh fetching these rare and precious woods from the same spot whence king Solomon had brought the choicest wood-work of the temple of the Lord, and of his own palaces."

The excavations at the great pyramid of Nimroud, which we have already mentioned, were most successful. The edifice covered by this high mound, was originally built upon the natural rock, and had been a square tower, and not a pyramid, probably terminating in a series of three or more gradines. As the ruin is 140 feet high, the building must have been 200 at least. Mr. Layard supposes that it was the tomb of Sardanapalus, which stood at the entrance of the city; but he failed in his attempts to discover any trace of the royal remains.

In the month of December, discoveries of great interest and importance were made, both at Kouyunjik and Nimroud. At Kouyunjik the façade of the south-east side of the palace, apparently the grand entrance, had been discovered. Ten colossal bulls, with six human figures of gigantic proportions, were here grouped together, and the length of the whole was 180 feet. Mr. Layard ascribes to some convulsion of nature the overthrow and injury of the bulls, and the scattering of their fragments among the ruins. Notwithstanding, however, this misfortune, the lower parts of the statues, and consequently the inscriptions, have been more or less preserved; and to this fact, says Mr. Layard, "we owe the recovery of some of the most precious records with which the monuments of the ancient world have rewarded the labours of the antiquary." These records

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\* Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. iii. p. 331. According to Herodotus, this stone required 2000 men during three years to move it to its place.

contain the annals of six years of the reign of Sennacherib, besides many particulars respecting the religion, the temples, and the gods of the Assyrians. Mr. Layard had identified the builder of this palace with Sennacherib; but Dr. Hincks, in June 1849, was the first to detect the name of the king in the arrow-headed character of the inscriptions. This identification was subsequently confirmed; but it was not till August 1851, "that the mention of any actual event recorded in the Bible, and in ancient profane history, was detected on the monuments." Colonel Rawlinson, who had seen Mr. Layard's copies of these inscriptions, announced\* "that he had found in them notices of the reign of Sennacherib, which placed beyond the reach of dispute his historic identity;" and he gave a recapitulation of the principal events, of which we know the greater part either from sacred or profane history. Dr. Hincks has more recently examined these inscriptions, which he has translated independently of Colonel Rawlinson; and it was by his assistance that Mr. Layard has been able to give an abridgment of their contents. We, of course, cannot find room for even an epitome of this most interesting abridgment; but we cannot resist giving a single specimen of it, referring to Hezekiah, king of Judah; and we shall add Colonel Rawlinson's version of the same portion of the inscription, in order to shew the confidence which may be placed in the two processes of interpretation.

*" Dr. Hincks' Version.*

" 'Hezekiah, King of Judah,' says the Assyrian king, 'who had submitted to my authority forty-six of his principal cities, and fortresses and villages depending upon them, of which I took no account, I captured, and carried away their spoil. I shut up (?) himself within Jerusalem, his capital city. The fortified towns, and the rest of his towns which I spoiled, I severed from his country, and gave to the kings of Ascalon, Ekron, and Gaza, so as to make his country small. In addition to the former tribute imposed upon their countries, I added a tribute, the nature of which I fixed.' The next passage is somewhat defaced, but the substance of it seems to be, that he took from Hezekiah the treasure he had collected in Jerusalem, '30 talents of gold, and 800 talents of silver,' the treasures of his palace, besides his sons and his daughters, and his male and female servants, and slaves, and brought them to Nineveh."

*" Colonel Rawlinson's Version.*

" 'Because Hezekiah, King of Judah, did not submit to my yoke, forty-six of his strong-fenced cities, and innumerable smaller towns which depended upon them, I took and plundered; but I left to him Jerusalem, his capital city, and some of the inferior towns around it.

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\* *Athenæum.* August 23, 1851.

. . . And because Hezekiah still continued to refuse to pay me homage, I attacked and carried off the whole population, fixed and nomade, which dwelled around Jerusalem, with 30 talents of gold, and 800 talents of silver, the accumulated wealth of the nobles of Hezekiah's Court, and of their daughters, with the officers of his palace, men slaves and women slaves. I returned to Nineveh, and I accounted their spoil for the tribute which he refused to pay me.'"

*"Scripture Statement.*

" 'Now, in the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah, did Sennacherib King of Assyria come up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them. And Hezekiah King of Judah sent to the King of Assyria to Lachish,\* saying, I have offended; return from me: that which thou puttest on me will I bear. And the King of Assyria appointed unto Hezekiah King of Judah 300 talents of silver, and 80 talents of gold.'—2 Kings xviii. 13, 14.

The difference of 500 talents in the amount of silver, between the statements in the inscription and in Scripture, is satisfactorily explained by Mr. Layard. The silver was taken in fragments from "the house of the Lord, and it is probable that the 300 talents was the amount paid *in money* to Sennacherib, while the whole amount, as estimated by the Assyrian king, was 800. Although it can scarcely admit of a doubt that the palace of Kouyunjik was built by the Sennacherib of Scripture, yet Mr. Layard has thought it right to adduce, in the conclusion of his Sixth Chapter, all the corroborative evidence in his possession,—evidence derived chiefly from a fine series of bas-reliefs representing the siege and capture of a city of great extent and importance. That the besieged were Jews is evident from their physiognomy, and that the city was Lachish is proved by the following inscription over the head of the king, seated on his throne :—

"Sennacherib the mighty King, King of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before (or at the entrance of) Lachish, (Lakhisha.) I give permission for its slaughter."

While the Jebour workmen were engaged in their excavations at Nimroud, they were suddenly attacked by the Arab tribe of Tai, from whom some Jebours had carried off a number of camels. Disturbed by the reports of firearms, and the shouts and shrieks of the people, Mr. Layard rushed from his house, and found the Tai horsemen driving off the cattle and sheep of the villagers, while the men were firing at the invaders, and the women, with poles and pitchforks, trying to rescue their cattle. Mount-

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\* Colonel Rawlinson identifies Al...ku, which he reads Alakis, with Lachish the city besieged by Sennacherib when he sent Rabshakeh to Hezekiah.

ing his horse, Mr. Layard rode to the chief, who turned out to be Saleh, the brother of Howar, the Sheikh of the Tai tribe, and having learned the cause of the attack, he promised to do his best to rescue the camels, and thus induced Saleh to restore the property of the villagers. Having concluded a truce with the Tai, Mr. Layard paid a visit to their chief, Sheikh Howar, the head of one of the most ancient and renowned tribes of Arabia, though now reduced to two small branches. During his absence a new chamber was discovered in the north-west palace of Nimroud, and in one corner of it was a well, the mouth of which was inclosed by brickwork about 3 feet high. In the chamber there were discovered a great variety of the most interesting relics which have been recovered from the ruins of Assyria. The description of them occupies a whole chapter. They consist of large copper cauldrons, containing bronze bells, cups, dishes and other objects in metal, and several hundred studs and buttons in mother-of-pearl and ivory. Beneath the cauldrons were heaped lions' and bulls' feet of bronze, and near them two circular flat vessels, about 6 feet in diameter and 2 feet deep, which Mr. Layard likens to the brazen sea that stood in the temple of Solomon. There were also bronze bowls, cups, and dishes curiously embossed, large bronze shields, arms and armour, saws and iron picks, part of an ivory sceptre, bronze cubes inlaid with gold, glass and alabaster vases bearing the name of Sargon. Along with the glass bowls a round disc of rock crystal, which Sir David Brewster, upon examining it, considered to have been a magnifying and burning-glass, and therefore the earliest specimen of such an article. The following is his account of it:—

“ This lens is plano convex, and of a slightly oval form, its length being  $1\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch, and its breadth  $1\frac{1}{8}$  inch. It is about *two-tenths* of an inch thick, and a little thicker at one side than the other. Its plane surface is pretty even, though ill polished and scratched. Its convex surface has not been ground or polished on a spherical concave disc, but has been fashioned on a lapidary's wheel, or by some method equally rude. The convex side is tolerably well polished; and though uneven from the mode in which it has been ground, it gives a pretty distinct focus at the distance of about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the plane side. There are about twelve cavities in the lens that have been opened during the process of grinding it. These cavities doubtless contained either naphtha, or the fluids which I discovered in topaz or other minerals. As the lens does not shew the polarized rings at great obliquities, its plane surface must be greatly inclined to the axis of the hexagonal prism of quartz, from which it must have been taken. It is obvious from the shape and rude cutting of the lens that it could not have been intended as an ornament. We are entitled therefore to consider it as intended for a lens, to be used either for magnifying,

or concentrating the rays of the sun, which it does, however, very imperfectly."—*Discoveries, &c.*, Note on p. 197.

Sir David Brewster examined also some of the interesting specimens of decomposed glass found along with the preceding article, and has given an account of them in the Appendix, pp. 674-676, to which we must refer the reader.

The gigantic human-headed lions which Mr. Layard had discovered in the north-west palace of Nimroud, had been chiefly covered up with earth previous to his departure in 1848, and were still standing in their original position, having been carefully protected both from the weather and the Arabs. The Trustees of the British Museum, desirous of adding these magnificent sculptures to the national collection, directed Mr. Layard to have them removed *entire*. The operation of cutting a path for them through the mass of earth and rubbish, sometimes to the depth of 15 or 20 feet, occupied the workmen from the beginning of December till the end of January, when "by still simpler and ruder means than those adopted in Mr. Layard's first expedition," though with very great difficulty, they were conveyed to the banks of the Tigris, and now stand universally admired in the British Museum.

Having been invited to the marriage of the niece of Cawal Yusuf at Baashiekhah, Mr. Layard availed himself of the occasion to visit the rock tablets at Bavian, a small Kurdish hamlet, which lay in the same direction. These sculptures he regards as the most important that have yet been discovered in Assyria.\* They are engraven in relief in the limestone face of a narrow rocky ravine on the right bank of the Gomel, near the supposed scene of the great battle of Arbela. The principal tablet contains four figures in relief on the smoothed face of the limestone cliff. They are inclosed by a kind of frame, 28 feet high by 30 wide. Two of the figures are gods, standing on mythic animals like dogs; and the other two are kings,—the king doubly portrayed being in the act of adoration. The dress of the king resembles that of Sennacherib, with whom the inscriptions identify him. In this immense tablet there are four sepulchral chambers, round the walls of which are the usual troughs for the bodies of the dead. To the left of this great bas-relief, and nearer the mouth of the ravine, is a second tablet, containing a fine bas-relief of a horseman at full speed. On each side of these two tablets are eleven smaller ones, each arched recess containing a figure of

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\* They were first visited by M. Rouet, French Consul at Mosul, and afterwards briefly described by Mr. Ross. "They are the rock tablets which have been recently described in the French papers as a new discovery by M. Place, and as containing a series of portraits of the Assyrian kings."

the king, 5 feet 6 inches high, across three of these tablets are inscriptions, which Mr. Layard copied, lowered by ropes and standing on a ledge 6 inches wide, overlooking a giddy depth. These inscriptions, occupying sixty-three lines, have been partly translated by Dr. Hincks. They contain the name and titles of Sennacherib, and describe various great works for irrigation which he undertook, no fewer than eighteen canals to Nerissur, and a canal from Kisri to Nineveh, called the canal of Sennacherib. The army which defended the workmen are said to have been attacked by the king of Babylon, who was defeated in the neighbourhood of Khalul. Sennacherib then mentions his advance to Babylon, which he plundered, "bringing back from that city the images of the gods which had been taken by *Merodach-adakhe*(?), the king of Mesopotamia, from Assyria 418 years before, and put them in their places. The inhabitants of Babylon appear to have been transported to Arakhti (? the river Araxes.) A name imperfectly decyphered is given as that of the king of Assyria of that day, (that is, of 703 B.C. + 418 = 1121 B.C.,) Dr. Hincks reads this name *Shimishti-Pal-Bithkira*, admitting the last element to be very doubtful. Colonel Rawlinson makes it *Anakbar-beth-hira*, agreeing nearly in the last element with Dr. Hincks. The same name is figured on the slabs from the temple in the north of the mound at Nimroud as that of a predecessor of the builder of the north-west palace, as also in an inscription of the time of Tiglath-Pileser or Pul, but Mr. Layard thinks that the earlier king is probably intended, and he accordingly places it in his chronological table with the approximate date of 1130 B.C., there being in that table only two earlier kings, namely, *Divanuke*\* 1200 B.C., and *Derceto* 1250 B.C. After his return from this expedition, at the *mouth* (?) of the river he had dug, he set up six tablets, and beside them he put up the full length images of the great gods."

This inscription is considered by Mr. Layard as very important, for, if rightly interpreted, it proves that at that remote period the Assyrians kept an exact computation of time. He therefore expects that chronological tables may be discovered, which will prove the precise epoch of important events in Assyrian history, and he anticipates also important details from the restoration of the whole of the Bavian inscriptions.

Beneath these tablets are two enormous fragments of rock torn from the cliff above, and hurled by some mighty convulsion

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\* According to Dr. Hineks *Divanurish*, who is mentioned in the standard inscription from Nimroud; *Derceto* occurs on the pavement slab in the British Museum.

of nature into the torrent below, where the pent up stream forms dangerous whirlpools, in which Mr. Bell, the young artist sent out by the British Museum, was drowned while bathing in 1851. They still bear the remains of sculpture: One, which is broken in two pieces, represents the Assyrian Hercules strangling the lion, between two winged human-headed bulls back to back. Above this is the king worshipping between two deities. The height of the whole sculpture is 24 feet, that of the bulls 8 feet 6 inches.

After remaining two days at Bavian copying the inscriptions, Mr. Layard paid a visit to the Yezidi chiefs on his return to Mosul. "We passed the night," he says, "in the village of Esseeayah, where Sheikh Nasr had recently built a dwelling-house. I occupied the same room with the Sheikh, Hussein Bey, and a large body of Yezidi Cawals, and was lulled to sleep by an interminable tale about the prophet Mohammed and a stork, which, when we had all lain down to rest, a Yezidi priest related with the same soporific effect upon the whole party."

Having failed to induce his Jebour Sheikh to accompany him to a re-examination of the mound of Kala Shergat, owing to the Bedouins being in the neighbourhood, Mr. Layard visited the ruins of Mokhamour and Shamamoh in the country of the Tai. At Mokhamour the principal mound is of considerable height ending in a cone. It stands in the centre of a quadrangle of lower mounds about 480 paces square, but he found no remains of masonry or sculpture. One of the principal artificial mounds at Shamamoh, called the Kasra Palace, is large and lofty, bisected by a ravine, and containing chambers lined with bricks and limestone slabs. The inscriptions on some of the bricks stated that Sennacherib had here built a palace, the name of which Mr. Layard could not read. From the summit of this mound he took bearings of twenty-five considerable mounds, the remains of ancient Assyrian population. At one of these, Abd-ul-Azeez, he found sepulchral urns and pottery apparently not Assyrian, and at Gla, or the "Castle," a natural stronghold 100 feet high, he found inscribed bricks, with the name of Sennacherib, and a castle or palace which he could not interpret. Crossing the plain to the mound of Abou Sheetha, Mr. Layard found himself near the very spot where, after the treacherous seizure of Clearchus, Proxenus, Menon, Agias, and Socrates, Xenophon was elected commander of the Greek auxiliaries, and commenced the celebrated retreat of the 10,000. Here, too, Darius, a fugitive, urged his flying horse through the Zab, pursued by the Macedonian monarch, who, a few hours afterwards, crossed the stream at the head of those warrior legions which he was leading in triumph to the banks of the Indus.

After describing some interesting bas-reliefs, found in several new chambers that had been opened at Kouyunjik, Mr. Layard set out on a journey to the banks of the Khabour, (the Chaboras of the Greeks, a river which, rising in the north of Mesopotamia, falls into the Euphrates near the site of the ancient city of Carchemish,\* or Circesium,) under the protection of Sheikh Suttum of the Boraij tribe, with fifty Arab workmen, and twelve Nestorians, and supplies for two months. He left Mosul on the 19th March. The Sheikh Suttum, who knew every spring and pasture of the Mesopotamian desert, superintended and directed the march, and, with the exception of a violent hurricane and thunder-storm which disturbed their tents, the journey to the Khabour was an interesting and successful one, occupying in its description five chapters of Mr. Layard's volume. In these chapters we have full details respecting the manners and customs of the Arab tribes with whom he associated, and of the various chiefs by whom he was hospitably entertained. Upon reaching Arban, the principal object of his journey, Mr. Layard found that the ruins consisted of a large artificial mound of an irregular shape, washed, and, indeed, partly carried away by the river, which was gradually undermining the perpendicular cliff left by the falling earth. He pitched his tents in a recess like an amphitheatre, facing the stream. In the centre of his encampment facing the river was pitched a tent large enough to hold 200 persons, and intended as a *museef*, or place of reception where the wayfarer and the Arab visitor might receive that hospitality which it is the first duty of a traveller in that country to exercise. To the right were the tents of the Cawals and servants—to the left those of his fellow-travellers, and about 200 yards beyond, and near the excavations, his own private tent, to which he retired during the day, and to which the Arabs were not admitted. The following account of the two chiefs who usually ate with Mr. Layard's party will interest the reader, namely, of Suttum, already mentioned, and of Mohammed Emir, the Jebour sheikh, whose tents were pitched under the ruins of Arban:—

“Suttum and Mohammed Emir usually eat with us, and soon became reconciled to knives and forks, and the other restraints of civilized life. Suttum's tact and intelligence were, indeed, remarkable. Nothing escaped his hawk-like eye. A few hours had enabled him to form a correct estimate of the character of every one of the party, and he had detected peculiarities which might have escaped the notice of the most observant European. The most polished Turk would have been far less at home in the society of ladies, and during the whole of our

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\* 2 Chron. xxxv. 20.

journey he never committed a breach of manners, only acquired after a few hours' residence with us. As a companion he was delightful—full of anecdote, of unclouded spirits, acquainted with the history of every Bedouin tribe, their politics and their wars, and intimate with every part of the desert, its productions and its inhabitants. Many happy hours I spent with him, seated, after the sun went down, on a mound overlooking the great plain and the winding river, listening to the rich flow of his graceful Bedouin dialect, to his eloquent stories of Arab life, and to his animated descriptions of forays, wars, and single-combats. Mohammed Emir, the Sheikh of the Jebours was a good-natured portly Arab, in intelligence greatly inferior to Suttum, and wanting many of the qualities of the pure Bedouins. During our intercourse I had every reason to be satisfied with his hospitality, and the cordial aid he afforded me. Always willing to give, he was equally ready to receive. In this respect, however, all Arabs are alike, and when the habit is understood, it is no longer a source of inconvenience, as in a refusal no offence is taken. The Jebour chief was a complete patriarch in his tribe, having no fewer than sixteen children, of whom six sons were horsemen, and the owners of mares."—*Discoveries, &c.* pp. 274-5.

Mr. Layard now proceeded to examine the sculptures. The recent floods having worn away the mound, left uncovered a pair of winged human-headed bulls, about six feet above the water's edge, and fifty beneath the level of the river. The forefeet of these figures only were exposed to view, and Mohammed Emir would not allow any of the soil to be removed till Mr. Layard's arrival. Upon clearing away the earth they were found to be of coarse limestone, not exceeding  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in length. There was a pavement slab of the same material between them, and though they resembled the well known winged bulls of Nineveh, there was a considerable difference in the style of art. In their outline and treatment they were bold and angular, conveying the impression of great antiquity. Above the figures was an inscription, from which it would appear that the sculptures belonged to the palace of a king, whose name has been found on no other monument. The title of "king" is not attached to it, nor the name of any country over which he reigned.

Tunnels and trenches having been cut behind the bulls, and on the surface of the mound, various Assyrian relics were found, a copper bell, bricks, with arrow-headed characters, glass, and pottery. After five days' digging, a similar pair of winged bulls, having the same size, and the same inscription as the first pair, was discovered. In a few days, a lion with extended jaws, cut in the same antique style, out of the same limestone, was excavated. It had five legs, and a claw at the end of its tail, as in the Nineveh bas-relief. Among the other articles discovered at Arban was half of a human figure in relief, grasping a sword,

a bottle with Chinese characters, a large copper ring, a bull's head in terra cotta, and several Egyptian scarabei. Several tombs were also disinterred, consisting of boxes of sarcophagi, of terra cotta, similar to those found in Mesopotamia.

Mr. Layard is of opinion, that the monuments on the Khabour, the Chebar of Scripture, convey the impression of greater antiquity than any hitherto discovered in Assyria. "A deep interest," he adds, "attaches to these remains from the site they occupy. To the Chebar were transported by the Assyrian king, after the destruction of Samaria, the captive children of Israel, and on its banks 'the heavens were opened' to Ezekiel,\* and 'he saw visions of God,' and spake his prophecies to his brother exiles. Around Arban may have been pitched the tents of the sorrowing Jews, as those of the Arabs were during my visit. To the same pastures they led their sheep, and they drank of the same waters."

Through his three chapters containing sketches of Arab life, and descriptions of a region which had not previously been visited by European travellers, the reader will follow Mr. Layard with much interest. He will be instructed and amused with the spirited description of the domestic economy, the pasturages, the horses, the diseases, the legislature, the warfare, the amusements, and the traditions of that remarkable nation—a nation which the late Mr. Burckhardt regards as one of the noblest with which he ever had an opportunity of being acquainted, distinguished above all others by cheerfulness, wit, softness of temper, good-nature, and sagacity, and, in short, as truly amiable, when there was no question of profit or interest. Mr. Layard confirms this view of the social character of the Arabs, but regrets that, since Mr. Burckhardt's time, "a closer intercourse with the Turks and Europeans has much tended to destroy many good features in the Arab character."

It is with great reluctance that we are obliged to leave our author without following him through these important chapters. We shall, therefore, confine our notice to a few of the most interesting topics which he discusses, to the remarkable custom of the Thar or Blood-Revenge, and the laws of Dakheel, which regulate the relation between the protector and the protected :—

"One of the most remarkable laws in force amongst the wandering Arabs, and one, probably, of the highest antiquity, is the law of blood, called the Thar, prescribing the degrees of consanguinity within which it is lawful to revenge a homicide. Although a law, rendering a man responsible for blood shed by any one related to him within the fifth

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\* 2 Kings xvii. 6 ; Ezek. i. 1. In Kings the river is called Khabour, in Ezekiel Kobar.

degree, may appear to members of a civilized community one of extraordinary rigour, and involving almost manifest injustice, it must nevertheless be admitted, that no power vested in any one individual, and no punishment however severe, could tend more to the maintenance of order and the prevention of bloodshed amongst the wild tribes of the Desert. As Burckhardt has justly remarked, 'this salutary institution has contributed in a greater degree than any other circumstance to prevent the warlike tribes of Arabia from exterminating one another.'

"If a man commits a homicide, the Cadi endeavours to prevail upon the family of the victim to accept a compensation for the blood, in money or in kind, the amount being regulated according to custom in different tribes. Should this offer of 'blood-money' be refused, the 'Thar' comes into operation, and any person within the 'Khorras,' or the fifth degree of blood of the homicide, may be legally killed by any one within the same degree of consanguinity to the victim.

"This law is enforced between tribes remote from one another, as well as between families, and to the blood-revenge may be attributed many of the bitter feuds which exist amongst the Arab clans. It affects, in many respects, their social condition, and has a marked influence upon their habits, and even upon their manners. Thus, an Arab will never tell his name, especially if it be an uncommon one, to a stranger, nor mention that of his father or of his tribe, if his own name be ascertained, lest there should be Thar between them. Even children are taught to observe this custom, that they may not fall victims to the blood-revenge. Hence the extreme suspicion with which a Bedouin regards a stranger in the open country, or in a tent, and his caution in disclosing anything relating to the movements or dwelling place of his friends. In most encampments are found refugees, sometimes whole families, who have left their tribe on account of a homicide for which they are answerable. In case, after a murder, persons within the 'Thar' take to flight, three days and four hours are by immemorial custom allowed to the fugitives before they can be pursued. Frequently they never return to their friends, but remain with those who give them protection, and become incorporated into the tribe by which they are adopted. Thus, there are families of the Harb, Aneyza, Dhofyr, and other great class, who for this cause have joined the Shammar, and are now considered part of them. Frequently the homicide himself will wander from tent to tent over the desert, or even ride through the towns and villages on its borders, with a chain round his neck and in rags, begging contributions from the charitable, to enable him to pay the apportioned blood-money. I have frequently met such unfortunate persons, who have spent years in collecting a small sum."—*Discoveries*, &c., pp. 305-307.

In strange yet agreeable contrast with this unchristian law of blood-revenge is the peaceful and humane legislation of the Dakheel, which regulates the mutual relation of the protector and the protected. While an Arab is authorized by law to take with impunity the life of his fellow-countryman, whom he never even saw, and who never injured him, he is on other occasions

restrained in the exercise of his power, and in the indulgence of his passions, by certain privileges of humanity and mercy, which are conceded to an enemy, and even to a criminal. If in a civilized age we shudder at the inheritance of revenge, and at the right over human life which is bequeathed to a wide circle of heirs, we may learn a lesson of humanity from those merciful provisions of the Dakheel, in which new ties are created by the exercise of hospitality, and in which a stranger, or a woman, can arrest the avenging arm of a friend.

"No customs," says Mr. Layard, "are more religiously respected than those of the Dakheel, which regulate the mutual relations of the protector and protected. A violation of this law would be considered a disgrace, not only upon the individual but upon his family, and even upon his tribe, which never could be wiped out. No greater insult can be offered to a man, or to his clan, than to say that he has broken the Dakheel. A disregard of this sacred obligation is the first symptom of degeneracy in an Arab tribe; and when once it exists the treachery and vices of the Turk rapidly succeed to the honesty and fidelity of the true Arab character. The relations between the Dakheel and the Dakhal (or the protector and protected), arise from a variety of circumstances, the principal of which are, eating a man's salt and bread, and claiming his protection by doing certain acts, or repeating a certain formula of words. Amongst the Shammar, if a man can seize the end of a string or thread, the other end of which is held by his enemy, he immediately becomes his Dakheel. If he touches the canvas of a tent, or can even throw his mace towards it, he is the Dakheel of its owner. If he can spit upon a man, or touch any article belonging to him with his teeth, he is Dakheel, unless, of course, in case of theft, it be the person who caught him. A woman can protect any number of persons, or even of tents. If a horseman ride into a tent he and his horse are Dakhal. A stranger who has eaten with a Shammar can give Dakheel to his enemy; for instance, I could protect an Aneyza, though there is blood between his tribe and the Shammar.

"The Shammar never plunder a caravan within sight of their encampment, for as long as a stranger can see their tents, they consider him their Dakheel. If a man who has eaten bread and slept in a tent steal his host's horse, he is dishonoured, and his tribe also, unless they send back the stolen animal. Should the horse die, the thief himself should be delivered up, to be treated as the owner of the stolen property thinks fit. If two enemies meet and exchange the '*Salam Aleikum*,' even by mistake, there is peace between them, and they will not fight. It is disgraceful to rob a woman of her clothes, and if a female be found amongst a party of plundered Arabs, even the enemy of her tribe will give her a horse to ride back to her tents. If a man be pursued by an enemy, or even be on the ground, he can save his life by calling out '*Dakheel*,' unless there be blood between them. It would be considered cowardly, and unworthy of a Shammar, to deprive an enemy of his camel or horse when he could neither reach

water or an encampment. When Bedouins meet persons in the midst of the desert, they will frequently take them within a certain distance of tents, and, first pointing out their site, then deprive them of their property.

"An Arab who has given his protection to another, whether formally, or by an act which confers the privilege of *Dakheel*, is bound to protect his *Dakhal* under all circumstances, even to the risk of his own property and life. I could relate many instances of the greatest sacrifices having been made by individuals, and even of whole tribes having been involved in war with powerful enemies, by whom they have been almost utterly destroyed, in defence of this most sacred obligation. Even the Turkish rulers respect a law to which they may one day owe their safety, and more than one haughty Pasha of Baghdad has found refuge and protection in the tent of a poor Arab Sheikh, whom, during the days of his prosperity, he had subjected to every insult and wrong, and yet who would thus defy the Government itself, and risk his very life, rather than surrender his guest. The essence of Arab virtue is a respect for the laws of hospitality, of which the *Dakheel*, in all its various forms, is but a part."—*Discoveries, &c.*, pp. 317-319.

Mr. Layard has devoted some very interesting pages to the subject of Arab horses and their breeds. The Arab horse is not so much distinguished for its extraordinary speed, as for its exquisite symmetry and fine proportions, joined to wonderful powers of endurance. Their average height is from 14 to 14½ hands. Their colour is generally white, light or dark grey, light chesnut, and bay, with white or black feet. Black is exceedingly rare, and Mr. Layard never saw one either dun, sorrel, or dapple. Notwithstanding their small size, they often possess great strength and courage, and he heard that a celebrated mare had carried two men in chain armour beyond the reach of their Aneyza pursuers. Their great quality, however, is their power of performing long and arduous marches on the smallest possible allowance of food and water. Even the mare of the wealthy Bedouin subsists on 12 handfuls of barley once in 24 hours. The saddle is rarely taken from their backs, and they are never cleaned or groomed. Though docile as a lamb, and requiring no guide but a halter, the Arab mare is roused at the sound of the war-cry, and the sight of its rider's spear. "Her eyes glitter with fire, her blood-red nostrils open wide, her neck is nobly arched, and her tail and mane are raised and spread out to the wind." According to the Bedouin proverb, a high-bred mare at full speed should hide her rider between her neck and her tail. The Arab horses sometimes get large quantities of camels' milk, and they are said sometimes to eat raw flesh.

There are five breeds called the *Kamse*, from which alone entire horses are chosen to propagate the race. The *Saklawi*

breed, not derived from the Kamsa, is considered the noblest of all. It is divided into three branches, of which the Suklawi Jedran, now almost extinct, is said to be the most valued. The Viceroy of Egypt was particularly anxious to purchase mares of this breed. A Sheikh was offered £1200 for a mare, and refused it, and £1000 has been given to the Sheikhs of the Aneyza for well-known mares. Such sums as these are often refused by an Arab who has not even bread to feed himself and his children. The Bedouin, indeed, as Mr. Layard informs us, is entirely dependent on his mare for his happiness, his glory, and indeed, his very existence. With a horse of unrivalled speed, an Arab is his own master; no one can catch him. He may rob and plunder at his will. Without his mare, he could only keep his gold by burying it, and thus it would be of no value to one who is never two days in the same spot. The Bedouins attach a high value to the pure blood of their horses. The descent of a horse is preserved by tradition, and the birth of a colt is a public event. Written evidence of their descent is given before "the cadi of the horses," and implicit confidence is, in these matters, placed on the word of a true Bedouin.

During Mr. Layard's absence, important discoveries were made at Kouyunjik. On the south side of one of the chambers already mentioned, there were two doorways leading into separate apartments, and each of the entrances was formed by two colossal bas-reliefs of Dagon, or the Fish-god. The head of the fish formed a mitre above that of the man, while its scaly back and expanded tail fell as a cloak behind, leaving the human limbs and feet exposed. Mr. Layard identifies this mythic form with the Oannes, or sacred man-fish, which, according to the traditions preserved by Berosus, issued from the Erythræan Sea, instructed the Chaldeans in science, and was afterwards worshipped as a god in the temples of Babylonia. The Dagon of the Philistines was worshipped under the same form. In his Commentary on Samuel, Abarbanel informs us that Dagon had the form of a fish from the middle downwards, with the feet and hands of a man.\* When the ark was brought into the great temple of the idol at Ashdod, and the statue fell a second time upon its face before the ark of the Lord, "the head of Dagon, and both the palms of his hands, were cut off upon the threshold, only the stump" (the fishy part in the margin) "of Dagon was left to him."† Colonel Rawlinson has found the name of Dagon among the gods of the Assyrians in the cuneiform inscriptions.

\* Mr. Layard does not mention that Diodorus Siculus describes Dagon "as having the head of a roman united to the body of a fish."

† 1 Samuel v. 4.

The first doorway guarded by the fish-gods led into two small chambers opening into each other, and pannelled with bas-reliefs; the greater part of which was destroyed. Mr. Layard calls these apartments "the chambers of records;" for like "the house of rolls," which Darius ordered to be searched for the decree of Cyrus respecting the building of the temple,\* they appear to have contained the decrees of the Assyrian kings, as well as the archives of the empire. The floor of these chambers seems to have been covered to the height of a foot or more with tablets and cylinders of baked clay, which contain in a small compass an epitome of the great inscriptions, exhibiting the events of each reign chronologically. Some of these were entire, the largest being about 9 by 6½ inches, and the smaller, which were slightly convex, not above an inch long, and containing but one or two lines of writing. Dr. Hincks has detected on one of them "a table of the value of certain cuneiform letters, expressed by different alphabetical signs, according to various modes of using them,"—a discovery that Mr. Layard thinks a most important one. He has found on another "apparently a list of the sacred days in each month," and on a third "what seems to be a calendar." A large collection of these tablets and cylinders has been deposited in the British Museum; and are considered by Mr. Layard as of high value "for the complete decyphering of the cuneiform character, for restoring the language and history of Assyria, and for inquiry into the customs, sciences, and literature of its people." "These documents," he adds, "probably exceed all that have yet been afforded by the monuments of Egypt. But years must elapse before the innumerable fragments can be put together, and the inscriptions transcribed for the use of those who in England and elsewhere may engage in the study of the cuneiform character."

About 30 feet to the north of the lion gallery there was found a second entrance, flanked by two singular figures, one a monster with a hideous head, long pointed ears, and extended jaws armed with huge teeth. It was covered with feathers, had the fore-feet of a lion, the talons of an eagle, the tail of a bird, and spreading wings. Behind the monster was a winged man, with a garment of fur, an under robe with tassels, and the sacred horned hat. He was in the attitude of hurling a double trident, the thunderbolt of the Greek Jupiter, against the monster, who turned furiously towards him. Mr. Layard considers this as the representation of the bad spirit driven out by the good deity. To the right of the same entrance there was discovered, outside of the temple, and isolated from the building, an entire slab,

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\* Ezra vi. 1.

8 feet 8 inches high, 4 feet 6 inches broad, and 1 foot 3 inches thick. It was fixed on a square pedestal, with a stone altar in front, supported on lions' feet. This slab is one of the finest specimens of Assyrian sculpture brought to this country. It represents the early Nimroud king in high relief, and is covered with an inscription in arrow-headed characters, which, when entire, must have contained several hundred lines. After an invocation to the god Ashur, there occur the names of the twelve great gods. Then comes the name of the founder of the north-west palace, which Dr. Hincks reads Assuracbal, and Colonel Rawlinson Sardanapalus. After an exordium not yet satisfactorily decyphered, comes a full account of the king's campaigns and wars.

The lion entrance led into a chamber, 47 feet by 31, ending in a recess paved with an enormous slab, 21 feet by 16 feet 7 inches, and 13 inches thick. The surface of this great monolith, as well as the side facing the chamber, was occupied by one inscription 225 lines long. The back was also covered with three columns in the cuneiform character. For an account of these inscriptions, which Dr. Hincks has translated, we must refer the reader to Mr. Layard's volume. As usual, they contain an account of the wars and campaigns of the king on the borders of the Euphrates, and in Northern Syria. The forms of expression in these chronicles differ from those in later monuments. The king declares that the amount of spoil "exceeds the stars of heaven," and he likens the destruction of the enemies' cities to "the burning of stubble." He celebrates also the burning of innumerable women and children.

About 100 feet to the east of the building last described, Mr. Layard discovered a second temple, the gateway of which, about 8 feet wide, was flanked by two colossal lions with extended jaws, and paved with one inscribed slab. The lions were 8 feet high and 13 long, with an inscription carved across them. One of them is now in the British Museum. The lion portal led into a chamber 57 feet by 29, at the end of which was a recess like that in the opposite temple, paved with an inscribed alabaster slab 19½ feet by 12. The inscription was nearly the same as on the other monolith. In the earth above the great inscribed slab was found a regal statue 3 feet 4 inches high, remarkable as the only statue "in the round" of this period hitherto discovered in the ruins of Nineveh.

After enjoying the society of a large party of English travellers, and moving and packing the sculptures of both ruins, the heat of summer, and the ague consequent upon it, drove Mr. Layard to the mountains, and gave him an opportunity of examining some parts of Central Kurdistan which had not been

visited by any European traveller. He accordingly took this route on his way to study the ruins and cuneiform inscriptions in and near the city of Wan, or Van. After examining the rock sculptures at the mouth of a spacious natural cavern above Gundah, passing the spot where the traveller Schulz was murdered, in 1827, by a Kurdish chief, and visiting a Jewish encampment, he arrived at Wan, escorted into the city by a party of irregular cavalry sent by the Pasha to welcome him. The city, containing from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants, stands at the foot of an insulated rock on the borders of the large and beautiful lake of the same name. The inscriptions of Wan, first published by Schulz, are of two distinct periods, and in the cuneiform writing. The earliest are on two square stones built into a wall near the western gateway of the city; but the most important are carved on the southern face of the isolated rock, and round the entrance to a set of excavated chambers called the Caves of Khorkhor. They are considered by Dr. Hincks\* as the records of a king whose name is Arghistis, and who celebrates his conquests in a region which seems to read Mana. The other inscriptions are on the northern face of the rock.†

Having copied the inscriptions, and examined numerous remarkable monuments of antiquity, which occupied him a week, Mr. Layard, on the invitation of the Armenian bishop, visited the principal schools, of which there was one in the town, and four in the suburbs. More than 200 children, of all ages, were assembled. Books were so scarce, that there were scarcely a score in the whole school. The first class had a few elementary works on Astronomy and History, but only one copy of each. Owing to the zealous exertions of the American missionaries, great and beneficial changes are taking place in the Armenian Church. About fifteen years ago these excellent men opened in Constantinople the first institution for Christian instruction on Protestant (independent) principles. They selected from different parts of the empire a number of young men, of ability and character, whom they sent as teachers into the provinces, and who, from their knowledge of the language and manners of the people, were better fitted than strangers to sow among them the seeds of truth and knowledge. The Armenian clergy stigmatized these persons as "evangelists," and by calumny and misrepresentation, enlisted against them the Turkish authorities. The Reformed Armenian Church having no acknowledged head, suffered cruel persecution. Many fell victims to their

\* On the Inscriptions at Van, *Journal of Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. ix. p. 347.

† Colonel Rawlinson, in his valuable Memoir, (*Journ. As. Soc.*, vol. x. p. 33,) has given a translation of the inscription of Xerxes, who caused a tablet to be engraven in celebration of his own and his father Darius's visit to Wan.

opinions, and some were tortured even in the house of the patriarch, while others were imprisoned or utterly ruined in Constantinople and the provinces.

"Sir Stratford Canning," says Mr. Layard, "at length exerted his powerful influence to protect the injured sect from these wanton cruelties. Through his exertions and those of Lord Cowley, when minister, a firman was obtained from the Sultan, placing the new Protestant community on the same footing as the other churches of the empire, assigning to it a head, or agent, through whom it could apply directly to the ministers, and extending to it other privileges enjoyed by the Roman Catholics and Greeks. This act of toleration and justice has given fresh vigour to the spirit of inquiry bred by the American Missionaries. There is now scarcely a town of any importance in Turkey without a Protestant community, and in most of the principal cities the American Mission has opened schools, and is educating youths for the priesthood. Fortunately for the cause, many men of irreproachable character, and of undoubted sincerity from the Armenian nation, have been associated with it, and its success has not been endangered, like that of so many other movements of the same kind, by interested or hasty conversions. Those who have watched the effects that this desire for improvement and for religious freedom is gradually producing upon a large and important section of the Christian population of Turkey, may reasonably hope that the time is not far distant when it may exercise a marked influence upon other Christian sects, as well as upon those who surround them; preparing them for the enjoyment of extended political privileges, and for the restoration of a pure and rational faith to the East."—*Discoveries, &c.*, pp. 405, 406.

Unable to control the schism occasioned by the abuses in their own Church, the Armenian clergy have been obliged to adopt measures of reform, and to erect schools in most of the large towns of Asia Minor, in opposition to those of the American establishments. The American mission has now native agents all over Turkey, and Mr. Layard speaks in the highest terms of their admirable establishment among the Chaldeans in Ooroomiyah in Persia, under the able direction of the Rev. Mr. Perkins. He regrets that he was obliged to give up his "plan of visiting that small colony from the New World," and of bearing witness, as the Rev. Mr. Bowen, a member of the English Church, has done, to the enlightened and liberal spirit in which their labours are carried on. "Forty or fifty schools have been opened in the town of Ooroomiyah and surrounding villages. The abuses that have crept into this primitive and highly interesting Church are being reformed, and the ignorance of its simple clergy gradually dispelled. A printing press, for which type has been purposely cut, now publishes for general circulation the Scriptures, and works of education in the dialect and character peculiar to the mountain tribes. The English lan-

guage has been planted in the heart of Asia, and the benefits of knowledge are extended to a race which a few years ago was almost unknown even by name to Europe."

On his return to Mosul, through an interesting country, Mr. Layard visited a remarkable church at Martha d'Umra, in the valley of Jelu. It is said to be the oldest in the Nestorian mountains, and having been the only one that escaped the ravages of the Kurds, it contained all its ancient furniture and ornaments. Both the church and the vestibule were so thickly hung with China vases, innumerable bells jingling discordantly when set in motion, porcelain birds and animals, grotesque figures in bronze, fragments of glass chandeliers, two or three pairs of old bullion epaulets, that the ceiling was completely concealed by them. He was assured that the China bowls and jars had been brought from the distant empire of Cathay by those early missionaries of the Chaldean Church that carried the gospel to the shores of the Yellow Sea, thus referring them to the sixth and seventh centuries, when the Nestorian Church flourished in China.

New and important discoveries were made at Kouyunjik during Mr. Layard's absence. In a long room, two of whose sides were 140 and other two only 126 feet long, its four entrances were formed by colossal human-headed bulls, and the bas-reliefs on the paneling were particularly interesting. They represented as usual a campaign and a victory, in a country traversed by a great river filled with crabs and fish of various kinds. On one side of the river, Sennacherib, in his gorgeous war chariot, received the captives, and "it is remarkable," says Mr. Layard, "that this was almost the only figure of the king which had not been wantonly mutilated." There is no inscription to identify the country, but Mr. Layard thinks that the river is the Shat-el-Arab, formed by the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris. In one of the other adjacent chambers the sculptured walls had been burned to lime, while in another the sculptures had partly escaped the general wreck. On the western side of the great hall already mentioned, there were three entrances, the centre one being formed by a pair of winged bulls in fossiliferous limestone. Behind this central one there were other two similar entrances leading into separate rooms. "There were these," says Mr. Layard, "three magnificent portals, one behind the other, each formed by winged bulls facing the same way, and all looking towards the great hall; the largest column, these in front, being above 18 feet high, and the smallest about 12." "It would be difficult," he adds, "to conceive any interior architectural arrangement more imposing than this triple group of gigantic forms as seen in perspective by those who stood in

the centre of the hall, dimly lighted from above, and harmoniously coloured or overlaid, like the cherubims in the temple of Solomon, with gold." The bas-reliefs found in these chambers were put up in fragments, regularly arranged and numbered, and occupied nearly a hundred cases. Under the superintendence of Mr. Sumson they were admirably put together, and now stand in the British Museum.

Having done so much at Nimroud and Kouyunjik, Mr. Layard determined upon devoting the winter to researches among the great mounds of Southern Mesopotamia, and the particular examination of Babylon. In order to avoid any collision with the Arabs, he engaged a Bedouin chief to protect his party, and he accordingly set out on the 18th October, in one of the primitive vessels by which the trade of the country is carried on. Crossing the foaming rapids of Awai, the great dam which stretches across the Tigris, they floated in their rafts through the great alluvial plains of Chaldaea. At Eski, or old Baghdad, they saw the singular tower, about 200 feet high, which rises above the eastern bank of the river, and round which, on the outside, there winds an ascending way like the spiral of a screw. Near the same place, and abutting the west bank of the river, is the wall or rampart of Nimroud. Farther down the river they descried the two gilded domes and four stately minarets of the mosque of Kathimain. The Tigris widens as they advance, and its current becomes almost motionless. A pine-shaped cone of snowy whiteness rising to the right, marks the tomb of the lovely Zobeide, the Queen of Haroun-al-Reshed. A mosque cut in two next appears. Coloured cupolas and minarets rise on all sides above the palms. The tress are succeeded by a long line of mud-built houses. The palace of the Governor next arrests the eye, and passing through a crazy bridge of boats, the rafts bearing the records of ancient Assyria, and the distinguished traveller who discovered them, "anchor beneath the spreading folds of the British flag, opposite a handsome building, not crumbling into ruins like its neighbours, but kept in repair by European residents,—the dwelling of the English Consul-General, and political agent of the East India Company at Baghdad,—the residence of Colonel Rawlinson, then in England."

After spending a week at Baghdad, Mr. Layard left it on the 5th December. Owing to the overflowing of the river, the whole country round the city was a swamp; and after fording ditches, wading through water and deep mud, and crossing wide streams by crazy bridges of boats, Mr. Layard, then struggling with intermittent fever, reached Khan-i-zad, the first habitable caravanserai on the road. In the middle of the spacious courtyard, reclining on carpets upon a raised platform, he found

Timour Mirza, one of the exiled Persian princes, surrounded by hawks on perches, and by numerous attendants, each bearing a falcon on his wrist. Our author is thus led to give a very interesting account of the falconry of the East, of which that of the gazelle will interest the reader:—

“The falconry,” says Mr. Layard, “in which Easterns take most delight, is that of the gazelle. For this very noble and exciting sport, the falcon and greyhound must be trained to hunt together, by a process unfortunately somewhat cruel. In the first place, the bird is taught to eat its daily ration of raw meat fastened on the stuffed head of a gazelle. The next step is to accustom it to look for its food between the horns of a tame gazelle. The distance between the animal and the falconer is daily increased, until the hawk will seek its meat when about half a mile off. A greyhound is now loosed upon the gazelle, the falcon being flown at the same time. When the animal is seized, which of course soon takes place, its throat is cut, and the hawk is fed with a part of its flesh. After thus sacrificing three gazelles, the education of the falcon and greyhound is declared to be complete. The chief art in the training is to teach the two to signal out the same gazelle, and the dog not to injure the falcon when struggling on the ground with the quarry. The greyhound, however, soon learns to watch the movements of its companion, without whose assistance it could not capture its prey.

“The falcon, when loosed from its tresses, flies steadily and near the ground towards the retreating gazelles, and marking one, soon separates it from the herd. It then darts at the head of the affrighted animal, throws it to the ground, or only checks it in its rapid course. The greyhound rarely comes up before the blow has been more than once repeated. The falconer then hastens to secure the quarry. Should the dog not succeed in capturing the gazelle after it has been struck for the third or fourth time, the hawk will generally sulk and refuse to hunt any longer. I once saw a very powerful falcon belonging to Abde Pasha hold a gazelle until the horsemen succeeded in spearing the animal. The fleetness of the gazelle is so great, that, without the aid of the hawk, very few dogs can overtake it, unless the ground be heavy after rain.

“The pursuit of the gazelle with the falcon and hound over the boundless plains of Assyria and Babylonia is one of the most exhilarating and graceful of sports, displaying equally the noble qualities of the horse, the dog, and the bird.”—*Discoveries*, pp. 481-3.

Mr. Layard spent the following day at the encampment of Abde Pasha, who entertained him with a hawking party, and gave him letters to the principal chiefs of the southern tribes. After leaving the camp, and resting about four hours amid dry canals and ancient mounds, they saw to the south a huge hill, with flat top and perpendicular sides, rising abruptly from an alluvial plain. This was the mound of Babel, the Mujelibé (the

Kasr of Rich) or "overturned."\* To this vast mound succeeded long undulating heaps of earth, bricks, and pottery, rendering the site of Babylon a naked and hideous waste. "Owls start from the scanty thickets, and the foul jackall skulks through the furrows. Truly 'the glory of kingdoms, and the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, is as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. Wild beasts of the desert lie there; and their houses are full of doleful creatures; and owls dwell there, and satyrs dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant places;' for her day has come."†

On arriving at Hillah, a town with about 8000 or 9000 inhabitants, and having a few half-ruined mosques and public baths for its principal buildings, Mr. Layard placed workmen on the two most important mounds, the Babel of the Arabs, (the Mujelibé of Rich,) and the Kasr of the Mujelibé, (the Kasr of the same traveller,) having abandoned his plan of excavating in the Birs Nimroud on account of the disturbed state of the country. In the great mound of Babel Mr. Layard found several entire coffins with skeletons more or less entire, glass bottles, glazed earthenware, and remains of solid masonry with the superscription of Nebuchadnezzar. At the Kasr he was equally unsuccessful. He found only a fragment of limestone, on which were parts of two figures, undoubtedly gods, with a few rudely-engraved gems and enamelled bricks. The last ruin which our author examined was a mound of great extent, called Jumjuma, and by others Amran. In various trenches which he opened he could find no trace of an edifice of any kind. Along with some specimens of glass, terra cotta figures, lamps and jars of the time of the Seleucides, Mr. Layard found "five cups or bowls of earthenware, and fragments of others covered on the inner surface with letters written in a kind of ink." The characters resemble the Hebrew, and have been decyphered by Mr. Thomas Ellis of the British Museum. Mr. Layard has given fac-similes of the originals, with Mr. Ellis's translation of these books, which are Jewish relics relating to the Jews in the captivity of Babylon, and therefore especially interesting to biblical students.

In these excavations Mr. Layard was not able to trace the general plan of any one edifice. "No sculptures or inscribed slabs were discovered, and scarcely a detached figure in stone, or a solitary tablet, has been dug out of the vast heaps of rub-

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\* See this Journal, vol. xi. pp. 210, 214, where we have given a full description of the Mujelibé and Birs Nimroud.

† Isaiah xlii. 19-22. See Jeremiah i. 39.

bish." "Babylon is fallen, is fallen; and all the graven images of her gods He hath broken unto the ground."

On the 15th January Mr. Layard left Babylon to visit the great ruins of Niffer, and others, in the south of Mesopotamia. Mr. Loftus had visited the most important of them, and had brought home from Wurka a highly interesting collection of antiquities, now in the British Museum. Niffer, which Mr. Layard first visited, consists of a collection of mounds of unequal height and irregular form. The high cone at the north-east corner he considers as the remains of a square house constructed of sun-dried bricks. It is called by the Arabs the Bint-el-Ameer, or the "Daughter of the Prince." The bricks are inscribed with the name of a king, and of a city which Colonel Rawlinson reads Tel Anis, the Telano of geographers. The only discoveries which were here made were cells of brick-work containing human remains—many earthenware vases, jars, glazed and plain, and a pottery sarcophagus of a rich blue colour. On account of the disturbed state of the country Mr. Layard did not even attempt to visit the ruins at Wurka, which had been partially examined by Mr. Loftus, and he returned to Baghdad, visiting on his way the ruin of Zibbliyah, which rises from a heap of rubbish in the centre of the desert, and passing the great ruin of Ctesiphon, a palace of the Persian kings, consisting of "a vaulted hall 150 feet in depth, and about 106 feet high, forming the centre of the building."

On Mr. Layard's return to Mosul, he found that four new chambers had been discovered to the north of the central hall. In two of the bas-reliefs found in the chambers on the northern side of the same edifice is represented a battle in a marsh, and in others is represented the conquest of a nation, where "the Assyrians had plundered their temples, and were now carrying away their idols," as asserted in holy writ.\* "Of a truth, Lord, the kings of Assyria have laid waste all the nations, and their countries, and have cast their gods into the fire, for they were no gods, but the work of men's hands, wood and stone; therefore they have destroyed them."

After describing several interesting Assyrian relics, some of them Greek and Roman, found in other chambers at Konyunjik, Mr. Layard gives an account of his excavations beside the so-called tomb of the prophet Jonah, which forms part of the great group of ruins at Nebbi Yunus, opposite Mosul, and like Konyunjik, in the line of the enclosed walls. The sanctity of the place made it dangerous to excavate openly, but Mr. Layard

Having heard that the owner of one of the largest dwellings in the village wished to make serdaubs, or under-ground apartments, for summer, offered, through his agent, to dig them for him, on condition that he should have all the objects discovered during the excavation. In this way he was enabled to examine a part of the mound, but he found only the walls of a chamber panelled with inscribed but unsculptured alabaster slabs, containing the name of Esarhaddon. Since Mr. Layard's return to England an inhabitant of the village, in digging the foundations of his house, uncovered a pair of colossal human-headed bulls, and two figures of the Assyrian Hercules slaying the lion, similar to those in the Louvre. Rival antiquaries having quarrelled about their claims to these sculptures, they were seized by the Turkish authorities.

At the village of Shereef Khan, three miles north of Konyanick, Mr. Layard found the remains of a building with inscribed bricks, containing the names of Sargon and Sennacherib. Other bricks mention a temple dedicated to Mars, or some other Assyrian deity, or, according to Colonel Rawlinson, to Neptune, or Noah. From two inscribed limestone slabs found among the ruins, it appears that a palace was erected on this spot by Esarhaddon for his son, and that the name of the place was Tarbisi.

Mr. Layard concludes the twenty-fifth chapter of his work with an interesting notice, illustrated by many drawings, of a large collection of engraved cylinders, or gems, from Assyria and Babylonia. Their size varies from  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch to 2 inches. Their form is either circular or barrel-shaped, and their material lapis-lazuli, rock-crystal, cornelian, amethyst, chalcedony, agate, onyx, jasper, serpentine, sienite, oriental alabaster, green felspar, and hæmatite. The subjects are religious or historic, and belong to several distinct periods. The most ancient are those of the time of the king who built the oldest of the edifices discovered at Nineveh. Colonel Rawlinson had found on one from Shereef-Khan the names of two of the predecessors of the early Nimroud king.

Having thus described the monuments and relics discovered in Assyria and Babylonia, Mr. Layard devotes his twenty-sixth or concluding chapter to a general account of the results of the excavations, in so far as they are calculated "to increase our acquaintance with the history of Assyria, and to illustrate the religion, the arts, and the manners, of the inhabitants." These results have been obtained by the united researches of English scholars, Colonel Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, and Mr. Layard himself. Mr. De Saulcy, and other distinguished foreign writers,

have contributed their labours; but we are not able to give any notice, nor was Mr. Layard, of their particular discoveries. Mr. Layard has purposely omitted giving any account of the various processes adopted in decyphering these ancient monuments, and has confined himself to a brief notice of the chronological and historical facts which they sanction. These facts are given in *three* tables. The *first* contains the English version of the royal names hitherto discovered, according to Colonel Rawlinson and Dr. Hincks, the principal monuments on which they were found, and the approximate date of the reign of the several kings. The *second* contains the most important proper and geographical names which have been identified with those in the Bible, their forms in Hebrew, as well as in cuneiform letters, being given for the use of the biblical student. The *third* table contains the names of the thirteen great gods of Assyria, with their readings according to Dr. Hincks. The Assyrian chronology in the first of these tables, which we give below, rests upon the identification of Jehu, son of Omri, mentioned in the grand obelisk in the British Museum with Jehu, king of Israel, a result obtained simultaneously by Dr. Hincks and Colonel Rawlinson, though first published by Dr. Hincks.\* Jehu ascended the throne about 885 B.C., and it follows, on grounds which we cannot detail here, that the date of the reign of the early Assyrian king who built the north-west palace at Nimroud, and whose son erected the centre palace, and raised the great obelisk, must be about 1121 B.C. The following is a copy of the first of the preceding tables, omitting the names of the kings in cuneiform characters. The letter R. is affixed to Colonel Rawlinson's readings, and H. to those of Dr. Hincks:—

*Names of Assyrian Kings in the Inscriptions from Nineveh.*

Conjectural Reading	Where found	Approximate Date of Reign
Derceto, (R.)	Pavement slab, B. Museum.	1250 B.C.
Divanukha R. Divanurish, (H.)	Standard inscription, Nimroud, &c.	1200 B.C.
Anakbar-beth-hira, (R.)	{ Slabs from temples in north of mound of Nimroud; Bavian tablets, &c. }	1130 B.C.
Shimish-bal-Bithkira, (H.)		
Mardokeempad † (R.)	{ A cylinder from Shereef-Khan. }	
Meesesimordacus † (R.)		
Adrammelech I. (R.)	{ Standard inscription, bricks, &c. from N. West Palace, Nimroud. }	1000 B.C.
Anaku Merodach, (R.)		
Shimish Bar, (H.)	Idem.	960 B.C.
(Son of preceding.)		

\* Dr. Hincks has found in the same obelisk the name of Hazael, whom the Almighty commanded Elijah to anoint king of Syria.

Conjectural Reading.	Where found.	Approximate Date of Reign.	
Sardanapalus I. (R.)	{ Standard inscription, bricks, &c. from N. W. Palace, Nimroud; Abou Maris, &c.	930 B.C.	
Ashurakhbal, (H.) (Son of preceding.)			
Divanubara, (R.)	{ Centre Palace, Nimroud; obelisk, bricks; Kalah-Sherghot; Baashiekha.	900 B.C.	
Divanubar, (H.)			
Shamas Adar, (R.)	{ Pavement slab, upper chamber, Nim- roud.	870 B.C.	
Shamsiyav, (H.)			
Adrammelech II. (R.)	Idem.	840 B.C.	
Baldasi † (H.)	Slab from tunnel of Negoub.		
Ashurkish † (H.)	Idem.	{ Pavement slab, and slab built into the S.W. Palace, Nimroud.	750 B.C.
† Pul, or Tiglath-Pileser.	Khorsabad; Nimroud; Karamless, &c.		722 B.C.
Sargon.	{ Kouyunjik, &c.	{ 702 B.C. 716 (H.)	
Sennacherib.			
(Son of preceding.)	{ S. W. Palace, Nimroud, Nebbi Yunus; Shereef-Khan.	690 B.C.†	
Esarhaddon.			
(Son of preceding.)	{ Kouyunjik; Shereef-Khan.		
Sardanapalus III. (R.)			
Ashurakhbal, (H.)	{ Kouyunjik; Shereef-Khan.		
(Son of preceding.)			
(Son of preceding.)	South-east edifice, Nimroud.		
Shamishakhaden † (H.)	{ Black stone in possession of Lord Aberdeen.		

Owing, we presume, to the great length to which Mr. Layard's volume has extended, he has "not given any account of the various processes adopted in decyphering the inscriptions, and of the steps gradually made in the investigation." We are unwilling to leave our readers in total darkness on this branch of the subject, and shall therefore endeavour to give a brief account of the means by which, to use Colonel Rawlinson's expression, the inscriptions of Nineveh and Babylon have been rendered legible, and of the different persons by whom the art has been created.

Our readers are no doubt aware that it was by means of the Greek translation on the Rosetta stone that Young, Champollion, and others were led to decypher the hieroglyphic writing of Egypt. In like manner, it was by the Persian texts of the trilingual, and trilateral cuneiform inscriptions engraven on the rocks at Hamadan, Van, and Behistun; or sculptured on the walls of the ancient palaces at Persepolis and Pasargadæ, that antiquaries and philologists have been enabled to interpret the Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions. The first difficulty to be overcome in such researches was to obtain accurate copies of the inscriptions themselves. In order to preserve the inscriptions from injury, they were necessarily engraven at a height from the ground which it was difficult, and often dangerous to reach. We have heard Colonel Rawlinson describe the process of

standing for hours under a burning sun on the steps of a ladder, or on the narrow ledge of a rock, copying an unknown language, sometimes nearly obliterated; and we have already seen that Mr. Layard experienced great difficulty in copying the Bavian inscriptions, lowered, as he was, by ropes, and with a "giddy depth" below him, standing in a constrained position, upon a ledge scarcely 6 inches wide. Schulz, the unfortunate traveller who was murdered in Armenia, obtained several of the inscriptions at Wan with a telescope; and Colonel Rawlinson informs us, that while Mr. Westergaard was content with copying, by means of a telescope, the celebrated inscription at Naksh-i-Rustam, over the rock-hewn sepulchre of Darius, the late Mr. Tasker descended by ropes from the summit of the cliff, copying the writing while "swinging in mid-air,"—a perilous position which he occupied for several hours during five successive days, in order to secure the utmost accuracy for his work.

The first step in decyphering the Assyrian and Persian inscriptions, was taken by Professor Grotefend, in a memoir read to the Royal Society of Göttingen in 1802. He succeeded in decyphering the names of Cyrus, Xerxes, Darius, and Hystaspes, and thus obtained the true determination of nearly a third of the entire alphabet, thus supplying, in Colonel Rawlinson's opinion, a sure and ample basis for further research. M. St. Martin took up the inquiry as it was left by M. Grotefend, but added little to his labours. In 1826 Professor Bask discovered the two characters representing M and N, which led to several important results. M. Burnouf, in 1836, added several interesting discoveries respecting the Hamadan inscriptions; and Professor Lassen in his work on the Persepolis inscriptions, published at Berne in 1836, supplied such an identification of at least twelve characters, as may almost entitle him, in Colonel Rawlinson's opinion, "to contest with Professor Grotefend the palm of alphabetical discovery."

While residing at Kermanshah on the western frontier of Persia, Colonel Rawlinson, so early, as 1835, undertook the investigation of the cuneiform character. All that he then knew was, that Professor Grotefend had decyphered the names of the early sovereigns of the house of Achæmenes; and in submitting to analysis the Hamadan inscriptions, copied by himself, he obtained the same results as Professor Grotefend, and by a process of nearly the same kind. In 1836 the Behistun inscriptions and the tablets of Elwand furnished him with the native forms of Arsames, Ariaramnes, Teispes, Achæmenes, and Persia, which enabled him to construct an alphabet with eighteen characters.

In 1837 Colonel Rawlinson transmitted to the Asiatic Society his translation of the first paragraphs of the Behistun inscription—paragraphs wholly inexplicable according to the systems of Grotefend and St. Martin. By means of M. Burnouf's memoir on the inscriptions at Hamadan, which Colonel Rawlinson received at Teheran in 1838, he found that he had been anticipated in many of the improvements which he had made in the system of M. St. Martin, and with the aid of the "luminous critique" of M. Burnouf, and the examination of the Persepolitan inscriptions, he was soon afterwards enabled to complete the alphabet which he has employed in his translations of the cuneiform inscriptions published in 1847. Having done every justice to the labours of his predecessors in the memoir on the subject which he drew up in 1839,\* Colonel Rawlinson justly claims to have been the first "to present to the world a literal and correct grammatical translation of nearly 200 lines (since augmented to about 400) of cuneiform writing, a memorial of the time of Darius Hystaspes."

From his lettered seclusion at Baghdad, where Colonel Rawlinson was carrying on these interesting researches, he was suddenly called to an important office in Afghanistan, where he remained till December 1843, when he found himself again at Baghdad, eager to resume the fascinating studies, from which he had been removed at the call of his country. From Mr. Westergaard, the celebrated Seanscrit scholar, who had visited Persia in 1843, he obtained several new inscriptions from Persepolis, from which he derived much assistance in his subsequent inquiries. Jacquet and Beer had, in 1837-8, discovered two new characters, and Professor Lassen had, from the inscriptions given to him by Westergaard, published the whole series, with an amended text and revised translation. Colonel Rawlinson's translations had been already completed when he received Professor Lassen's work, and they are published in his celebrated memoir "On Cuneiform Inscriptions," illustrated with eight large engravings of the inscriptions themselves, occupying the whole of the tenth volume of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. Colonel Rawlinson has since published "A Commentary on the Cuneiform Inscriptions of Babylonia and Assyria, including Readings of the Inscriptions on the Nimroud Obelisk, and a brief notice of the ancient Kings of Nineveh and Babylon."†

In order that the discoveries of his predecessors in this inquiry

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\* Published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. x. pp. 2-13: 1847.

† This interesting little volume, of 84 pages, was published separately in 1850, but now forms Art. x. p. 401, of part 2d, vol. x. of the *Journal* above referred to.

may be appreciated in this country, Colonel Rawlinson concludes his memoir with a comparative table of the Persian cuneiform alphabet according to the different systems of interpretation. The following is a list of the different systems :—

- 1824. Grotefend, from Heeren's Researches.
- 1826. Professor Rask.
- 1832. St. Martin, from Klaproth's *Aperçu*.
- 1836. Burnouf, from his *Memoir*, &c.
- 1836. Professor Lassen.
- 1837. Jacquet and Beer.
- 1839. Professor Lassen.
- 1845. Professor Lassen.
- 1850. Colonel Rawlinson.

In Colonel Rawlinson's commentary on the cuneiform inscriptions, to which we have already referred, he has briefly explained the process of decyphering the inscriptions, and taken a cursory view of the nature and structure of the alphabet employed in it. The necessity of addressing the population in three different languages spoken in the Empire, led to the trilingual inscriptions on the Assyrian monuments. The inscriptions at Behistun, Naksh-i-Rustam, and Persepolis furnished a list of more than eighty proper names, of which the true pronunciation is fixed by their Persian orthography, and of which we have also the Babylonian equivalents. By carefully comparing, therefore, these duplicate forms of writing the same names, and duly appreciating the phonetic distinctions peculiar to the two languages, Colonel Rawlinson had the means of determining, with more or less certainty, the value of about 100 Babylonian characters, and thus laying a basis for a complete arrangement of the alphabet. His next step was to collate inscriptions, and to ascertain particularly the same geographical name, the homophones of each known alphabetical power.

"In this stage of the inquiry," says Colonel Rawlinson, "much caution, or it may be called *critique*, has been rendered necessary; for although two inscriptions may be absolutely identical in sense, and even in expression, it does not, by any means, follow that wherever one text may differ from the other, we are justified in supposing that we have found alphabetical variants. Many sources of variety exist besides the employment of homophones. Ideographs, or abbreviations, may be substituted for words expressed phonetically; sometimes the allocution is altered; sometimes synonyms are made use of; grammatical suffixes or affixes, again, may be employed or modified at option. It requires, in short, a most ample field of comparison, a certain familiarity with the language, and, above all, much experience in the dialectic changes; and in the varieties of alphabetical expression,

before variant characters can be determined with any certainty. By mere comparison, however, repeated in a multitude of instances, so as to reduce almost infinitely the chance of error, I have added nearly fifty characters to the hundred which were previously known through the Persian key; and to this acquaintance with the phonetic value of about 150 signs is, I believe, limited my present knowledge of the Babylonian and Assyrian alphabet."—*Commentary, &c.*, p. 4.

The same process which Colonel Rawlinson employed in identifying the signs of the Assyrian alphabet was applied to the language, duplicate phrases giving the meaning of the Babylonian vocable, in the same manner as duplicate names give the value of the Assyrian characters. After having mustered every Babylonian letter, and every Babylonian word to which any clue existed in the trilingual tablets, Colonel Rawlinson frankly confesses that so great was the difficulty of applying the key thus obtained, that he was tempted, more than once, to abandon the study altogether, in utter despair of arriving at any satisfactory result. He considers the science of Assyrian decyphering as yet in its infancy; and he is of opinion that all that can be said of it is, that a commencement has been made, and that the first outwork has been carried in a hitherto impregnable position.

We regret that it is not in our power to give our readers much information respecting the discoveries made by the Rev. Dr. Hincks, in addition to those mentioned in the course of this article. In his first paper\* on the subject, he explained the system of writing used in the Van inscriptions, and shewed the nature of the language in which they were composed. His second memoir was on the Khorsabad inscriptions;† and in the addenda to the paper, he claims to be the discoverer of the almost perfect correspondence of the Median, as well as the Van, phonographs with the Assyrio-Babylonian:—of the fact that the primitive value of *all* of these are Indo-European syllables, and not Semitic letters;—of the existence of ideographic characters with various uses, which he has fully explained; and the consequent possibility of a character being read in two or more ways according as it was used as a phonograph or an ideograph. In the same addendum he has given two brief specimens of translations from the Khorsabad inscriptions, with a view to illustrate passages of Holy Scripture, such as those in the Second Book of Kings, respecting the deportation of conquered nations by the Assyrians, and the planting of other nations in the cities from

\* Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, vol. ix. p. 387, March 1847.

† Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. xxii, part 2.

which they were removed. Dr. Hincks has given a further account of his discoveries in a memoir "On the Assyrio-Babylonian Phonetic Characters," published in the same volume of the *Irish Transactions*. He was the first to detect the name of Sennacherib in the group of arrow-headed characters at the commencement of nearly all the inscriptions at Kouyunjik, and written on all the inscribed bricks from the same ruins. Dr. Hincks also discovered the names of Nebuchadnezzar and Babylon, and in restoring to him the honour of this discovery, which he had erroneously assigned to others, Mr. Layard adds, "that we owe these discoveries, with many others of scarcely less importance, to the ingenuity and learning of Dr. Hincks."

We cannot conclude this article without referring also to Mr. Layard's own labours in the field of interpretation, which are referred to throughout his volume; and it gives us much pleasure in being able to state, that the great services which he has rendered to literature by his Assyrian labours have been appreciated, and in a certain degree rewarded, by the Government. When Earl Granville was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he gave Mr. Layard the appointment of Under Secretary, an office for which he was highly qualified. He of course lost this situation when Lord John Russell's ministry resigned; but he has since been elected member for Aylesbury in the new Parliament, and we have no doubt that when he returns from Constantinople, to which he lately accompanied Lord Stratford de Redcliffe on a particular errand, he will again find a suitable appointment under the liberal ministry of Lord Aberdeen.

THE  
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1853.

- ART. I.—1. *Poetics : An Essay on Poetry.* By E. S. DALLAS.  
London, 1852.  
2. *Poems.* By ALEXANDER SMITH. London, 1853.

SCOTLAND seems to be doing something original at present in the way of literature. Here, at least, we have two new works, each by a young Scottish author, which have already attracted as much attention, after their respective kinds, as it is usual to bestow on first publications of more than ordinary merit. Edinburgh claims the one *débutant*; Glasgow the other. Mr. Dallas, a young man of thorough academic culture, and an admiring pupil of Sir William Hamilton, applies his native talent and the habits of philosophical investigation he has acquired under his illustrious teacher, to the performance of no less a task than that undertaken of old by Aristotle in one of his treatises, and meddled with by Coleridge and others in modern times—the systematic elaboration and exposition of a Theory of Poetry. “To discover the laws of operative power in literary works,” said Dr. Whewell, the other day, “though it claims no small respect under the name of criticism, is not commonly considered the work of a science.” Accepting this as true, but regretting that it is so, and maintaining that the very abundance of our critical opinions, and the superior depth of our criticism as compared with that of the previous age, make the want of a system of critical doctrine more felt—Mr. Dallas, with due modesty, offers his work as a contribution towards such a system, in as far as it is an attempt at a science of poetry and of poetic expression. While Edinburgh, in the person of one of her young metaphysicians, is thus philosophizing on poetry, Glasgow accomplishes the more

difficult and more welcome feat of sending forth a poet. Verses signed with the unpromising name of Alexander Smith had appeared from time to time in one or two London periodicals; and, on the faith of these verses, generous and discerning critics, led by one who has been nobly the first, not in this case alone, hastened to proclaim the advent of a new poet—not, this time, in Cambridge or in Lincolnshire, but in the city which had given birth to Thomas Campbell. Glasgow was proud to find that, in one of her commercial houses, she had so rare a possession as a young poet; and, what with encouragement at hand and encouragement from a distance, Mr. Smith has ventured to put his claims to the test by publishing the present volume.

We account it part of our duty, as our readers know, to keep an eye open for the signs and appearances of literature in North Britain. In the present instance we come rather late into the field. We have not to introduce either of our young authors to the public. That has been already done by others, and we rather grudge to our English friends the honour of having “discovered” Mr. Smith. The best thing we can do, therefore, after our laggard trimestrial fashion, since we cannot have the credit of introducing either of our young compatriots, is, to invite our friends to a little party, where they shall meet them both. And first for our Scottish theorist on poetry, Mr. Dallas.

There have been hundreds of disquisitions on poetry in all ages—long and short, good, bad, and indifferent; and now-a-days, we cannot open a magazine or a review without finding something new said about our friend “*The Poet*,” as distinguished from our other friend “*The Prophet*,” and the like. But cant cannot be helped, and, if we are to abandon good phrases because they have been used a great many times, there is an end to all reviewing. Much, too, as has been spoken about poetry and poets, we doubt if the world in its lucubrations on this subject, has got far beyond the antithesis suggested by what Aristotle said about it two thousand years ago, on the one hand, and what Bacon advanced two hundred and fifty years ago, on the other. At least, acquainted as we are, with a good deal that Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Goethe, and Leigh Hunt, and now Mr. Dallas, have written about poetry by way of more subtle and insinuating investigation, we still feel that the best notion of the thing, for any manageable purpose, is to be beaten out of the rough-hewn definitions of it, from opposite sides, supplied by Aristotle and Bacon. In his *Poetics*, Aristotle writes as follows:—

“Epic poetry and the poetry of tragedy, as well as comedy and dithyrambic poetry, and most flute and lyre music, all are, in their nature, viewed generally, *imitations* (*μιμήσεις*); differing from each

other, however, in three things—either in that they imitate by different means, or in that they imitate different things, or in that they imitate differently and not in the same manner. For, as some artists, either from technical training or from mere habit, imitate various objects by colours and forms, and other artists by vocal sound ; so, of the arts mentioned above, all effect their imitation by rhythm, and words, and melody, employed either severally or in combination. For example, in flute and lyre music, and in any other kind of music having similar effect, such as pipe music, melody and rhythm are alone used. In the dance, again, the imitation is accomplished by rhythm by itself, without melody ; there being dancers who, by means of rhythmical gesticulations, imitate even manners, passions, and acts. Lastly, epic poetry produces its imitations either by mere articulate words, or by metre superadded. . . . . Since, in the second place, those who imitate copy living characters, it behoves imitations either to be of serious and lofty, or of mean and trivial subjects. The imitation must, in fact, either be of characters and actions better than they are found among ourselves, or worse, or much the same ; just as, among painters, Polygnotus represented people better-looking than they were, Pauson worse-looking, and Dionysius exactly as they were. Now, it is evident that each of the arts above-mentioned will have these differences, the difference arising from their imitating different things. In the dance, and in flute and lyre music, these diversities are visible ; as also in word-imitations and simple metre. Homer, for example, really made men better than they are ; Cleophon made them such as they are ; whereas Hegemon, the first writer of parodies, and Nicochares, made them worse. So also in dithyrambics and lyrics, one might, with Timotheus and Philoxenus, imitate even Persians and Cyclopes. By this very difference, too, is tragedy distinguished from comedy. The one even now strives in its imitations to make men better than they are, the other worse. . . . . Still the third difference remains, namely, as to the manner or form of the imitation. For even though the means of imitation, and the things imitated, should be the same, there might be this difference, that the imitation might be made either in the form of a narration, (and that either through an alien narrator, as Homer does, or in one's own person without changing,) or by representing the imitators as all active and taking part. So that, though in one respect Homer and Sophocles would go together as imitators, as both having earnest subjects, in another Sophocles and Aristophanes would go together, as both imitating dramatically. . . . . Two causes, both of them natural, seem to have operated together to originate the poetic art. The first is, that the tendency to imitate is innate in men from childhood, (the difference between man and other animals being that he is the most imitative of all, acquiring even his first lessons in knowledge through imitation,) and that all take pleasure in imitation. Moreover, in the second place, just as the tendency to imitate is natural to us, so also is the love of melody and of rhythm ; and metre is evidently a variety of rhythm. Those, therefore, who from the first were most strongly

inclined to these things by nature, proceeding by little and little, originated poetry out of their impromptu fancies. Poetry, thus originating, was broken into departments corresponding to the peculiar characters of its producers; the more serious imitating only beautiful actions and their issues, while the more thoughtless natures imitated mean incidents, inventing lampoons, as others had invented hymns and eulogies. Before Homer we have no poem of any kind to be mentioned; though, doubtless, many existed."

Such, as indicated in those sentences of the treatise which seem to be of most essential import, is the general doctrine of Aristotle as to the nature of Poetry. With this contrast Bacon's theory, as stated, cursorily but profoundly, in the following sentences from the *Advancement of Learning* :—

"The parts of human learning have reference to the three parts of man's understanding, which is the seat of learning—History to his Memory; Poesy to his Imagination; and Philosophy to his Reason. . . . Poesy is a part of learning, in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely licensed, and doth truly refer to the imagination; which, being not tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which Nature hath severed, and sever that which Nature hath joined, and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things. *Pictoribus atque Poetis, &c.* It (Poetry) is taken in two senses—in respect of words, or matter. In the first sense, it is but a character of style, and belongeth to the arts of speech, and is not pertinent for the present; in the latter, it is, as hath been said, one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but feigned history, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse. The use of this feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in the points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, Poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical; because true history propoundeth the successes and the issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore Poesy feigneth them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed Providence; because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore Poesy endueth them with more rareness, so as it appeareth that Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation. And, therefore, it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind, whereas Reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things. . . . In this third part of learning, which is Poesy, I can report no deficiency. For, being as a plant that cometh of the lust of the

earth without a formal seed, it hath sprung up and spread abroad more than any other kind."

Now, though it would be possible, we doubt not, so to stretch and comment upon Aristotle's theory of poetry as to make it correspond with this of Bacon's, yet, *primâ facie*, the two theories are different, and even antithetical. If both are true, it is because the theorists tilt at opposite sides of the shield. Aristotle makes the essence of poetry to consist in its being imitative and truthful; Bacon, in its being creative and fantastical. According to Aristotle, there is a natural tendency in men to the imitation of what they see in nature; the various arts are nothing more than imitations, so to speak, with different kinds of imitating substance; and poetry is that art which imitates in articulate language, or, at most, in language elevated and rendered more rich and exquisite by the addition of metre. According to Bacon, on the other hand, there is a natural tendency and a natural prerogative in the mind of man, to condition the universe anew for its own intellectual satisfaction; to brood, as it were, over the sea of actual existences, carrying on the work of creation with these existences for the material, and its own phantasies and longings for the informing spirit; to be ever on the wing among nature's sounds and appearances, not merely for the purpose of observing and co-ordinating them, but also that it may delight itself with new ideal combinations, severing what nature has joined, and joining what nature has put asunder. Poetry, in accordance with this view, might perhaps be defined as the art of producing, by means of articulate language, metrical or unmetrical, a *fictitious concrete*, this being either like to something existing in nature, or, if unlike anything there existing, justifying that unlikeness by the charm of its own impressiveness.

Amid all the discussions of all the critics as to the nature of poetry, this antagonism, if such it is, between the Aristotelian and the Baconian theory, will be found eternally reproducing itself. When Wordsworth defined poetry to be "emotion recollected in tranquillity," and declared it to be the business of the poet to represent out of real life, and, as nearly as possible, in the language of real life, scenes and events of an affecting or exciting character, he reverted, and with good effect, to the imitation-theory of Aristotle. All Coleridge's disquisitions, on the other hand, even when his friend Wordsworth is the theme and exemplar, are subtle developments of the imagination-theory of Bacon. His famous remark that the true antithesis is not Poetry and Prose, but Poetry and Science, is but another form of Bacon's remark, that whereas it is the part of Reason "to buckle and bow the mind to the nature of things," it is the part

of Imagination, as the poetical faculty, "to raise the mind by submitting the shows of things to its desires." And so with the definitions, more or less formal, of other writers.—Thus Leigh Hunt:—"Poetry is the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its conceptions by imagination and fancy, and modulating its language on the principle of variety in uniformity." That this definition, notwithstanding that it is constructed on the principle of omitting nothing that any one would like to see included, is yet essentially a glimpse from the Baconian side of the shield, is obvious from the fact that its author afterwards uses as synonymous with it the abbreviations "Imaginative passion," "Passion for imaginative pleasure."—Lastly, Mr. Dallas, with all his ingenuity, does not really get much farther in the end. Beginning with an expression of dissatisfaction with all existing definitions of poetry, Aristotle's and Bacon's included, as being definitions of the thing not in itself, but in its accidents, he proceeds first, very properly, to make a distinction between poetical feeling, which all men have, and the art of poetical expression, which is the prerogative of those who are called poets. Both are usually included under the term Poetry; but to avoid confusion, Mr. Dallas proposes to use the general term Poetry for the poetical feeling, and to call the art which caters for that feeling Poesy. Then, taking for his clue the fact that all have agreed that, whatever poetry is, it has *pleasure* for its end, he seeks to work his way to the required definition through a prior analysis of the nature of pleasure. Having, as the result of this analysis, defined pleasure to be "the harmonious and unconscious activity of the soul," he finds his way then clear. For there are various kinds of pleasure, and poetry is one of these—it is "imaginative pleasure;" or, writing the thing more fully out, it is the "imaginative harmonious and unconscious activity of the soul," or that kind of harmonious and unconscious activity of the soul which consists in the exercise of the imagination. Poesy, of course, is the corresponding art, the art of producing what will give imaginative pleasure. Now, with all our respect for the ability with which Mr. Dallas conducts his investigation, and our relish for the many lucid and deep remarks which drop from his pen in the course of it, we must say that, as respects the main matter in discussion, his investigation does not leave us much the wiser. "Poetry is imaginative pleasure"—very well; but Bacon had said substantially the same thing when he described poetry as a part of learning having reference to the imagination; and Leigh Hunt had, as we have seen, anticipated the exact phrase, defining poetry to be "imaginative passion," and the faculty of the poet to be the faculty of "producing imaginative pleasure." In

short, the whole difficulty, the very essence of the question, consists not in the word *pleasure*, but in the word *imaginative*. Had Mr. Dallas bestowed one-half the pains on the illustration of what is meant by imagination, that he has bestowed on the analysis of what is meant by pleasure, he would have done the science of poetry more service. This—the nature of the imaginative faculty—is “the vaporous drop profound that hangs upon the corner of the moon,” and Mr. Dallas has not even endeavoured to catch it. His chapter upon the Law of Imagination is one of the most meagre in the book; and the total result, as far as a serviceable definition of poetry is concerned, is that he ends in finding himself in the same hut with Bacon, after having refused its shelter.

The antagonism between the Aristotelian theory, which makes poetry to consist in imitative passion, and the Baconian theory, which makes it to consist in imaginative passion, is curiously reproducing itself at present in the kindred art of painting. Pre-Raphaelitism is in painting very much what the reform led by Wordsworth was in poetical literature. Imitate nature; reproduce her exact and literal forms; do not paint ideal trees or vague recollections of trees, ideal brick-walls or vague recollections of brick-walls, but actual trees and actual brick-walls; dismiss from your minds the trash of Sir Joshua Reynolds about “correcting nature,” “improving nature,” and the like;—such are the maxims addressed by the Pre-Raphaelites, both with brush and with pen, to their fellow-artists. All this is, we say, a return to the theory of Aristotle, which makes the essence of art to consist in Imitation, and a protest against that of Bacon, which makes the essence of art to consist in Idealization. Poor Sir Joshua Reynolds ought to fall back upon Bacon, so that when he is next attacked for his phrases “improving nature,” and the like, the Pre-Raphaelites may see looming behind him the more formidable figure of a man whose words no one dares to call trash, and whose very definition of art was couched in expressions like these:—“There is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things;” “the use of feigned history is to give to the mind of man some shadow of satisfaction in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it.” The battle, we say, must be fought with these phrases. Nor is the battle confined to the art of painting. There is a more restricted kind of Pre-Raphaelitism now making its way in the department of fictitious literature. Admiring the reality, the truthfulness of Thackeray’s delineations of life and society, there are men who will have nothing to do with what they call the phantasies and caricatures of the Dickens

school. The business of the novelist, they say, is to represent men as they are, with all their foibles as well as their virtues; in other words, to imitate real life. Here again comes in the Baconian thunder. "Because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy (and Bacon's definition of poesy includes the prose-fiction) feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical." Whether Dickens can take the benefit of this authority in those cases where he is charged with unreality, we need not inquire; it evidently points, however, to a *possible* style of prose-fiction different from that of Fielding and Thackeray, and yet as legitimate in the view of art.

For ourselves, we hold the Imitation theory as applied to poetry or art to be so inadequate in essential respects that it would be time lost to try to mend it; and we find no suitable statement of what seems to us to be the very idea of poetry, except in some definition tantamount to that of Bacon. Only consider the matter for a moment. Take any piece of verse from any poet, and in what single respect can that piece of verse be said to be an imitation of nature? In the first place, that it is verse at all is a huge deviation in itself from what is, in any ordinary sense, natural. Men do not talk in good literary prose, much less in blank verse or rhyme. Macbeth, in his utmost strait and horror—Lear, when the lightnings scathed his white head—did not actually talk in metre. Even Bruce at Bannockburn did not address his army in trochees. Here, then, at the very outset, there is a break-down in the theory of Imitation, or literal truth to nature. And all prose-literature shares in this break-down. Not a single personage in Scott's novels would have spoken precisely as Scott makes them speak; nay, nor is there a single character in Thackeray himself strictly and in every respect a fac-simile of what is real. Correct grammar, sentences of varied lengths and of various cadences, much more octosyllabic or pentameter verse, and still more rhymed stanzas, are all artificialities. Literature has them, but in real life they are not to be found. It is as truly a deviation from nature to represent a king talking in blank verse, or a lover plaining in rhyme, as it is, in an opera, as to make a martyr sing a song and be encored before being thrown into the flames. So far as truth to nature is concerned, an opera, or even a ballet, is hardly more artificial than a drama. Supposing, however, that, in order to escape from this difficulty, it should be said that metre, rhyme, rhetorical consecutiveness, and the like, are conditions previously and for other reasons existing in the material in which the imitation is to take place, would the theory of imitation or truth to nature even then hold good? Let it be granted

that grammatical and rhythmical prose is, as it were, a kind of marble, that blank verse is, as it were, a kind of jasper, and that rhymed verse is, as it were, a kind of *lapis lazuli* or opaline; that the selection of these substances as the materials in which the imitation is to be effected is a thing already and independently determined on; and that it is only in so far as imitation can be achieved consistently with the nature of these substances that imitation and art are held to be synonymous. Will the theory even then look the facts in the face? It will not. In the time of Aristotle, indeed, when most Greek poetry was, to a greater degree than poetry is now, either directly descriptive or directly narrative, the theory might have seemed less astray than it must to us. Even then, however, it was necessarily at fault. The Achilles and the Ajax of Homer, the Œdipus and the Antigone of Sophocles were, in no sense, imitations from nature; they were ideal beings, never seen on any Ægean coast, and dwelling nowhere save in the halls of imagination. Aristotle himself felt this; and hence, at the risk of cracking into pieces his own fundamental theory, he indulges occasionally in a strain like that of Bacon when he maintains that poetry "representeth actions and events less ordinary and interchanged, and endueth them with more rareness," than is found in nature. "The poet's business," says Aristotle, "is not to tell events as they have actually happened, but as they possibly might happen." And again: "Poetry is more philosophical and more sublime than history." Very true, but what then becomes of the imitation? In what possible sense can there be imitation unless where there is something to be imitated? If that something is ideal, if it exists not actually and outwardly, but only in the mind of the artist, then imitation is the wrong word to use. And all this will be much more obvious if we refer to modern poetry. Here is a stanza from Spenser—part of his description of the access to Mammon's cave. He has just described Revenge, Jealousy, Fear, Shame, and other entities.

"And over them sad Horror with grim hue  
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;  
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,  
The hateful messengers of heavy things,  
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;  
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clift,  
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,  
That heart of flint asunder could have rift;  
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift."

This is true poetry; and yet, by no possible ingenuity, short of that which identified Jeremiah with pickled cucumbers,

could it be shewn to consist of imitation. If it be said that it is mimic creation, and that this is the sense in which Aristotle meant his imitation, or *μιμησις*, to be understood, we shall be very glad to accept the explanation; but then we shall have to say, in reply, that as the essence of the business lies in the word "creation" as the substantive of the phrase, it is a pity the brunt of the disquisition should have been borne so long by the adjective. Aristotle, we believe, did mean that poetry was, in the main, fiction, or invention of fables in imitation of nature; but, unfortunately, even then he misleads by making imitation, which is but the jackal in the treatise, seem the lion in the definition. Nor even then will his theory be faultless and complete. Spenser's grim-hued Horror soaring aloft, beating his iron wings, and with owls and night-ravens after him, is certainly a creation; but in what sense it is a *mimic* creation, or a creation in imitation of nature, it would take a critic, lost to all reasonable use of words, to show. In short, and to close this discussion with a phrase which seems to us to fall like a block of stone crush through all our puny contemporary reasonings about art imitating nature, being true to nature, and the like—"Art is *called* art," said Goethe, "simply because it is *not* nature." This, it will be seen, is identical with Bacon's poesy "submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind." Only in one sense can it be said that art itself comes under the denomination of nature. Thus, Shakespeare—

"E'en that art,  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes."

True, as Goethe would have been the first to admit! In this sense, Spenser's grim-hued Horror beating his iron wings *was* a part of nature, seeing that, in this sense, the poet's own soul, with that very imagination starting out of it, was involved and contained in the universal round. But in any sense in which the words art and nature are available for the purposes of critical exposition, Goethe's saying is irrefragable—"Art is *called* art simply because it is *not* nature." Dissolve the poet through nature, regard the creative act itself as a part of nature, and then, of course, poetry or art is truth to nature; but keep them distinct, as you must do if you talk of imitation, and then the poet is nature's master, changer, tyrant, lover, watcher, slave, and mimic, all in one, his head now low in her lap, and again, a moment after, she scared and weeping, that, though he is with her, he minds her not.

All this, we believe, is very necessary to be said. Pre-Raphaelitism in painting, like Wordsworth's reform in poetical literature,

we regard, so far as it is a recall of art to truth and observation, as an unmixed good. But it is essentially, in this particular respect, a reform only in the *language* of art; and art itself is not language, but the creative use of it. We think the Pre-Raphaelites know this; for though, in theorizing, they naturally put forward their favourite idea of imitation or truthfulness, as if it were the sum and substance of art, yet in their practice, as Coleridge remarked of Wordsworth, they are as much imaginative artists as imitative. Take any of the higher Pre-Raphaelite paintings, and while the *language* of the painting—that is, the flowers, and grasses, and foliage, and brick-walls, and costumes—are more real and true imitations than are to be seen elsewhere, the *thought* which this language is used to convey is at least as ideal, as much a supposition, imagination, or recombination, as much a mere wish or *utinam*, as in the majority of other pictures. Still, in our theory of art at the present day, or at least in our theory of literary art, the notion of imitation is beginning to exist in excess. The very power of that most admirable of our novelists, Thackeray, is beginning to spoil us. We will have nothing but reality, nothing but true renderings of men and women as they are; no giants or demigods any more, but persons of ordinary stature, and the black and the white in character so mixed that people shall neither seem crows nor white doves, but all more or less magpies. Good, certainly, all this; but had the rule always been peremptory, as some would now make it, where had been our Achilleses, our Prometheuses, our Tancred, our Lears, our Hamlets, our Fausts, our Egmonts; these men that never were, these idealizations of what might be—not copied from nature, but imagined and full fashioned by the soul of man, and thence disenchained into nature, magnificent phantasms, to roam amid its vacancies? Nor will it do to exempt the epic and the tragic muses, and to subject to the rule only the muse of prose fiction. Where, in that case, had been our Quixotes, our Pantagruels and Panurges, our Ivanhoes and Rebeccas, our Fixleins and Siebenkaeses? These were sublimations of nature, not imitations; suggestions to history by brain and genius, and an inspired philosophy. The muse of prose literature is very hardly dealt with. We see not why, in prose, there should not be much of that mighty license in the fantastic, that measured riot, that right of whimsy, that unabashed dalliance with the extreme and the beautiful, which the world allows, by prescription, to verse. Why may not one in prose chase forest-nymphs, and see little green-eyed elves, and delight in peonies and musk-roses, and invoke the stars, and roll mists about the hills, and watch the seas thundering through caverns, and dashing against promontories? Why, in prose,

quail from the grand or ghastly on the one hand, or blush with shame at too much of the exquisite on the other? Is prose made of iron? Must it never weep, must it never laugh—never linger to look at a buttercup, never ride at a gallop over the downs? Always at a steady trot, transacting only such business as may be done within the limits of a soft sigh on the one hand, and a thin smile on the other, must it leave all finer and higher work of imagination to the care of sister Verse? Partly so, perhaps; for prose soon gets ashamed of itself, and, when very highly inspired, lifts itself into verse. Yet it is well for literature that we have still such men among us as De Quincey and Christopher North; prose poets to us, as Richter was to the Germans; men avoiding nothing as too fantastic for their element, but free and daring in it as the verse poet in his; fronting the grisliest shapes, ascending to the farthest heights, descending to the lowest depths, pursuing the quaintest conceits; all the while, too, such masters of the element itself; now piling sound on sound into a great organ-symphony, now witching, as with harp-music, now letting the sense die away in cadence, like the echoes of a bugle blown among the hills. All honour to Thackeray and the prose-fiction of social reality; but let us not so theorize as to exclude from prose-fiction, when we can get it, the boundless imagination of another Richter, or even the lawless zanyism of another Rabelais.

Poetry, then, we must, after all, define in terms tantamount, or thereabouts, to those of Bacon. With Bacon himself we may define it vaguely as having reference to the imagination, "which faculty submitteth the shows of things to the desires of the mind, whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things." Or we may vary the phrase, and, with Coleridge, call it "the vision and faculty divine;" or, with Leigh Hunt, "imaginative passion," the passion for "imaginative pleasure;" or, with Mr. Dallas, more analytically, "the imaginative, harmonious, and unconscious activity of the soul." In any case, IMAGINATION is the main word, the main idea. Upon this Shakespeare himself has put his seal.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of *imagination* all compact."

In short, poesy is what the Greek language recognised it to be—*ποίησις*, or creation. The antithesis, therefore, is between Poetry and Science—*ποίησις* and *νόησις*. Let the universe of all accumulated existence, inner and outer, material and mental, up to the present moment, lie under one like a sea, and there are two ways in which it may be intellectually dealt with and brooded over. On the one hand, the intellect of man may brood

over it inquiringly, striving to penetrate beneath it, to understand the system of laws by which its multitudinous atoms are held together, to master the mystery of its pulsations and sequences. This is the mood of the man of science. On the other hand, the intellect of man may brood over it creatively, careless how it is held together, or whether it is held together at all, and regarding it only as a great accumulation of material to be submitted farther to the operation of a combining energy, and lashed and beaten up into new existences. This is the mood of the poet. The poet is emphatically the man who continues the work of creation; who forms, fashions, combines, imagines; who breathes his own spirit into things; who conditions the universe anew according to his whim and pleasure; who bestows heads of brass on men when he likes, and sees beautiful women with arms of azure; who walks amid Nature's appearances, divorcing them, rematching them, interweaving them, starting at every step, as it were, a flock of white-winged phantasies that fly and flutter into the heaven of the future.

All very well; but, in plain English, what is meant by this imagination, this creative faculty, which is allowed by all to be the characteristic of the poet? Mr. Dallas will tell you that psychologists differ in their definitions of imagination. Dugald Stewart, and others, he says, have regarded it solely as the faculty which looks to the possible and unknown, which invents hippogriffs and the like ideal beasts, in short, the creative faculty proper. Mr. Dallas properly maintains that this is not sufficient, and that the faculty unphilosophically called Conception, that is, the faculty which mirrors or reproduces the real, must also be included in the poetic imagination. And this is nearly all that he says on the subject.

Now, if we were to venture on a closer definition, such as might stand its ground, and be found applicable over the whole length and breadth of poetry, we should, perhaps, affirm something to the following effect:—The poetic or imaginative faculty is *the power of intellectually producing a new or artificial concrete*; and the poetic genius or temperament is *that disposition of mind which leads habitually, or by preference, to this kind of intellectual exercise*. There is much in this statement that might need explanation. In the first place, we would call attention to the words "intellectually producing," "intellectual exercise." These words are not needlessly inserted. It seems to us that the distinct recognition of what is implied in these words would save a great deal of confusion. The phrases "poetic fire," "poetic passion," and the like, true and useful as they are on proper occasion, are calculated sometimes to mislead. There is fire, there is passion in the poet; but that which is peculiar in the

poet, that which constitutes the poetic tendency as such, is a special *intellectual* habit, distinct from the intellectual habit of the man of science. The poetic process may be set in operation by, and accompanied by, any amount of passion or feeling; but the poetic process itself, so far as such distinctions are of any value, is an *intellectual* process. Farther, as to its kind, it is the intellectual process of producing a new or artificial concrete. This distinguishes poetry at once in all its varieties, and whether in verse or in prose, from the other forms of literature. In scientific or expository literature the tendency is to the abstract, to the translation of the facts and appearances of nature into general intellectual conceptions and forms of language. In oratorical literature, or the literature of moral stimulation, the aim is to urge the mind in a certain direction or to induce upon it a certain state. There remains, distinct from either of these, the literature of the concrete, the aim of which is to represent the facts and appearances of nature and life, or to form out of them new concrete combinations. There are men who delight in things simply because they have happened, or because they can imagine them to happen—men, for example, to whom it is a real pleasure to know that at such and such a time a knight in armour rode along that way and across that bridge; who have an infinite relish for such a fact as that Sulla had a face mottled white and red, so that an Athenian wit compared it to a mulberry dipped in meal; who can go back to that moment, ay, and re-arrest time there, as in a picture, when Manlius hung half-way down the Tarpeian rock, and had his death of blood yet beneath him, or when Marie Antoinette lay under the axe, and it had not fallen; men, to whom also the mere embodiments of their own fancy, or of the fancy of others, are visions they never tire to doat and gaze on. These are the votaries of the concrete. Now, so far as that literature of the concrete whose business it is to gratify such feelings, deals merely with the actual facts of the past as delivered to it by memory, it resolves itself into the department of *history*; while so far as it remains unexhausted by such a subduction it is *poetry* or *creative literature*. We speak, of course, theoretically; in practice, as all know, the two shade into each other, the historian often requiring and displaying the imagination of the poet, and the poet, on the other hand, often relapsing into the describer and the historian. And here it is that one part of our definition may be found fault with. Seeing that the poet does not necessarily, in every case, invent scenes and incidents totally ideal, but often treats poetically the actual fields and landscapes of the earth and the real incidents of life; seeing, in fact, that much of our best and most genuine poetry is descriptive and historical, why define poesy to be the produc-

tion of a new or artificial concrete? Why not call it either the reproduction of an old or the production of a new concrete? There is, we believe, no objection to calling it so, except that the division which would be thus established is not fundamental. In every piece of poetry, we believe, even the most descriptive and historical, that which makes it poetical is not the concrete, as furnished by sheer recollection, but the concrete as shaped and bodied forth anew by the poet's thought, that is, as in the strictest sense factitious and artificial. Shelley, indeed, very sweetly calls poetry "the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds;" but then this only refers us farther back in time for the poetry, which certainly does not consist in the act of recording, if it be only recording, but already lay in the good and happy moments that are recorded. Thus, if it be said that the beautiful passage in Wordsworth describing a winter landscape, with the lake on which he skated with his companions in his boyhood, is a mere transcript of a scene from recollection, we reply, that, if it be so, (which we do not admit,) then the poetry of the passage was transacted along with the skating, and the critic, instead of watching the man at his writing-table must keep by the side of the boy on the ice. In short, in every case whatever, poetry is the production of an artificial concrete—artificial either *in toto*, or in so far as it is matter of sense and memory worked into form by the infusion of a meaning. The word artificial, we know, has bad associations connected with it; but, as Hazlitt said of Allegory, the word is really a harmless word, and won't bite you. It is only necessary to see what it means here to invest it with all that is splendid.

The poetical tendency, then, is the tendency to that kind of mental activity which consists in the production, we might almost say secretion, by the mind of an artificial concrete; and the poetic genius is that kind or condition of mind to which this kind of activity is constitutionally most delightful and easy. Of the legitimacy and nobleness of such a mode of activity what need is there to say anything? With some theorists, indeed, poets are little better than privileged liars, and poetry is little better than the art of lying so as to give pleasure. Even Bacon, with his synonyms of "feigned history" and the like, evidently means to insinuate a kind of contempt for poetry as compared with philosophy. The one he calls "the theatre," where it is not good to stay long; the other is the "judicial place or palace of the mind." This is natural enough in a man the tenor of whose own intellectual work must have inclined him, apart even from the original constitutional bias which determined *that*, to prefer the exercise which "buckled and bowed the mind to the nature of things," to the exercise which "elevates the mind by sub-

mitting the shows of things to its desires." But, recognising, as he did, that the one exercise is, equally with the other, the exercise of a faculty which is part and parcel of the human constitution, he was not the man to go very far with the joke about poets being a species of liars. That, we believe, was Bentham's fun. One can see what a good thing the old gentleman might have made of it. "Why was that poor fellow transported? Why, the fact is, at last assizes, he originated a piece of new concrete, which the law calls perjury." But the joke may be taken by the other end. When that deity of the Grecian mythology, (if the Grecian mythology had such a deity,) whose function it was to create trees, walked one sultry day over the yet treeless earth, big with unutterable thought, and when, chancing to lie down in a green spot, the creative frenzy came upon him, his thought rushed forth, and with a whirr of earthy atoms all round and a tearing of turf, the first of oaks sprang up completed, that also was the origination of a new piece of concrete, but one could hardly say that it was telling a lie. Had his godship been a philosopher instead of a poet—had he buckled and bowed his mind to the nature of things instead of accommodating the shows of things to his desires—the world might have been without oaks to this very day.

Poetical activity being defined generally to be that kind of intellectual activity which results in the production, or, as one might say, deposition by the mind of new matter of the concrete, it follows that there are as many varieties in the exercise of this activity as there are possible forms of an intellectual concrete. To attempt a complete enumeration of the various ways in which imaginative activity may shew itself, would be almost hopeless; an instance or two, however, may bring some of the more common of them before the mind.

"The sun had just sunk below the tops of the mountains, whose long shadows stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illuminated objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below."—*Mrs. Radcliffe*.

"Almost at the root

Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare  
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,  
Oft stretches towards me, like a long straight path,  
Traced faintly on the greensward—there, beneath  
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies."—*Wordsworth*.

These are plain instances of that kind of imaginative exercise which consists in the imagination of *scenes* or *objects*. A large proportion of the imaginative activity of men generally, and of authors in particular, is of this species. It includes pictures and descriptions of all kinds—from the most literal reproductions of the real, whether in country or town, to the most absolute phantasies in form and colour; and from the scale of a single object, such as the moon or a bank of violets, to the scale of a Wordsworthian landscape, or of a Milton's universe with its orbs and interspaces. It may be called descriptive imagination.

“ And Priam then alighted from his chariot,  
 Leaving Idæus with it, who remained  
 Holding the mules and horses; and the old man  
 Went straight in-doors where the beloved of Jove  
 Achilles sat, and found him. In the room  
 Were others, but apart; and two alone—  
 The hero Automedon and Alcinous,  
 A branch of Mars—stood by him. They had been  
 At meals, and had not yet removed the board.  
 Great Priam came, without their seeing him,  
 And, kneeling down, he clasped Achilles' knees  
 And kissed those terrible homicidal hands  
 Which had deprived him of so many sons.”—*Homer*.

This is the imagination of *incident*, or narrative imagination. The instance is plain even to baldness—it is direct Homeric narration; but for this very reason it will better stand as a type of that large department of imaginative activity to which it belongs. In this department are included all narrations of incidents whether historical and real, or fictitious and horribly supernatural; from the scale, too, of the single incident as told in a ballad, or incidentally as a link in a continuous story, up to the sustained unity of the epos or drama, as in *Crusoe*, *Don Quixote*, the *Iliad*, the *Divine Comedy*, the *Faery Queene*, *Macbeth*, or *Paradise Lost*. It is unnecessary to point out that the narration of incident always involves a certain amount of description of scenery.

“ The Reve was a slender colerike man,  
 His beard was shave as nigh as ever he can,  
 His hair was by his ears round yshorne,  
 His top was dockéd like a priest beforne.  
 Full longé were his leggés and full lean,  
 Ylike a staff; there was no calf yseen.”—*Chaucer*.

This may stand as a specimen of what is in reality a sub-variety of the imaginative exercise first mentioned, but is important enough to be adverted to apart. It may be called the imagination of *physiognomy* and *costume*, under which head

might be collected an immense number of passages from all quarters of our literature. This department, too, will include both the real and ideal—the real, as in Chaucer's and Scott's portraits of men and women; the ideal, as in Spenser's personifications, in Ariosto's hippogriff, or in Dante's Nimrod in a pit in hell, with his face as large as the dome of St. Peter's, and his body in proportion, blowing a horn, and yelling gibberish. Connected with this in practice, but distinguishable from it, is another variety of imaginative exercise, which may be called the imagination of *states of feeling*. Here is an example:—

“ A fig for those by law protected !  
 Liberty's a glorious feast ;  
 Courts for cowards were erected ;  
 Churches built to please the priest.”

*Burns's Jolly Beggars.*

This stanza, it will be observed, and we have chosen it for the purpose, is, in itself, as little poetical as may be; it is mere harsh Chartist prose. But in so far as it is an imagined piece of concrete, that is, in so far as it is an imagination by the poet of the state of feeling of another mind, or of his own mind in certain circumstances, it is poetical. This is an important consideration, for it links the poet not only with what is poetical in itself, but with a whole, much bigger, world of what is unpoetical in itself. The poet may imagine opinions, doctrines, heresies, cogitations, debates, expositions—there is no limit to his traffic with the moral any more than with the sensuous appearances of the universe; only, as a poet, he deals with all these as concrete things, existing in the objective air, and from which his own soul stands royally disentangled, as a spade stands loose from the sand it shovels, whether it be sand of gold or sand of silex. The moment any of the doctrines he is dealing with melts subjectively into his own personal state of being, (which is necessarily and nobly happening continually,) that moment the poet ceases to be a poet pure, and becomes so far a thinker or moralist in union with the poet. As regards the literary range of this kind of imaginative exercise,—the imagination of states of feeling—it is only necessary to remember what a large proportion it includes of our lyric poetry, and how far it extends itself into the epic and the drama, where (and especially in the drama) it forms, together with the imagination of costume, the greater part of what is called the invention of *character*.

The foregoing is but a slight enumeration of some of the various modes of imaginative exercise as they are popularly distinguishable; and, in transferring them into Creative Literature at large, they must be conceived as incessantly interblended, and

as existing in all varieties and degrees of association with personal thought, personal purpose, and personal calm or storm of feeling. It is matter of common observation, however, that some writers excel more in one and some more in another of the kinds of imagination enumerated. One writer is said to excel in descriptions, but to be deficient in plot and incident, nay, to excel in that kind of description which consists in the imagination of form, but to be deficient in that which consists in the imagination of colour. Another is said to excel in plot, but to be poor in the invention of character, and in other particulars. In short, the imagination, though in one sense it acts loose and apart from the personality, flying freely round and round it, like a sea-bird round a rock, seems, in a deeper sense, restricted by the same law as the personality in its choice and apprehension of the concrete. The organ of ideality, as the phrenologist would say, is the organ by which man freely bodies forth an ideal objective, and yet, let ideality bulge out in a man's head as big as an egg, it is of no use applying it, with Keats or Milton, in the direction of white pinks, pansies freaked with jet, sapphire battlements, and crimson-lipped shells, unless there is a little knot on the eyebrow over the organ of colour.

The poetical tendency of the human mind being this tendency to the ideal concrete, to the imagination of scenes, incidents, physiognomies, states of feeling, and so on; and all men having more or less of this tendency, catering for them in the ideal concrete, very much in the same way, and to the same effect, as their senses cater for them in the real, (so that the imagination of a man might be said to be nothing more than the ghosts of his senses wandering in an unseen world)—it follows that the poet, *par excellence*, is simply the man whose intellectual activity is consumed in this kind of exercise. All men have imagination; but the poet is "of imagination all compact." He lives and moves in the ideal concrete. He teems with imaginations of forms, colours, incidents, physiognomies, feelings, and characters. The ghosts of his senses are as busy in an unseen world of sky, and cloud, and sea, and vegetation, and cities, and highways, and thronged markets of men, and mysterious beings, belonging even to the horizon of *that* existence, as his real senses are with all the nearer world of nature and life. But the notable peculiarity lies in this, that every thought of his in the interest of *this* world is an excursion into *that*. In this respect the theory which has been applied to the exposition of the Grecian mythology applies equally to poetic genius in general. The essence of the mythical process, it is said, lay in this, that the early children of the earth having no abstract language, every thought of theirs, of whatever kind, and about whatever matter,

was necessarily a new act of imagination, a new excursion in the ideal concrete. If they thought of the wind, they did not think of a fluid rushing about, but of a deity blowing from a cave; if they thought of virtue rewarded, they saw the idea in the shape of a visible transaction, in some lone place, between beings human and divine. And so, allowing for a certain obvious amount of difference, with the poetical mode of thought to this day. Every thought of the poet, about whatever subject, is transacted not wholly in propositional language, but for the most part in a kind of phantasmagoric, or representative language of imaginary scenes, objects, incidents, and circumstances. To clothe his feelings with *circumstance*; to weave forth whatever arises in his mind into an objective tissue of imagery and incident that shall substantiate it and make it visible; such is the constant aim and art of the poet. Take an example. The idea of life occurs to the poet Keats, and how does he express it?

“Stop and consider! Life is but a day;  
 A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way  
 From a tree’s summit; a poor Indian’s sleep,  
 While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep  
 Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan?  
 Life is the rose’s hope while yet unblown;  
 The reading of an everchanging tale;  
 The light uplifting of a maiden’s veil;  
 A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;  
 A laughing school-boy, without grief or care,  
 Riding the springy branches of an elm.”

This is true *ποίησις*. What with the power of innate analogy, what with the occult suasion of the rhyme, there arose first in the poet’s mind, contemporaneous with the idea of life, nay, as incorporate with that idea, the imaginary object or vision of the dew-drop falling through foliage—that imagined circumstance is, therefore, flung forth as representative of the idea. But even this does not exhaust the creative force; the idea bodies itself again in the new imaginary circumstance of the Indian in his boat; and that, too, is flung forth. Then there is a rest; but the idea still buds, still seeks to express itself in new circumstance, and five other translations of it follow. And these seven pictures, these seven morsels of imagined concrete, supposing them all to be intellectually genuine, are as truly the poet’s *thoughts* about life as any seven scientific definitions would be the thoughts of the physiologist or the metaphysician. And so in other instances. Tennyson’s *Vision of Sin* is a continued phantasmagory of scene and incident representative of a meaning; and if the meaning is not plain throughout, it is because it would be impossible for the poet himself to translate every portion of it out of that language

of phantasmagory in which alone it came into existence. Again, Spenser's personifications—his grim-hued Horror soaring on iron wings, his Jealousy sitting alone biting his lips, and the like—are all thoughts expressed in circumstance, the circumstance in this case being that of costume and physiognomy. So, too, with such splendid personifications as those of De Quincey—the eldest and the youngest of the Ladies of Sorrow; the one, the Lady of Tears, with eyes sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy by turns, a diadem on her head, and keys at her girdle; the other, the Lady of Darkness, her head turreted like Cybele, rising almost beyond the reach of sight, the blazing misery of her eyes concealed by a treble veil of crape. In short, every thought of the poet is an imagination of concrete circumstance of some kind or other—circumstance of visual scenery, of incident, of physiognomy, of feeling, or of character. The poet's thought, let the subject be what it may, brings him to

“Visions of all places: a bowery nook  
Will be elysium—an eternal book  
Whence he may copy many a lovely saying  
About the leaves and flowers—about the playing  
Of nymphs in woods and fountains, and the shade  
Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid;  
And many a verse from so strange influence  
That we must ever wonder how and whence  
It came;”

this occultness, arising from the inscrutability of the law which connects one concrete phantasy of the dreaming mind with another. Regarding the poet, then, considered in his nature, we may sum up by saying, that the act of cogitation with him is nothing else than the *intellectual secretion of fictitious circumstance*—the nature of the circumstance in each case depending on the operation of those mysterious affinities which relate thought to the world of sense. In regarding the poet more expressly as a literary artist, all that we have to do is to vary the phrase, and say—the intellectual *invention* of fictitious circumstance. This will apply to all that is truly poetical in literature, whether on the large scale or on the small. In every case what is poetical in literature consists of the embodiment of some notion or feeling, or some aggregate of notions and feelings, in appropriate objective circumstances. Thus, in historical or biographical writing, the poetic faculty is shown by the skill, sometimes conscious and sometimes unconscious, with which the figures are not only portrayed in themselves, but set against imagined objective backgrounds, and made to move amid circumstances having a pre-arranged harmony with what they do. The achievement of this,

in consistency with the truth of record, is the highest triumph of the descriptive historian. In fictitious prose-narrative the same poetic art has still freer scope. That a lover should be leaning over a stile at one moment, and sitting under a tree at another; that it should be clear, pure moonlight when Henry is happy, and that the moon should be bowling through clouds, and a dog be heard howling at a farmhouse near, when the same Henry means to commit suicide—are artifices of which every ordinary novelist is master who knows his trade. The giant Grangousier, in Rabelais, sitting by the fire, very intent upon the broiling of some chesnuts, drawing scratches on the hearth with the end of a burnt stick, and telling to his wife and children pleasant stories of the days of old, is an instance of a higher kind, paralleled by many in Scott and Cervantes. And, then, in the epic and the drama! Hamlet with the skull in his hand, and Homer's heroes βῆ-ing by the πολυφλοισβοιο! It is the same throughout the whole literature of fiction—always thought expressed and thrown off in the language of representative circumstance. Indeed, Goethe's theory of poetical or creative literature was, that it is nothing else than the moods of its practitioners objectivized as they rise. A man feels himself oppressed and agitated by feelings and longings, now of one kind, now of another, that have gathered upon him till they have assumed the form of a definite moral uneasiness; if he is not a literary man, he must contrive to work off the load, in some way or other, by the ordinary activity of life, which, indeed, is the great preventive established by nature; if he is a literary man, then the uneasiness is but the motive to creation, and the result is—a song, a drama, an epic, or a novel. Scheming out some plan or story, which is in itself a sort of allegory of his mood as a whole, he fills up the sketch with minor incidents, scenes, and characters, which are nothing more, as it were, than the breaking up of the mood into its minutæ, and the elaboration of these minutæ, one by one, into the concrete. This done, the mood has passed into the objective; it may be looked at as something external to the mind, which is, therefore, from that moment rid of it, and ready for another. Such, at least, was Goethe's theory, which, he said, would apply most rigidly to all that he had himself written. Nor would it be difficult, with due explanation, to apply the theory to the works of all the other masters of creative or poetical literature—Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Scott, and Shakespeare. Dante may be said to have slowly translated his whole life into one representative performance.

Several supplementary considerations must be now adduced. The form of the poet's cogitation, we have said, is the evolution not of *abstract propositions*, but of *representative concrete circum-*

*stances.* But in this, too, there may be degrees of better and worse, of greater and less. Precisely as, of two writers thinking in the language of abstract speculation, we can say, without hesitation, which has the more powerful mind; so of two writers thinking in the other language of concrete circumstance, one may be evidently superior to the other. There is room, in short, for all varieties of greater and less among poets as among other people; there may be poets who are giants, and there may be poets who are pigmies. Hence the folly of the attempts to exalt the poetical genius, merely as such, above other kinds of intellectual manifestation. A man may be constitutionally formed so that he thinks his thoughts in the language of concrete circumstance; and still his thoughts may be very little thoughts, hardly worth having in any language. Both poets and men of science must be tried among their peers. Whether there is a common measure, and what it is; whether there is an intrinsic superiority in the mode of cogitation of the poet over that of the philosopher, or the reverse; and whether and how far we may then institute a comparison of absolute greatness between Aristotle and Homer, between Milton and Kant, are questions of a higher calculus, which most men may leave alone. There is no difficulty, however, when the question is between a Kirke White and a Kant; and when a poor poet, ever so genuine in a small way, intrudes himself on the Exchange of the general world, telling people there that his intellect is "genius," and that theirs is "talent," he evidently runs a risk of being very unceremoniously treated.

" This palace standeth in the air,  
By necromancy placed there,  
That it no tempest needs to fear,  
Which way soe'er it blow it :  
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon  
There lies a way up to the moon,  
And thence the fairy can as soon  
Pass to the Earth below it."

This is very sweet, and nice, and poetical, (it is by Drayton; *not* a small poet, but a considerable one;) and yet there needs be no great hesitation in saying that, call it genius or what we will, there was less commotion of the elements when it was produced than when Newton excogitated his theory of the law of gravitation.

But, to pass to another point. The imagination, as we have already said, following the law of the personality, some imaginations are strong where others are weak, and weak where others are strong. In other words, though all poets, as such, express

themselves in the language of concrete circumstance, some are greater adepts in one kind of circumstance, others in another. Some are great in the circumstance of form, which is the sculptor's favourite circumstance; others can produce admirable compositions in *chiaroscuro*; others again have the whole rainbow on their pallet. And so, some express themselves better in incident, others better in physiognomy and character. All this is recognised in daily criticism. Now, the consequence of the diversity is that it is very difficult to compare poets even amongst themselves. It is not every poet, that, like Shakespeare, exhibits an imagination that is absolutely or all but absolutely universal, using with equal ease the language of form, of colour, of character, and of incident. Shakespeare himself, if we may infer anything from his minor poems, and from the carelessness with which he took ready-made plots for his dramas from any quarter (in which, however, there may be a philosophy,) was not so great a master of incident as of other kinds of circumstance, and could hardly have rivalled Homer, or even Scott, purely as a narrative poet. How, then, establish a comparative measure, assigning a relative value to each kind of circumstance? How balance what Chaucer has and has not, against what Milton has and has not—Chaucer so skilful in physiognomy, against Milton who has so little of it, but who has so much else; or how estimate the *chiaroscuro* of Byron as against the richly coloured vegetation of Keats? Here, too, a scientific rule is undiscoverable, and a judgment is only possible in very decided cases, or by the peremptory verdict of private taste.

“ Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro’ the mellow shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.”

Who will venture to institute a sure comparison of merit between this exquisite bit of colour from Tennyson, and the following simple narrative lines from the same poet?—

“ And all the man was broken with remorse;  
And all his love came back a hundredfold;  
And for three hours he sobbed o’er William’s child,  
Thinking of William.”

There is yet a *third* thing that has to be taken into consideration. Be a man as truly a poet as it is possible to be, and be the kind of circumstance in which his imagination excels as accurately known as possible, it is not always that he can do his best. The poet, like other men, is subject to inequalities of mood and feeling. Now he is excited and perturbed because

the occasion is one to rouse his being from its depths; now he is placid, calm, and, as one might say, commonplace. Hence variations in the interest of the poetical efforts of one and the same poet. As he cannot choose but think poetically, whether roused or not, even the leisurely babble of his poorest hours, if he chooses to put it forth, will be sweet and poetical. But he is not to be measured by this, any more than the philosopher by his casual trifles, or the orator by his speeches on questions that are insignificant. Nay, more than this, it is important to remark that it is only at a certain pitch of feeling that some men become poets. For, though the essence of poetry consists, as we have said, in a particular mode of *intellectual* exercise, yet the emotional moment at which different minds adopt this mode of exercise may not be the same. The language of concrete circumstance is natural to *all* men when they are very highly excited: all joy, all sorrow, all rage, expresses itself in vivid imaginations. The question then not unfrequently ought to be, at what level of feeling a man is or professes to be a poet. On this may depend, not your verdict as to the genuineness of his poetry, but your disposition to spare time to listen to it. The most assiduous members of Parliament do not feel bound to be in the house even when a leader is speaking, unless it is a Cabinet question or a question of some considerable interest. Some orators know this and reserve themselves; others, delighting in their profession, speak on every question. It is the same with poets, and with the same result. A Keats, though always poetical, may often be poetical with so small a stimulus, that only lovers of poetry for its own sake feel themselves sufficiently interested. Why are Milton's minor poems, exquisite as they are, not cited as measures of the magnitude of his genius? Because they are not his speeches on Cabinet questions. Why is Spenser the favourite poet of poets, rather than a popular favourite like Byron? For the same reason that a Court is crowded during a trial for life or death, but attended only by barristers during the trial of an intricate civil case. The subject chosen by a poetical writer, we have already said, is a kind of allegory of the whole state of his mental being at the moment; but some writers are not moved to allegorize so easily as others, and it is a question with readers what states of being they care most to see allegorized. This, then, is to be taken into account, in comparing poet with poet. Precisely as an orator is remembered by his speeches on great questions, and as the position of a painter among painters is determined in part by the interest of his subjects, so, in a comparison of poets together, or of the same poet with himself, the earnestness of the occasion always goes for something. Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, exquisite

as a poetical study, does not bear one down with the same human interest as his plays; and there is a mighty gradation of interest in advancing from leisurely compositions of the sweet sensuous order such as Keats' *Endymion* and Spenser's *Faery Queene*, to the stern and severe splendour of a *Divina Commedia* or a *Prometheus Vincit*. True, on the one hand, poets choose their own subjects, so that these themselves are to be taken into the estimate; and, on the other, the very practice of the art of poetical expression on any subject, like the glow of the orator when he begins to speak, leads on and on to unexpected regions. Yet, after all, in weighing a poem against others, so as to pronounce a judgment as to relative greatness, this consideration of the emotional level at which it was produced, and of its interest in connexion with the general work and sentiment of the world, is a source of much perplexity.

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among  
I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering moon  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that hath been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft, on a plot of rising ground,  
I hear the far off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-watered shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar."

How decide between this from Milton's *Penseroso*, and this, in so different a key, from Shakespeare's *Lear*?—

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!  
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!  
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
Singe my white head! and thou all-shaking thunder,  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world."

A *fourth* consideration, which intrudes itself into the question of our appreciation of actual poetry, and which is not sufficiently borne in mind, is, that in almost every poem there is much present besides the pure poetry. Poetry, as such, is cogitation in the language of concrete circumstance. Some poets excel

constitutionally in one kind of circumstance, some in another; some are moved to this mode of cogitation on a less, others on a greater emotional occasion; but, over and above all this, it is to be noted that no poet always and invariably cogitates in the poetical manner. Speculation, information, mental produce, and mental activity of all kinds, may be exhibited in the course of a work, which is properly called a poem, on account of its general character; and, as men are liable to be impressed by greatness in every form wherever they meet it, all that is thus precious in the extra-poetical contents of a poem, is included in the estimate of the greatness of the poet. One example will suffice. Shakespeare is as astonishing for the exuberance of his genius in abstract generalization, and for the depth of his analytic and philosophic insight, as for the scope and minuteness of his poetic imagination. It is as if into a mind poetical in *form*, there had been poured also all the *matter* that existed in the mind of his contemporary Bacon. In Shakespeare's plays we have thought, history, exposition, and philosophy, all within the round of the poet. The only difference between him and Bacon sometimes is, that Bacon writes an essay and calls it his own, and that Shakespeare writes a similar essay, and puts it into the mouth of a Ulysses or a Polonius. It is only this fiction of a speaker and an audience, together with the circumstance of the verse, that retains many of Shakespeare's noblest passages within the pale of strict poetry.

Hitherto, it will be observed, we have made no formal distinction between the poet, specifically so called, and the general practitioners of creative literature, of whatever species. Our examples, indeed, have been taken in the main from those whom the world recognises as poets; but, as far as our remarks have gone, poetry still stands synonymous with the whole literature of imagination. All who express their meaning, and impress it upon the world, by the literary representation of scenes, incidents, physiognomies, and characters, whether suggested by the real world or wholly imaginary, are poets. All who, doing this, do it grandly, and manifest a rich and powerful nature, are great poets. Those who excel more in the language of one kind of circumstance, are poets more especially of that kind of circumstance—poets of visual scenery, poets of incident and narration, poets of physiognomy, or poets of character and sentiment, as the case may be. Those who are poetical only at a high key, and in the contemplation of themes of large human interest, are the poets who take the deepest hold on the memory of the human race. Finally, those who, having the largest amount of poetic genius, and of the best kind, associate therewith the most extensive array of other intellectual qualities, are the men who, even

as poets, give their poems the greatest impetus and the greatest universal chance.

Not a word in all this, however, to exclude imaginative prose writers. So far, the Homers, the Platos, the Sophocleuses, the Aristophaneses, the Virgils, the Dantes, the Boccaccios, the Chaucers, the Cervanteses, the Spensers, the Shakespeares, the Miltons, the Tassos, the Molières, the Goethes, the Richters, the Scotts, the Defoes, of the world are all huddled together, the principal figures of a great crowd, including alike poets and prose writers. These indeed may, in accordance with considerations already suggested, be distributed into groups, and that either by reference to degree or by reference to kind. But no considerations have yet been adduced that would separate the imaginative prose writers, as such—the Boccaccios, the Cervanteses, the Richters, the Scotts, the Defoes, and the De Quinceys, from the imaginative verse writers, as such. Now, though this is good provisionally; though it is well to keep together for a while in the same field of view all writers of imagination, whether bards or prose writers, and though, as we have already said, there is no reason why imagination in prose should not be allowed to do all it can do, and why prose writers like Richter and De Quincey should not be crowned with poetic laurel; yet the universal instinct of men, not to say also the prejudice of association and custom, demands that the poets, as a sect or brotherhood, shall be more accurately defined. How, then, lead out the poets, in the supreme sense, from the general throng where they yet stand waiting? By what device call the poets by themselves into the foreground, and leave the prose writers behind? By a union of two devices. Go in front of the general crowd, you two; you flag-bearer, with your richly painted flag, and you, fluter, with your silver flute. Flap the flag, and let them see it; sound the flute, and let them hear it. Lo! already the crowd wavers; it sways to and fro; some figures seem to be pressing forward from the midst, and at last one silver-headed old serjeant steps out in front of all, and begins to march to the sound of the flute. Who is it but old Homer? He is blind, and cannot see the flag, but he knows it is there, and the flute guides him. Others and others follow the patriarch, whom they never deserted yet, some looking to the flag, and others listening to the flute, but all marching in one direction. Shakespeare comes with the rest, stepping lightly, as if but half in earnest. And thus at last, lured by the flag and by the flute, all the poets are brought out into the foreground. The flag is *Imagery*, the flute is *Versé*. In other words, poets proper are distinguished from the general crowd of imaginative writers by a peculiar richness of language, which is called *imagery*, and by the use, along

with that language, of a measured arrangement of words known as verse.

It is, as Mr. Dallas observes, a moot point whether Imagery or Verse is to be regarded as the more essential element of poetry. It has been usual, of late, to give the palm to imagery. Thus, it was a remark of Lord Jeffrey—and the remark has almost passed into a proverb—that a want of relish for such rich sensuous poetry as that of Keats would argue a want of true poetical taste. The same would probably be said of Spenser. Mr. Dallas, on the other hand, thinks Verse more essential than Imagery, and in this Leigh Hunt would probably agree with him. The importance attached to a sensuous richness of language as part of poetry is, Mr. Dallas thinks, too great at present; and in opposition to Lord Jeffrey, or at least by way of corrective to his remark about Keats, he proposes that a power of appreciating such severe literary beauty as that of Sophocles, shall, more than anything else, be reckoned to the credit of a man's poetical taste. We think Mr. Dallas, on the whole, is in the right, and this will appear more clearly if we consider briefly what Imagery and Verse respectively are, in their relation to poetry.

Imagery in poetry is essentially this—secondary concrete aduced by the imagination in the expression of prior concrete. Thus, in the *simile*,—

“ The superior Fiend  
Was moving toward the shore, his ponderous shield  
Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesole.”

Here the primary circumstance in the imagination of the poet is Satan, with his shield hung round his shoulders. While imagining this, however, the poet, moving at ease in the whole world of concrete things, strikes upon a totally distinct visual appearance, that of the moon seen through a telescope; and his imagination, enamoured with the likeness, cannot resist imparting the new picture to the reader as something auxiliary and additional to the first. Again, take the *metaphor*,—

“ Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
Original.”

Here the process is the same as in the simile, but more unconscious and complete. The concrete circumstance first in the mind (so far at least as these lines are concerned) is the sky dropping rain; in the imagination of this circumstance, another

imagined circumstance, that of a being shedding tears, intrudes itself; the two circumstances, so like to the mind that it hardly is conscious that they are two, are combined by a kind of identifying flash; and the rich double concrete is presented to the reader. So essentially with that highest species of metaphor, the *personification* or *vivification*, (of which, indeed, the metaphor quoted is an example,) the speciality of which consists in this, that a piece of concrete taken from the inanimate world is wedded to a piece of concrete taken from the world of life. The two worlds lying as it were side by side in the human imagination as the two halves of all being, this kind of metaphor is the most natural and the most frequent of all; and powerful imaginations are exceedingly prone to it. A subvariety, to which some writers are much addicted, is the identification of brute with human circumstance, as witness Dickens's dogs and ponies.

Almost all so-called images may be reduced under one or other of the foregoing heads; and, in any case, all imagery will be found to consist in the use of concrete to help out concrete, in the impinging of the mind, so to speak, while dealing with one concrete circumstance against other and other concrete circumstances. Now, as the very essence of the poet consists in the incessant imagination of concrete circumstance, a language rich in imagery is in itself a proof of the possession of poetical faculty in a high degree. *Cæteris paribus*, that is, where there is an equal amount of imagination and of the same quality, in the bodying forth of the main circumstance of a poem or a poetical passage—whether that is a circumstance of visible scenery, of incident, of physiognomy, or of mental state—the more of subsidiary circumstance evolved in intellectual connexion with the main one the higher the evidence of poetical power. There is an analogy, in this respect, between poetical and scientific writers. Some scientific writers, as, for example, Locke, attend so rigorously to the main thought they are pursuing as to give to their style a kind of nakedness and iron straightness; others, as, for example, Bacon, without being indifferent to the main thought, are so full of intellectual matter of all kinds that they enrich every sentence with a *detritus* of smaller propositions related to the one immediately on hand. So with poets. Some poets, as Keats, Shakespeare, and Milton in much of his poetry, so teem with accumulated concrete circumstance, or generate it so fast, as their imagination works, that every imagined circumstance as it is put forth from them takes with it an accompaniment of parasitic fancies. Others, as the Greek dramatists and Dante, sculpture their thoughts roundly and massively in severe outline. It seems probable that the tendency to excess of imagery is natural to the Gothic or Romantic as distinct from the Hellenic

or Classical imagination ; but it is not unlikely that the fact that poetry is now read instead of being merely heard, as it once was, has something to do with it. As regards the question *when* imagery is excessive, *when* the richness of a poet's language is to be called extravagance, no general principle can be laid down. The judgment on this point in each case must depend on the particular state of the case. A useful distinction, under this head, might possibly be drawn between the liberty of the poet and the duty of the artist. Keats's *Endymion*, one might safely, in reference to such a distinction, pronounce to be too rich ; for in that poem there is no proportion between the imagery, or accessory concrete, and the main stem of the imagined circumstance from which the poem derives its name. In the *Eve of St. Agnes*, on the other hand, there is no such fault.

Of verse, as connected with poetry, various theories have been given. Wordsworth, whose theory is always more narrow than his practice, makes the *rationale* of verse to consist in this, that it provides for the mind a succession of minute pleasurable surprises in addition to the mere pleasure communicated by the meaning. Others regard the use of verse as consisting in its power to secure the attention of the reader or hearer. Others regard it as a voluntary homage of the mind to law as law, repaid by the usual rewards of disinterested obedience. Mr. Dallas sets these and other theories aside, and puts the matter on its right basis. Verse *is* an artificial source of pleasure ; it *is* an incentive to attention, or a device for economizing attention ; and it *is* an act of obedience to law if you choose so to regard it. All these, however, are merely statements respecting verse as something already found out and existing ; not one of them is a theory of verse in its origin and nature. Such a theory, if it is to be sought for at all, must clearly consist in the assertion of this, as a fundamental fact of nature, that, when the mind of man is either excited to a certain pitch, or engaged in a certain kind of exercise, its transactions adjust themselves, in a more express manner than usual, to time as meted out in beats or intervals. Mr. Dallas, giving to the statement its most transcendental form, says that the *rationale* of metre is to be deduced from the fact that Time being, according to Kant, but a leading form of sense, must fall under the law of imagination, the faculty representative of sense. Quite independent of this philosophic generalization, which it would at least require much time to work down for the ordinary market, there are many facts, some of which Mr. Dallas very acutely points out, all tending to indicate the existence of such a law as we have referred to. The swinging of a student to and fro in his chair, during a fit of cogitation, the oratorical see-saw, the evident connexion

of mental states with the breathings and the pulse-beats, the power of the tick-tick of a clock to induce reverie, and of the clinkum-clankum of a bell to make the fool think words to it, are all instances of the existence of such a law. Nay, the beginnings of poetical metre itself are to be traced in speech far on this side of what is accounted poetry. There is a visible tendency to metre in every articulate expression of strong feeling; and the ancient Greeks, we are told, used to amuse themselves with scanning passages in the speeches of their great orators. Without trying to investigate this point farther, however, we would simply refer to a consideration connected with it, which seems important for our present purpose. The law, as stated hypothetically, is, that the mind, *either* when excited to a certain pitch, *or* when engaged in a particular kind of exercise, takes on, in its transactions, a marked concordance with time as measured by beats. Now, whether is it the first or the second mental condition that necessitates this concordance? Poetry we have all along defined as a special mode of *intellectual* exercise, possible under all degrees of emotional excitement—the exercise of the mind *imaginatively*, or in the figuring forth of concrete circumstance. Is it, then, poetry, as such, that requires metre, or only poetry by virtue of the emotion with which it is in general accompanied, that emotion either preceding and stimulating the imaginative action, or being generated by it, as heat is evolved by friction? The question is not an easy one. On the whole, however, we incline to the belief that, though poetry and passion, like two inseparable friends that have taken up house together, have metre for their common servant, it is on passion, and not on poetry, that metre holds by legal tenure. The very reasons we adduce for thinking so will show that the question is not a mere metaphysical quibble. These are, that metre is found, in its highest and most decided form, in lyrical poetry, or the poetry of feeling; narrative poetry having less, and dramatic poetry still less of it; and that, wherever, in the course of a poem, there is an unusual metrical boom and vigour, the passage so characterized will be found to be one not so much of pure concrete richness, as of strong accompanying passion. What, then, if song, instead of being, as common language makes it, the complete and developed form of poetry, should have to be philosophically defined as the complete and developed form of oratory, passing into poetry only in as far as passion, in its utterance, always seizes and whirls with it shreds and atoms of imagined circumstance? If this is the true theory, verse belongs, by historical origin, to oratory, and lingers with poetry only as an entailed inheritance. Prose, then, *may*, as we have said, make inroads upon that region of the literature of the con-

crete which has hitherto been under the dominion of verse. But, on the other hand, verse, whatever it may have been in its origin, exists now, like many other sovereignties, by right of expediency, constitutional guarantee, and the voluntary submission of those who are its subjects. And here it is that the theories of Wordsworth and others have their proper place. They are theories of verse, not in its origin, but in its character as an existing institution in the literature of the concrete. They tell us what we can now do intellectually by means of verse, which we could not do if her royalty were abolished. They point to the fact, that in literature, as in other departments of activity, law and order, and even the etiquette of exquisite artificial ceremonial, though they may impose intolerable burthens on the disaffected and the boorish, are but conditions of liberty and development to all higher, and finer, and more cultured natures. In short, (and this is the important fact,) metre, rhyme, and the like, are not only devices for the sweet and pleasurable conveyance of the poet's meaning after it is formed; they are devices assisting beforehand in the creation of that meaning; devices so spurring and delighting the imagination, while they chafe and restrain it, that its thoughts and combinations in the world of concrete circumstance are more rich, more rare, more occult, more beautiful, and more incomprehensible, than they would otherwise be. Like the effect of the music on the fountain and the company of Bacchanals in Tennyson's strange vision, is the effect of verse on poetical thought.

"Then methought I heard a mellow sound,  
Gathering up from all the lower ground;  
Narrowing in to where they sat assembled,  
Low, voluptuous music winding trembled,  
Wov'n in circles: they that heard it sigh'd,  
Panted hand in hand with faces pale,  
Swung themselves, and in low tones replied,  
Till the fountain spouted, showering wide  
Sleet of diamond-drift and pearly hail."

But here we must stop our discussions on the Theory of Poetry. For much that we have left undiscussed, and especially for a philosophical division of poetry according to its kinds, we must refer to Mr. Dallas. We feel, indeed, that we have hardly acted the proper part of a host in having already taken so much of the talk to ourselves. Possibly, however, some of the passages we had marked for quotation from Mr. Dallas's book, may have already come before our readers. In any case, we recommend his book highly and cordially. There is perhaps a stronger dash of what may be called Okenism in his style of speculation,

than some readers may like ; as, for example, in his systematic laying out of everything into corresponding threes or triads. Thus, poetry figures throughout his treatise as a compound result of three laws—the law of unconsciousness, the law of harmony, and the law of imagination ; which laws are supreme respectively in three kinds of poetry—lyrical poetry, epic poetry, and dramatic poetry ; which three kinds of poetry, again, correspond historically with Eastern, primitive, or divine art, Grecian, antique, or classical art, and Western, modern, or romantic art ; which historical division, again, corresponds philosophically with such trinities as these—I, he, you ; time future, time past, time present ; immortality, God, freedom ; the good, the true, the beautiful. All this, stated thus abruptly and without explanation, may seem more hopeless sort of matter to some than it would to us ; but even they will find in the book much that will please them, in the shape of shrewd observation, and lucid and deep criticism, valuable on its own account, and very different from what used to be supplied to the last age by critics like Hazlitt.

Having been so long engaged in discussing the principles of poetry in connexion with a book devoted to the investigation of them, it would be hard if we had not already done a part of the work that would have devolved upon us if we had taken up Mr. Smith's poems alone for review ; and if, in the few pages which remain, we should not be able to assume all necessary general principles as granted, and to address ourselves strictly to the consideration of Mr. Smith's merits and quality as a poet.

In the first place, then, we have to say of Mr. Smith, on the evidence of the present volume, that, whether poet or no poet, he is, at least, not an intellectual weakling. There is a strength, and fervour, and vehement humanity about him, which it is refreshing to find in a young writer, whether poet or not, in these days of prim, and nerveless, and monosyllabic literature. He does not seem to be a bigot about trifles, or to concern himself with investigations relating to pins and needles and social minutiae ; but to have his head full of thoughts, such as he has been able to make for himself, or to get from friends and books, respecting what may be called the larger entities of the world—life, death, ambition, love, poetry ; stars shining, seas roaring. What his education may have been we do not need particularly to know. The days are past in which people used to make prodigies of uneducated poets ; and probably the educational opportunities of Mr. Smith, as a reading and thinking Scotchman, have been at least as good and as extensive, even in a scholastic sense, as those of Keats, and half the literary men of England

now alive, whom no one ever thinks of calling uneducated because they cannot read Greek, and know very little of mathematics. On the score of education, we should suppose, setting aside the totally different consideration of place and mode of livelihood, Mr. Smith is perfectly on a level with the larger proportion of those who, in England, write novels, paint pictures, and edit newspapers. We assure our English friends that there are a great many strong-headed and well-informed young men in the counting-houses and warehouses of Glasgow; that they have a good many of the London ideas, and some of their own besides; and that the true notion to start with about Alexander Smith, is not that he is a poet asking any favour from the critics on the plea of deficient education, but that he is one of those said young men of Glasgow, who, to the admiration, we have no doubt, of a circle of appreciating companions, has stepped out conspicuously into the field of British Literature. Among these friends, we should suppose, he is known very much as we have fancied him—as a man of genial aspirations, and of good round energetic thought about things in general, rather than of precision about a limited number of small points. At all events this is the impression made by his book. Take a passage or two where the *thought* of the author—the kind of intellectual train he is apt to follow, and the kind of moral mood he is apt to fall into—may be seen, as much as possible, apart from the specific element of his poetical genius.

“To-day a chief was buried—let him rest.  
His country's bards are up like larks, and fill  
With singing the wide heavens of his fame.  
To-night I sit within my lonely room;  
The atmosphere is full of misty rain;  
Wretched the earth and heaven.”

Not bad this from a young poet sitting alone in his room in Glasgow, on the evening of the day on which the Duke of Wellington was buried. Apart altogether from the fine poetical expression of the second and third lines, we have here the evidence of a mind that can be sulky on a great scale, and surround even such a big circumstance as a nation all agog about a hero's death, with the contrasted commentary of its own humour.

“Be brave and strong through all thy wrestling years;  
A brave soul is a thing which all things serve.”

The mind that can fashion and fling out a strong saying like this, must have a personal interest in its truth.

“How frequent in the very thick of life  
We rub clothes with a fate that hurries past!”

A tiresome friend detains us in the street ;  
 We part, and, turning, meet fate in our teeth ;  
 A moment more or less had 'voided it."

Put these words, in the plainest prose, anywhere ; and they will still stand as a strong bold thought, boldly yet accurately expressed. Again, take the following, by way of sneering summary of what people expect from steam, railways, and telegraphs.

"Paradise, according to the world,  
 Is scarce a league ahead."

In short, out of almost every page, lines and passages might be selected, shewing, apart from any poetical faculty exhibited in the mode of expression, a strong, serious, decisive intellect, with a good store of thoughts about matters of general interest, and a power of clear sarcasm when it likes. The following passage may stand as a more extensive specimen of Mr. Smith's notions of things, as apart from his poetry. The subject is poetry itself, its functions and prospects—a favourite topic with this poet. The passage, in short, is Mr. Smith's delineation, by the mouth of one of his dramatic personages, of that long-expected and much-described phenomenon, the poet of the future.

"My friend ! a poet must ere long arise,  
 And with a regal song sun-crown this age,  
 As a saint's head is with a halo crowned ;—  
 One, who shall hallow poetry to God  
 And to its own high use—for poetry is  
 The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride ;—  
 One, who shall fervent grasp the sword of song,  
 As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade,  
 To find the quickest passage to the heart ;—  
 A mighty poet whom this age shall choose  
 To be its spokesman to all coming times.  
 In the ripe full-blown season of his soul,  
 He shall go forward in his spirit's strength,  
 And grapple with the questions of all time,  
 And wring from them their meanings. As King Saul  
 Called up the buried prophet from his grave  
 To speak his doom, so shall this poet-king  
 Call up the dead Past from its awful grave  
 To tell him of our future. As the air  
 Doth sphere the world, so shall his heart of love—  
 Loving mankind, not peoples. As the lake  
 Reflects the flower, tree, rock, and bending heaven,  
 Shall he reflect our great humanity.  
 And as the young spring breathes with living breath  
 On a dead branch, till it sprouts fragrantly

Green leaves and sunny flowers, shall he breathe life  
Through every theme he touch, making all Beauty  
And Poetry for ever, like the stars."

Now in this passage, viewed as the exposition of a thought, such as Mr. Smith would himself own, we have both an indication of his sentimental fervour, and a measure of his intellectual crudeness. The fervour of the passage no one can deny; and a mind that can feel about poetry in such a strain of enthusiasm, is one rich in promise. But, intellectually, the passage is a crudity, a piece of immature thought, and that too of a rather inferior quality, when very closely investigated. The poet of the future never will be, never can be, such a being as is here described—setting the age to music, wringing from all questions their meanings, and what not. Nature and the relations of things forbid it. Homer was not such a being; Shakespeare was not such a being; and even if you roll together into one man any possible philosopher of the future, and any possible political conqueror, with the best possible poet to boot, you will not arrive at the required individual. True, there are lineaments of the poet in the description; but as a whole, it is like the pictures of the lion one sees hung outside show-waggon to attract the crowd in—plenty of colour and fierceness, and awfully suggestive of lions, but yet not at all like the real animal. Seen after the picture, indeed, the real animal might at first disappoint; he is a *cammer*, smaller, less rampant and more defined kind of creature, and one has to see him roused to know all that is in him. In short, the above passage is "painting with the big brush;" and Mr. Smith will learn, as his thoughts work themselves out into precision and proportion, to paint less in that common manner. When Shakespeare speaks of the poet, or when Tennyson speaks of him, their vision of what the poet really is, either historically or in himself, is, with all their fondness for the theme, far clearer and far more genuine.

We have quoted the foregoing passage out of a spirit of fairness, because we believe it to be *intellectually* the very crudest and poorest passage in Mr. Smith's book. And if so, it is clear that, as we said at the outset, he is intellectually no weakling. Read the passage again, and you will find that, though in the main the enthusiastic utterance of a juvenile commonplace, it is not *all* commonplace. And if such a passage, perhaps carelessly admitted by the author, is an author's worst, what might not that author's best be? Let the very continuation of the passage itself answer.

"His words set me on fire: I cried aloud,  
'Gods! what a portion to forerun this soul!'  
He grasped my hand—I looked upon his face—

A thought struck all the blood into his cheeks,  
 Like a strong buffet. His great flashing eyes  
 Burned on mine own. He said—'A grim old king  
 Whose blood leapt madly when the trumpets brayed  
 To joyous battle 'mid a storm of steeds,  
 Won a rich kingdom on a battle-day;  
 But in the sunset he was ebbing fast,  
 Ringed by his weeping lords. His left hand held  
 His white steed, to the belly splashed with blood,  
 That seemed to mourn him with its drooping head;  
 His right, his broken brand; and in his ear  
 His old victorious banners flap the winds.  
 He called his faithful herald to his side—  
 'Go, tell the dead I come!' With a proud smile,  
 The warrior with a stab let out his soul,  
 Which fled and shrieked through all the other world,  
 'Ye dead, my master comes!' And there was pause  
 Till the great shade should enter. Like that herald,  
 Walter, I'd rush across the waiting world  
 And cry, '*He comes.*'"

This is noble writing, and it answers, by anticipation, our next question with respect to Mr. Smith. Poet, or no poet, we have seen he is no weakling: the next question is—strong or weak, is he a poet? The passage just quoted, we say, is a sufficient answer; but here is another. It describes an act of suicide at night on a hill-top near a great city,—

"'Twas late, for, as he reached the open roads,  
 Where night was reddened by the drudging fires,  
 The drowsy steeples tolled the hour of One.  
 The city now was left long miles behind:  
 A large black hill was looming 'gainst the stars:  
 He reached its summit. Far above his head  
 God's name was writ in worlds. Awhile he stood  
 Silent and throbbing like a midnight star.  
 He raised his hands. Alas! 'twas not in prayer—  
 He long had ceased to pray. 'Father,' he said,  
 'I wished to loose some music o'er Thy world,  
 To strike from its firm seat some hoary wrong,  
 And then to die in autumn with the flowers  
 And leaves and sunshine I have loved so well.  
 Thou might'st have smoothed my way to some great end.—  
 But wherefore speak? Thou art the mighty God.  
 This gleaming wilderness of suns and worlds  
 Is an eternal and triumphant hymn  
 Chanted by Thee unto Thine own great self!  
 Wrapt in Thy skies, what were my prayers to Thee?  
 My pangs—my tears of blood? They could not move  
 Thee from the depths of Thine immortal dream.

Thou hast forgotten me, God. Here, therefore, here,  
To-night upon this bleak and cold hill-side  
Like a forsaken watchfire will I die ;  
And as my pale corpse fronts the glittering night,  
It shall reproach Thee before all Thy worlds.'

— His death did not disturb that ancient Night.  
Scornfullest Night ! Over the dead there hung  
Great gulfs of silence, blue, and strewn with stars—  
No sound, no motion, in the eternal depths."

This is daring, almost to the limit of the lawful ; but the words are not more solemn than the mood in which the author has written them. And, in any case, such a passage is decisive at least of the fact, that the author is a poet, and a poet of no common order. This will be the popular verdict, as it must be the verdict of even the most severe and fastidious critics, if they really know what poetry is. For Mr. Smith is not one of those poets who demand the "audience fit though few,"—a demand proper enough in many cases, but often the sign of a conscious defect. His claims, however, to be regarded as a true poet, need not rest on the strong impression that must be universally made by such detached passages as those which we have quoted. If we take, for example, the theory of poetical genius which we have been expounding, and which, we believe, is identical, in the main, with all that is vaguely felt on the subject by some, and more explicitly stated by others, there is scarcely a volume from which a greater number of passages could be selected, illustrative of that theory. The poet, we have said, is "of imagination all compact;" his peculiarity is that he cogitates in a language of concrete circumstance—that, whatever meaning lies in his mind, that meaning takes the form not of abstract proposition, but of some imagined scene, object, or incident, or some imagined tissue of scenes, objects, and incidents. Apply this to Mr. Smith, and every page will furnish an example in point. Thus, he thinks of the effects of daily intercourse with the common world upon a good and lofty mind, and the thought phrases itself thus :—

"Although the ocean's inmost heart be pure,  
Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the shore  
Is gross with sand."

Again, speaking of a friendship accidentally formed with a young poet,—

"An opulent soul  
Dropt in my path like a great cup of gold,  
All rich and rough with stories of the gods."

In speaking of two lovers made for each other, the phrase is that they were

“ Matched like cymbals fine.”

Even one sight becomes another sight in the language of the poet.

“ That night the sky was heaped like clouds ;  
Through one blue gulf profound,  
Begirt with many a cloudy crag,  
The moon came rushing like a stag,  
And one star like a hound.”

Young ambition unnerved by despondence, is thus allegorized in circumstance,—

“ My drooping sails  
Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent ;  
I rot upon the waters, when my prow  
Should grate the golden isles.”

The coming on of evening has been often described ; but Mr. Smith can describe it again,—

“ Repentant day  
Frees with his dying hand the pallid stars  
He held imprisoned since his young hot dawn.”

“ Three days and two nights had elapsed, when”—how does a poet translate such common words as these?—

“ Three blue days passed,  
Full of the sun, loud with a thousand larks ;  
An evening like a grey child walked 'tween each.”

The following, expressing the certainty of oblivion for all things, is to us one of the finest, though simplest, passages in the book :—

“ That largest Son of Time  
Who wandered singing through the listening world,  
Will be as much forgot as the canoe  
That crossed the bosom of a lonely lake  
A thousand years ago.”

These are but a few out of a hundred instances that might be quoted, all shewing, in a most express manner, the possession of the true poetical faculty—the faculty of thinking in the language of concrete circumstance. It may be said that such passages consist at best but of fine images, metaphors, similes, and the like, and that they ought to be referred to only as illustrating Mr. Smith's fertility in imagery, the occasional richness of his

style. We have already replied to any such remark. An *image* is rightly so named; it is, as it were, the poet's *molecule* of thought—the imagination caught and arrested in one instant of its activity. Mr. Smith seems to be perfectly conscious of this. In describing two young friends, both poets, whose habit it was to walk out together, and enjoy each other's converse, and watch the evening landscapes and the aspects of their native city at night, he makes the narrator say,—

“ But our chief joy  
Was to draw images from everything;  
And images lay thick upon our talk,  
As shells on ocean-sands.”

The lady to whom the poet imparts this in confidence is evidently struck by it; for she challenges him on the spot to a display of the skill he hints himself to have thus acquired.

“ *Violet.* From everything?  
Here is the sunset; yonder grows the moon;  
What image would you draw from these?  
*Walter.* Why, this?—  
The sun is dying, like a cloven king  
In his own blood, the while the distant moon,  
Like a pale prophetess, whom he has wronged,  
Leans eager forward, with most hungry eyes  
Watching him bleed to death; and, as he faints  
She brightens and dilates. Revenge complete,  
She walks in lonely triumph through the night.”

This is a glimpse, afforded by a poet, into the *technic* of poetry; and we have an idea that the whole passage is autobiographic, and that one of the two friends described is Mr. Smith himself. If this be true, it might account for Mr. Smith's excessive fondness for images, and for his lavish facility in them, as well as for a certain sameness in the material of his images, to which we shall have soon to advert. It cannot be said, however, that it is only in such casual images as we have quoted that Mr. Smith shews his poetic faculty. The two longer passages which we have already quoted, will stand as sufficient examples of his imaginative power on a larger scale than that of the mere subsidiary or way-side image—the one as an example of his power of imagining historical incident, the other of his power of imagining scenery, incident, and state of feeling combined. We will add another example. Here is Mr. Wilmott, a rich English squire, and a view of his estate:—

“ Old Mr. Wilmott, nothing in himself  
But rich as ocean. He has in his hand  
Sea-marge and moor, and miles of stream and grove,

Dull flats, scream-startled, as the exulting train  
Streams, like a meteor, through the frightened night,  
Wind-billowed plains of wheat, and marshy fens,  
Unto whose reeds, on midnights blue and cold,  
Long strings of geese come clanging from the stars."

Throughout the poem, which forms the main portion of the contents of the present volume, there will be found many such separate bits of description and picture, shewing that Mr. Smith's imagination is at home in almost all the more important kinds of circumstance known to the poets,—circumstance of colour, of form, of extended space, of incident, of physiognomy, and of human feeling. Indeed, the great fault of the poem is that it is composed of separate pieces, and does not seem to be in itself, as a whole, a complete and coherent act of the imagination. The title, *A Life Drama*, besides being unfortunate, as suggestive of a certain hackneyed pseudo-transcendentalism in language, like the words "seeker" and "mission," as used by our American friends, is hardly justified by the actual matter of the poem. There is, indeed, an attempt, as in the *Faust* of Goethe and other poems, to make the poem a kind of sublimated biography, a phantasmagoric representation of a single life through a succession of phases. The composition professes to be an ideal history, in thirteen scenes or chapters, of the life of a young poet, named Walter, from its commencement in hope and inexperience, on through its period of storm and despair, to its consummation in peace and moral clearness. Now, as we have already said, a true allegory of the state of one's own mind in a representative history, whether narrative or dramatic in form, is perhaps the highest thing that one can attempt in the way of fictitious art. As such a history, Mr. Smith's *Life Drama*, though, in many respects, crude and common in invention, as, indeed, such a work by so young a writer could not but be, has certain real merits. But it is not compact and clearly imagined as a whole; and even a serious and attentive reader can find nothing very masterly or skilful in the poem, considered as a connected story, and not as a collection of poetical scenes and passages. We do not at all object to a certain haze, and indefiniteness as to time and locality, which Mr. Smith has thrown over the history, this being necessary to give to the poem that phantasmagoric character which ought to distinguish the sublimated or generalized histories of the poet from the ordinary prose narrative. But we think, that if, in any future poem, Mr. Smith were to make it his aim more thoroughly and coherently to imagine first of all the entire stem of incident and circumstance meant to constitute the poem from beginning to end, and then to attend to the parts and filling up, he would leave to many of his critics much less to be said against him.

One remark we think it important to make, in this connexion, respecting Mr. Smith as a poet. Scotland is, of course, pleased at being able to reckon so promising a new poet as hers by right of birth—the more so as it is some time since her last celebrated poet, Campbell, died; and as, notwithstanding some high names on her list, she has not, during the last two centuries, been so prolific as England in considerable poets. This is very natural; but it ought, at the same time, to be distinctly recognised that, whatever he is by birth, Mr. Smith is *not* a Scottish poet, if we understand by that a poet of a certain supposed national type. It is not Scottish scenery, Scottish history, Scottish character, and Scottish social humours that he represents or depicts. Wallace, Bruce, the thistle, the Covenanters, the struggles of Presbyterianism—of all this, so long and so naturally the favourite kind of circumstance with poetical writers born north of the Tweed, seeing that it is the kind of circumstance possessed as peculiar by that part of Britain, Mr. Smith has very little. Nor is there any trace in him of that feeling of intense nationality so common in Scottish writers. Even his allusions to localities are not, in the main, Scottish. There is an allusion to Loch Lubnaig in one of the lyrical pieces in his *Life Drama*, and once or twice he seems voluntarily to carry his readers and the personages of his drama away into the lake-country and the rainy Highlands. We venture also to assert it, as a fact, that Glasgow and its neighbourhood may be discerned as, more than any other part of the island, the actual region referred to and painted from in his visual phantasmagories. Throughout the whole poem, we are again and again reminded of some

“Thousand-streeted and smoke-smothered town”—

the home of the poet, forth from which he walks to enjoy the breezy hills, and from whose heart at night he looks up to the eternal stars. This, to speak literally, is Glasgow. And, then, in such descriptions as the following, who that has ever sailed in a steamer from Glasgow to Bute or Arran, or walked about Dunoon and the Holy Loch in rainy weather, but will recognise scenery all but peculiar to Clydeside in that kind of weather?

“I see a wretched isle that ghost-like stands,  
 Wrapt in its mist-shroud in the wintry main;  
 And now a cheerless gleam of red-ploughed lands,  
 O'er which a crow flies heavy in the rain.”

Islands and the sea round them, hills, clayey lands, and dull sobbing rains—where, in Britain, is circumstance of this kind so native as in the region west from Glasgow? And this is a kind

of circumstance in the representation of which Mr. Smith's imagination delights, and is at home. Let the clouds pass away, too, and the sun come out, and all the brighter poetry of that beautiful region of Scotland, from the pure blue heaven above, the expanse of sea around, and the looming hills opposite, down to the very fuchsia-bushes with their red bells which form the garden-hedges, and the pebbles and tangle, among which the sea hisses to your feet, is transferred with equal ease into Mr. Smith's verse.

But, after all, this is necessary, rather than intentional; and if Glasgow and its neighbourhood are in the poem, Mr. Smith does not tell you so. London, a green lane in Kent, an English forest, an English manor-house—these are the scenes where the real business of the drama is transacted; and if reference is made to what seems Scottish scenery and locality in the course of the story, it is incidentally, and as an Englishman might recollect what he saw during a Highland tour. Indeed, the most express allusion to Scottish locality and Scottish social incident occurring in the course of the volume, comes from the mouth of a boisterous young Englishman, singing a drunken song:—

“I’ve drunk ’mong slain deer in a lone mountain shieling,  
I’ve drunk till delirious,  
While rain beat imperious,  
And rang roof and rafter with bagpipes and reeling.  
I’ve drunk in Red Rannoch, amid its grey boulders,  
Where, fain to be kist,  
Through his thin scarf of mist,  
Ben-More to the sun heaves his wet shining shoulders.”

The poet himself, as some passages already quoted may have suggested, seems rather to have a tendency the other way, viz., to recollections or imaginations of English scenery and incident, wherever locality is specified at all. Thus:—

“Our studious Edward, from his Lincoln fens,  
And home quaint-gabled hid in rooky trees.”

And, again, almost forswearing the Thistle for the Rose, and that, too, in a poem where he speaks in his own name:—

“Most brilliant star upon the crest of Time  
Is England. England! Oh, I know a tale  
Of those far summers when she lay in the sun,  
Listening to her own larks, with growing limbs  
And mighty hands, which since have tamed the world,  
Dreaming about their tasks.”

This is a declaration in so many words that it is in English history, and not specially in Scottish history, that the imagination of our new poet is interested. So we interpret, at least;

and certainly there is not one allusion to Bruce or Wallace throughout the volume. Indeed, for all that the present volume indicates, Mr. Alexander Smith might be an Englishman residing in Glasgow.

Now, all this is as it should be. Scotticism, if it is to exist and play a part as an element in general British literature, must do so in the form of a subjective variety, access, or concentration of feeling and intellectual method, and not in the form any longer of incessant allusion to objective Scottish circumstance. It is not probable that Scotland will have any more poets of mark after the national type of Burns and Scott. The literature of Scotchmen must consist no longer in exclusive, or even habitual representation of Scottish scenes, Scottish incidents, Scottish humours. As Scotland abandons her own dialect for literary purposes, she must abandon the matter of concrete action transacted of yore, and still being transacted, exclusively in that dialect. Scottish history, indeed, must still be investigated, Scottish society studied, Scottish thought in religion and in philosophy expounded and vindicated; and that, too, by Scotchmen as being best qualified for the work. There will still also be a Scottish literary vein, and a literature genial and pleasant to Scotchmen, as a separate section of the British people. But in Scottish literary activity, in the larger sense of the word, the Scotticism henceforward must be subjective. It must be Scotticism, if Scotticism at all, working not in the smaller element of Scottish, but in the larger element of British circumstance. We deem it, therefore, an extremely significant fact, that Mr. Smith should, consciously or unconsciously, have sworn nominal allegiance to the Rose rather than to the Thistle. This is more than a happy circumstance for his own fame. It is significant of that gradual identification of Scotland with England intellectually, which has been so long in following the political and commercial union of the two countries. And it is a curious fact, equally significant of the same thing from the other side, that while Mr. Smith and other Scotchmen are doing homage to the Rose in literature, Englishmen of late have been most assiduous in doing homage to the Thistle. Witness, among other proofs, Mr. Kingsley's writings, Mr. Clough's Hexameter poem, and Miss Mulock's novels.

We have mentioned, as one of Mr. Smith's peculiarities, a certain sameness of imagery, or at least a certain recurrence again and again to the same sources of imagery. This is the great point of offence between Mr. Smith and the critics. It has been most emphatically insisted on, though, we think, in a very unfair manner, by a critic in the *Examiner* newspaper. Mr. Smith, it is said, is always in the company of the sea, and the

stars, and a certain number of other select entities; and can never be brought away from them. In every page we have the stars and the sea, with the occasional variation of the sea and the stars. There is, we believe, no reader of Mr. Smith's volume but must have been struck with the peculiarity thus magnified and ridiculed by the adverse critics. As the ancient orators had certain established rhetorical "topics," as they were called, that is, certain established modes of turning a subject over in their minds, from which, at a moment's notice, they could draw arguments on any subject, so Mr. Smith has certain poetical "topics," furnishing him, at any time, with poetical illustrations and images. We have been at the trouble to make out for ourselves a list of the more important of Mr. Smith's poetical "topics." They are these—the Night, either alone, or with the stars when wanted, or the moon when wanted; the Sea, either in unbroken expanse, or with a shore, generally the shore of an island, to caress; Ships at sea, in all conditions; dull, drizzling Rain, soaking the earth; Love, generally in the form of amorousness; Friendship; Poesy; and Marc Anthony. Of these topics, it will be seen, four are physical; three are from the moral or intellectual world; and one is historical. It is unnecessary to accumulate passages to show the abundant use which Mr. Smith makes of these "topics." The images from the stars and the sea might be counted by scores, and have been collected in dozens by other critics; the Rain falls very frequently; and under the "topic" of Marc Anthony, which we do not think the critics have noticed, we find in our own list at least five passages. Here they are:—

"Anthony once, when seated with his queen," &c.—P. 5.

"O, Marc Anthony,

With a fine scorn did toss your world away

For Cleopatra's lips."—P. 40.

"Why, there was one who might have topped all men,

Who bartered joyously for a single smile

This empired planet with its load of crowns,

And thought himself enriched."—P. 72.

"Gods! I could out-Anthony

Anthony! This moment I could scatter

Kingdoms like halfpence."—P. 165.

"Leander toiling through the moonlight brine,

Kingdomless Anthony, were scarce my peers."—P. 235.

There are one or two minor "topics" which we could mention; but the above are the chief.

Now, although we have adverted to this peculiarity of Mr. Smith, we have done so not as sympathizing with those who have made a mock of it. It is easy to make a mock of anything, and particularly easy to mock in a case like this. But Mr. Smith

cannot give up the stars and the sea—no poet can—without ceasing to be a poet. The starry night, the sea, love, friendship, and the like, are the largest entities in the real world and in real experience; they bear the largest proportion in bulk to the whole real universe; why should they bear a smaller proportion in the universe of the poet? Whoever does not think, ay, and speak, more of the stars than of roses, that man's soul lives in a conservatory; whoever does not think and speak more of the sea than of his inkstand, that man's soul lives in a counting-house. Part of the greatness of the old Greek poets, as compared with some modern poets, consisted in this, that they had a more proportioned eye for the objects and presences of nature, speaking less of the wings of insects and the interior of blue-bells, and more of the sky, the hills, and the roar of the *Ægean*. Let not Mr. Smith mind the critics very much in this matter. If they plague him much more on the point of his "topics," we advise him to retaliate by a satire. If what the critics have said, however, shall have the effect of inducing him to extend the list of his "topics," so as to diminish somewhat the impression of sameness in his imagery, well and good. For our part, though we think the world has had more splendid men in it than Marc Anthony, we withdraw our veto on the use of that Roman's name, whenever it may be poetically convenient to mention him. Only we suspect Mr. Smith's liking for Anthony proceeds from a latent longing for the society of Cleopatra.

Proceeding in the order of our theoretical exposition we should now have to say something on these three points relating to Mr. Smith as a poet—his prevalent moral mood or emotional key; his style as a writer; and his versification. The passages we have quoted, however, will already have conveyed a distinct impression on each and all of these points. Mr. Smith, it will have been observed, is no calm unperturbed poet, with imagination lax, cold, and leisurely, weaving together sensuous phantasies for the mere pleasure of the exercise. Nor is he a contemplative poet, like Wordsworth. He is a poet highly impassioned, touched with fire and feeling, and allegorizing a state of mind natural to strong and manly, and yet unsatisfied youth. A discontent, a sorrow not untinged with sarcasm, breathes through his verse. Yet he is never ungenial, never entirely Byronic. Nor, in any true sense, is Mr. Smith's poetry morally unhealthy. It was unfortunate that some lines of his which came first before the public created a wrong impression in this respect. Better founded than any such charge against his moral tone, might be an attack on his taste in style, and on his versification. That Mr. Smith can write clearly, simply, powerfully, and beautifully, and that he has an ear for what is

noble and musical in verse, the passages we have quoted are sufficient to prove. But that he is sometimes rough, crude, unpolished, and unmelodious, may be seen also from the same passages. Other passages, too, we might quote, showing that he is not unfrequently guilty of positive inelegance, of positive bad taste both in thought and in style. Other critics, however, have done this for us; and the task is not a gracious one.

On the whole, then, we think Mr. Smith a true poet, and a poet of no common order. We place him on the slope of Parnassus within sight of Keats and Tennyson, as our two latest and best of preceding poets. We say "within sight" at present, because he has written but little, and we do not wish to be too sure in anticipating the future. He has some of the characteristics of each of these poets; but he is not like either. He is, we believe, thoroughly original in the style of his genius, and his originality may yet carry him far. He will have plenty of advice; which will do him all the more good that he will not take it. To "prune," and to "study the best models," are advices at least as old as Jeffrey. Interpreted by each one for himself, they are very good advices yet. For ourselves, our advices to Mr. Smith, in addition to the mere general advice to take his own way, and to get on as fast as he can in it, would be—that in any future poem he may write, he should preconceive and preconstruct the plan or scheme as a whole, more thoroughly than he has done in the present; that he should extend his range of circumstance as widely as possible, cultivating skill in physiognomy, in incident, and in character, as well as in scenery, and power over the real as well as power in the ideal; and, lastly, that he should give his days and nights to the attainment of perfection in literary *form*. In this last respect Tennyson will be his best model. With what fastidiousness does this great poet mould his language and polish his verse! Let Mr. Smith imitate so good example. Even such an art as that of punctuation is not to be despised. We do not know whose fault it is, but the present volume is very badly punctuated.

- ART. II.—1. *The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration.* By EARL GREY. London, 1853.  
2. *An Essay on the Government of Dependencies.* By GEORGE CORNWALL LEWIS, Esq. London, 1841.  
3. *Charters of the Old English Colonies.* By SAMUEL LUCAS. London, 1850.

THE volumes which stand first on our list are, on many accounts, a production of deep interest and of peculiar value. They contain a clear, condensed, dispassionate review of the system pursued in the government of our Colonial Empire in the five years between 1847 and 1852—a statement of the principles adopted by the ministry as those which should guide the conduct of the mother country in the management of her dependencies, and of the mode in which those principles were carried out. The work is narrative rather than controversial; it is written, for the most part, in the calm and dignified tone of a State Paper, and will do much, we think, to raise and to clear the reputation both of Lord Grey himself, and of the cabinet of which he was a member. It is a matter of no slight importance, on a subject like that of our colonial policy, which is so little understood and so much misrepresented, to have an authentic and comprehensive statement, from the highest and most reliable source, of the condition and prospects of our various dependencies. It is a great thing to find collected into the space of two readable volumes a mass of varied knowledge, brought down to a very recent date, on points of the greatest interest, as to which the newspapers give us only fragmentary, imperfect, and distorted information, and with reference to which the most deplorable ignorance and the most mischievous misconceptions prevail among the general public. It is interesting, too, to see a minister of the Crown—one especially who, of late years, has been the object of peculiar unpopularity—come forward and appeal to the country, not with an exculpatory pamphlet, but with a grave history, anxious to furnish his fellow-countrymen with full means of forming a judgment on his political career, and satisfied that his best and surest vindication will be found in a succinct and impartial narrative of all that he has done, and the reasons why he did it;—and those who have gathered from the journals the prevalent impression as to Lord Grey's infirm temper, obstinate spirit, and imperious will, will be not a little surprised to find in these volumes much generous forbearance towards opponents, an entire absence of fretful egotism, and not a few frank acknowledgments of error.

Lord Grey takes each colony in succession; he shews the state in which he and his colleagues found it, and the state in which they left it; the disputes and embarrassments which they inherited from their predecessors; the mode in which they dealt with these, and the extent to which they were able to mitigate or to dispose of them; the various knotty questions which were forced on their attention, and the principles which they applied to their solution; the irritating and menacing discussions which were almost daily arising with one or other of our colonies, and the mingled firmness and conciliation by which these had to be met and allayed. He explains how they found one war raging at the Cape, and how they terminated it only to bequeath another and still more formidable one to their successors; and he traces out the causes—whether mistakes at home, mismanagement and faction in the colony, or unavoidable misfortune—to which these calamities are, in his judgment, to be attributed. He explains the acrimonious disputes which embittered the feelings, and hazarded the prosperity of British Guiana, with details which will astonish not a little those who had gathered their impression of that quarrel from the partial statements of colonial letters, or the diatribes of opposition newspapers. He shews how a party among the planters, exasperated by their commercial losses, hampered the action of the Colonial Government, and at length stopped the supplies, cut off the revenue, and endangered the safety of the colony, with a view not of enforcing the remedy of grievances within their reach, but of compelling the mother country to rescind that free trade policy which she had adopted after the fullest consideration, and with a view to the interests of the whole empire; and he narrates the manner in which these unhappy differences have been appeased by the firmness of the Governor, and the returning good sense and good feeling of the colonists. He draws a plain, but sad picture of the same disputes still agitating Jamaica, retarding its improvement, and imperilling its very existence as a civilized abode, and shews what a fearful curse an injudicious and clumsy constitution may be to an unfitted people. In treating of Australia, the vexed questions of Transportation and the disposal of waste lands, are discussed with great temper and sagacity; while, in New Zealand, we have a graphic account of what may be done by a governor of first-rate administrative ability, deserving and enjoying the unbounded confidence of his chiefs at home, towards remedying the errors of his predecessors; conciliating and subduing an irritated and powerful nation of aborigines; reducing to something like order a most formidable complication of confusions, and laying, broad and deep, the foundations for permanent and rapidly advancing prosperity, guaranteed by such really

free but cautiously framed institutions as Englishmen require, and the heterogeneous elements of an anomalous and infant State can bear. In the case of Western Africa, we are shewn what a wide influence for good may be exercised by a civilized race, cognizant of its high vocation and true to its solemn responsibility, by mere juxtaposition with barbarous tribes over whom it holds no legal or acknowledged sway, and how well worth while it may be, in the interests of the human race, for this country to maintain distant dependencies which yet are an annual charge upon its treasury, and cannot, perhaps, ever be expected to be to it a source of *direct* emolument or power. Finally, the chapter which is devoted to Canada is peculiarly interesting, as depicting the gradual growth of a colony in independence and self-government, and its arrival at that complete and final stage which all our offshoots must look to as their ultimate development, when all annoying interference is withdrawn, and it forms, in fact, one federated but integral unit of a great empire.

Altogether, we think the publication of these volumes ought to do, and will do, much towards allaying the irritation, partly reasonable, partly unfounded, and generally exaggerated, which has at different times been felt by most of the colonies at the conduct of the mother country :—Partly reasonable, we say ; for it cannot be denied that the progressive but not perfectly consistent advance of Great Britain in the direction of commercial freedom has, in the first instance, and during its inauguration, inflicted considerable losses and caused much confusion, both in the West Indies and in Canada. Neither can it be denied that the spectacle which has been so often seen in Parliament—of the pettiest party concerns at home overriding and taking precedence of the most momentous colonial questions ; of minute British topics, often mere personal squabbles, exciting the warmest interest, and drawing the fullest houses, while matters intimately affecting the vast empire of our dependencies were discussed by few Members, and to thin and inattentive audiences—was calculated to arouse the just indignation of the colonists. But, in the work before us, they will see one of the principal ministers of the Crown devoting his whole time and thought, with the most conscientious industry, to the comprehension of their wishes and the furtherance of their welfare ; listening with respectful and patient attention to all their representations ; explaining fully the grounds of his difference of opinion, where he is compelled to differ ; referring back to them for reconsideration such questions as they seem to have decided hastily or passionately ; forbearing towards their irritation, in consideration of their distance and dependence, and their natural inability to look at subjects from an imperial point of view, and not unfrequently yielding to their strongly

expressed and pertinacious prejudices, even where strict right and justice might have warranted, and where, perhaps, more selfish wisdom might have counselled, a firmer resistance.

Another point is brought strongly home to our minds by Lord Grey's narration—the extreme injustice, namely, of some of the charges which have been most recklessly urged against him and the Government in whose name he acted, both by colonists and Englishmen. It has been constantly and confidently asserted, that he was too often governed in the course he pursued towards this or that dependency by caprice, by passion, by wavering fancies, by personal crotchets, by the waywardness of a temper that could bear no opposition and would listen to no representations. Some sarcastic antagonist, if we remember rightly, called him “the Secretary at War with the colonies,”—*et le mot fit fortune*. Something of this there may have been, and we believe was, in his manner when brought face to face with deputations of remonstrators, and occasionally something of tartness, to say the least, may be traced in his dispatches. But if any one thing is made clear by the volumes before us it is this,—that he and the cabinet, whose organ he was, had well-defined and consistent views of colonial policy, that they followed a systematic and deliberate line of action, and saw their end distinctly, though not always travelling towards it as fast as their opponents might desire, nor by the precise road which these would have prescribed. The principles by which they were guided, and which Lord Grey expounds in his introductory chapter, were three in number,—*first*, to establish in all our dependencies that system of free, unfettered, and unfavoured commerce which, at the time when they took office, had been deliberately and finally adopted as the policy of the British Empire; *secondly*, to promote the establishment and development in all our colonies of those representative institutions which are the birthright and the breath of life to Englishmen, and gradually to reduce the interference of the Mother Country in the internal affairs of her dependencies to the lowest minimum compatible with the protection and welfare of *all* their inhabitants; and, *thirdly*, as a corollary from the above, to require the colonies to take upon themselves, year by year, a larger proportion of their own expenses, and to extend the duties of self-support, *pari passu*, with the rights of self-government.\*

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\* Two other points Lord Grey seems to have steadily kept in view in all his correspondence with the Colonial authorities,—the establishment, wherever possible, of *municipal* action, and the enforcement of a system of direct taxation to be borne by all classes, in those Colonies where the necessities of life were abundantly within the reach of every one, and where it was of the highest importance, in the interests of civilisation, to encourage the residence of Europeans of the upper and middle ranks.

" I believe (says Lord Grey) that the colonial trade ought to form no exception to the general rule, but should be placed on the same footing as other branches of our commerce. I considered it to be no less for the real and permanent interest of the Colonies themselves, than for that of the Mother Country, that industry should cease to be diverted from its natural channels, and a useless burden to be imposed on the consumer by differential duties, levied for the purpose of favouring colonial produce in our markets and our produce in the markets of the Colonies. . . . I have to remark, that in these affairs much of the opposition we have met with, and the principal difficulties we have encountered, have arisen, directly or indirectly, from our having thought it our duty to maintain the policy of free-trade, and to extend its application to the produce of the Colonies. That these difficulties must be expected from this policy, I was quite aware when your\* government was formed; but the greatest service that I believed we were called on as a government to render to the country, was that of completing the work which had been happily begun, of removing restrictions from industry, and securely establishing a system of free-trade throughout the Empire." . . . .

" If the reasons which I have just stated, for maintaining the connexion between this country and the British Colonies, are admitted to be sound, it will follow as a necessary inference, that two very plain rules as to the terms on which that connexion should be continued may be laid down. In the first place, I think it will clearly follow that this country has no interest whatever in exercising any greater influence in the internal affairs of the Colonies than is indispensable either for the purpose of preventing any one colony from adopting measures injurious to another, or to the Empire at large; or else for the promotion of the internal good government of the Colonies, by assisting the inhabitants to govern themselves when sufficiently civilized to do so with advantage, and by providing a just and impartial administration for those of which the population is too ignorant and unenlightened to manage its own affairs. While it was our policy to maintain a monopoly of the trade of the Colonies, it was necessary for the Home Government to exercise a considerable control over their internal administration, because otherwise this monopoly would certainly have been evaded. . . . The abandonment of that system has removed the necessity for that interference. Secondly, I think it will follow that when this country no longer attempts either to levy a commercial tribute from the Colonies by a system of restriction, nor to interfere needlessly in their internal affairs, it has a right to expect that they should take upon themselves a larger proportion than heretofore of the expenses incurred for their advantage. . . . Our military expenditure on account of the Colonies is certainly very heavy, and ought, I think, to be largely reduced; and the Colonies, now that they are relieved from all that is onerous to them in their connexion with the Mother

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\* The book is in the form of letters to Lord John Russell.

Country, should be required to contribute much more than they have hitherto done to their own protection.

"In subsequent letters I shall endeavour to shew, with reference to the transactions of the several Colonies, that these rules were strictly adhered to while I held the office of Secretary of State."—(Chap. i. pp. 4, 17, 43.)

Upon another matter, much misrepresentation has prevailed, which the simple and manly statement of Lord Grey will do much to clear away,—we mean the use made of the patronage supposed to be at the command of the Colonial Department. The public has been taught to believe that this patronage has been scandalously jobbed, that Colonial appointments have been expressly reserved and unscrupulously applied to the purchase of corrupt parliamentary support, to rewarding damaged and disreputable party connexions, and to providing snug berths for the personal friends or connexions of the minister and his adherents. No doubt this impression is only too correct, if applied to the state of things which prevailed once, and which was not wholly altered even a few years ago. We believe it to be utterly inapplicable to the present. We can bear testimony, according to the best information we have been able to collect, that for the last six or eight years *at least*, the number and value of the appointments practically in the gift of the Crown have greatly diminished, and that these appointments have, in almost all cases, been filled up with a sincere and single-minded desire to select the ablest and most suitable candidates for the post. Mistakes may have occurred, injudicious appointments may have been made, but they have been made neither from carelessness nor ill intention; and in the case of Lord Torrington—probably the only very unfortunate choice that took place under Lord Grey's administration—the vacant governorship was previously offered to three, if not four, individuals—none of whom could be induced to accept it. Able men and suitable men, willing to expatriate themselves, and of opinion that a life of hot-water in the tropics is amply remunerated by £6000 a-year, are not as numerous or as easily to be found as is generally conceived.

"It is commonly believed that one of the principal objects for which the colonies are retained, is the patronage which they are supposed to afford. It is impossible to conceive a greater delusion. It is now many years since the colonies have afforded to the Home Government any patronage which can be of value to it as a means of influence in domestic politics. Since Parliament has ceased to provide, except in a few special cases, for any part of the expense of the civil Government of the colonies, the colonists have naturally expected that offices paid for by themselves should be filled up by the selection of persons from their own body, when this can be done without inconvenience.

Accordingly, offices in the colonies have, for a considerable time, been for the most part practically disposed of by the Governors. It is true that those offices, when their value exceeds £200 a year, are in general nominally at the disposal of the Secretary of State, and when vacancies occur can only be filled up by the Governors, subject to the confirmation of the Crown signified by that minister. But in the great majority of cases the recommendation of the Governors is accepted as a matter of course; the patronage, therefore, is in effect exercised by them, and offices are filled up by the appointment of colonists. This practice prevails more or less completely in different colonies according to circumstances. In the North American provinces appointments may be said to have been for a long time given exclusively to residents; and in the other colonies, having temperate climates and a European population, they have been chiefly so—perhaps with fewer exceptions than would have been for the real advantage of the colonies themselves.

“Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, it is true, are invariably appointed by the Crown, on the advice of the Secretary of State, but this patronage can only be looked upon as a source of difficulty and anxiety. The welfare of every colony, and the alternative of success or failure in administering its affairs, are so mainly dependent on the choice of a Governor, that I can hardly believe that any Secretary of State, even if he were insensible to all higher motives than a regard for his own interest and reputation, would willingly be guided in his selection by any consideration except that of the qualifications of the individual preferred. At the same time, the advantages of these appointments are not such as to lead to their being often accepted by persons who have most distinguished themselves by the ability they have shown; so that the services of men who have filled other important offices, and who would therefore be preferred for such situations, cannot be commanded. Hence the choice generally lies among persons of less tried fitness.”—(Vol. i. pp. 37, 41.)

Lastly. All parties, at home and abroad, may learn from these volumes a better understanding of the difficulties, a more generous appreciation of the exertions, and a more lenient judgment of the errors and shortcomings of men in power. It is true that public business is sometimes shamefully slurred over. It is true that important posts are sometimes held by men wholly incompetent to an adequate fulfilment of their functions, and having only a very low and slovenly standard of the way in which those functions ought to be discharged. But those—and they are the great majority—who enter on the higher departments of the public service with a due sense of the solemn responsibility which attaches to their position—of the expectations justly formed of them—of the watchful, jealous, and unfriendly eyes ever upon them—find high office no bed of roses, no life of easy and indolent routine. They feel that any little instances of

carelessness and neglect which might be permitted in the management of their private affairs, are unpardonable where the country is concerned; that every decision of theirs, even the most apparently clear and easy, may affect indirectly the happiness of many individuals, and the progress and welfare of whole communities, and must therefore be taken only on the fullest deliberation, and with the amplest knowledge of all the circumstances which bear upon the case; that hasty action may bring long repentance; and that, since all they do is certain to be canvassed by enemies and rivals who desire no better than to find them tripping or asleep, they must do nothing which they cannot justify and defend in the eye of day. They can allow themselves little relaxation and rare intervals of repose: the weight of high duties follows them everywhere and presses on them always. They have often to meet, reconcile, and unravel the most labyrinthine complication of troubles; old imbroglios to clear up; conflicting claims to sift and adjust; old injustices to compensate and atone for without committing fresh ones;—and all these matters to be settled, not on examination of one side only of the question, but on that thorough and searching investigation of *all* sides and all representations which is often so perplexing and bewildering to the clearest understanding. To take a single example: any one who has taken the trouble to look into the affairs of the New Zealand Company, their claims against, and their disputes with each successive Colonial Secretary, may form some faint conception of the plague and torment which these must have caused to men on whom devolved the duty of sifting the question to the bottom, and the weight of deciding on grounds at once defensible, practicable, and just. If to this we add discussions with the Cape and the Australian colonies on the very difficult and ramifying question of transportation; discussions with Jamaica and Guiana on political economy, retrenchments, and free trade; discussions with Canada on questions involving “responsible Government,” and the imperial connexion; Ceylon rebellions, and Ceylon Committees; land sales and emigration; and, finally, a Kaffre war;—we shall readily admit that a minister who had to steer his way through all these embarrassments, with a clear intellect and a calm temper, deserves the hearty sympathy of the public in his toils, generous applause where he succeeds, and gentle condemnation where he fails. Depend upon it, public questions are not so simple, public duty not so easy, public men not so corrupt, careless, or incompetent, as opposition politicians and amateur politicians are wont to represent; and those who see most nearly into the lives of our chief Ministers of State will generally form the highest estimate alike of the difficulties they have to solve,

and of the severe labour and the earnest conscience which, as a general rule, they bring to the solution.

Questions connected with the maintenance of our colonial empire, and the policy which it behoves us to adopt towards it, are now exciting a degree of attention and interest which hitherto have only been vouchsafed to them at rare intervals, and during some temporary crisis. Many causes have contributed to awaken and to fix this interest. The colonies themselves have been rising in importance, wealth, and population with a rapidity of which history scarcely offers any previous example. More than a third of a million—more than the whole increase of our numbers—are annually leaving these islands; and a great proportion of them direct their course towards one or other of our numerous dependencies. Then, the refusal of our Australian and African possessions to receive our convicts, has forced them upon the attention of all who are interested in the mighty topic of our criminal jurisprudence. Two Caffre wars within six years—absorbing a considerable portion of that surplus revenue to which the mother country had looked for the relief of her own burdens—have stimulated among fireside Englishmen a degree of serious reflection which only financial questions can arouse. The rise and prevalence of the Economic School, whose votaries are accustomed to try and measure everything by the stern, rigid, narrow test of pecuniary profit and loss, has led to a perpetual recurrence of the question—what the colonies cost us, and what they yield us in return. And, more than all, the entire and radical change in our system of commercial policy, now thoroughly carried out and finally and formally adopted—having entirely swept away the old basis of the relation between the mother country and her colonies, and surrendered the especial object for which they were, or were supposed to be retained—has compelled us either to discover a new basis or to concede the unadvisability of their retention. The colonies, too, by their repeated applications for self-government, representative institutions, and the redress of grievances, unceasingly remind us of their consanguinity; while the settlement of our most stirring questions of domestic strife, and the removal of our own most crying abuses, have left us unusual leisure for listening to complaints from the antipodes. For some years to come, there is every reason to expect that a large proportion of the time of Parliament and the attention of ministers will be occupied with colonial questions. It is therefore of great consequence that we should arrive at some clear comprehension of at least the fundamental principles involved in our relation to, and our management of, our numerous dependencies.

The subject naturally divides itself into two branches: the reasons for retaining our colonies, and the mode in which we ought to govern them—"our colonial empire, and our colonial policy." The first question naturally takes precedence. Are our colonial possessions a burden or an advantage to Great Britain? If the former, why should she retain them? If the latter, wherein does that advantage consist?—Now, the people of this country have a dim, vague, indefinite, traditional idea, that our dependencies are a source of riches, power, and grandeur to the empire; but they find it difficult to give a reason for their faith, and, when hard pressed, usually take refuge in unsatisfactory generalities. The rigid economists, on the other hand, stand on a broad, distinct, strong and intelligible ground; their position is defensible; their arguments are sound; and their statements can generally be made good;—their attitude is defiant, and they confidently challenge a reply.

In the *first* place, they allege, there can be no doubt as to the actual cost to this country of her colonial possessions. Few of them provide even for the whole of their civil expenditure; and nearly their entire military and naval expenses fall on Great Britain. In round numbers nearly 30,000 troops are employed in our colonies in time of peace: in time of war much more. (This is exclusive of India.) A considerable portion also of our naval force is stationed in or near our colonies. It is of no consequence to the argument whether the total expenditure of this country on behalf of her dependencies be £4,000,000 per annum, as Sir William Molesworth estimates it, or £1,500,000, as alleged by some of his opponents:—it is conceded on all hands that, after making every fair deduction for the expense of our penal establishments abroad, and for those purely military and maritime stations which are maintained for the benefit of the empire at large, the colonies do cost the mother country a very considerable annual sum; and that the regiments which are now scattered over our various distant dependencies would, if concentrated at home, amply suffice for that security, regarding which we are subjected to such periodically recurring and disgraceful panics. Now, we draw no tribute from our colonies: they have never contributed a farthing to our exchequer, and never will: we never asked them but once, and then we were so roughly refused that we are never likely to ask again. In ancient times the case was different: the dependencies of Athens, Carthage, and Rome, were in the habit of paying vast sums into the national treasury: they were real sources of wealth to the parent state: the connexion between them was a lucrative one; and the desire to possess and to multiply them was therefore a rational and intelligible one. Spain also used to draw a

considerable revenue from her American mines, though a smaller one than is commonly supposed.\* But why we should retain possessions which cost us much and yield us absolutely nothing, is a mystery which calls for some more lucid explanation than it has yet received.

But this is not all. The colonies, it is said, are sources of actual weakness to us in another manner. They multiply our vulnerable points. We are surrounded with enemies and rivals, who, whether our colonies are really valuable or not, believe them to be so, and know that we value them, and know, moreover, that whether we valued them or not, we should not like to have them wrested from us. Hence, in time of war we have not merely to defend ourselves, but forty other continents, islands, or peninsulas—weak, exposed, assailable, and often much nearer to our antagonists than to ourselves. We have to spread our fleets and our armies all over the world, and to be ready to repel aggression at once in Canada, in New Zealand, at Corfu, and at Hong Kong. We have to keep up twice the army and navy that would otherwise be needed. We can be attacked and wounded in a thousand quarters, while our enemy perhaps is assailable in but one. But even this is not all. The very extension of our colonies multiplies the risks of war. We have, like a great spider, so spun our webs over the whole earth that scarcely a fly can buzz in any corner without disturbing and involving us. Our dependencies are perpetually bringing us into collision (or running the hazard of doing so) with foreign powers, on disputes of some consequence perhaps to them, but not of the slightest interest or concern to us. The Maine boundary threatened one rupture with America; the Oregon territory kept us in dread of a second; the Newfoundland fishermen shewed some disposition the other day to involve us in a third. A considerable portion of our debt was incurred in the war with France on behalf of our American provinces—which threw off their allegiance the moment we asked them to contribute to the payment of the interest of it. Wherever our dependencies are continuous with another state, they keep us in perpetual hot water with our neighbours; and are the more certain to do so, as they know that the burden of their defence will fall on us and not upon themselves. This second objection, also, we confess, seems to us weighty and unanswerable.

*Thirdly,* For many generations our colonies—some of them at least—have been of undoubted service to the mother country, in affording to her penal settlements, where her criminals could undergo their term of punishment at a distance from the scene

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\* Lewis. *Government of Dependencies*, pp. 151, 213.

of their offences, and where they could be liberated at the expiration of their durance with less injury to society, and a far better chance of redemption for themselves, than if they had been retained at home. It may well admit of a doubt whether penal establishments at the antipodes were not more costly than they would have been in England; it may well admit of a doubt whether the mode in which those establishments was conducted was wise or even defensible; and it admits, we fear, of no doubt at all, that considerable moral evil was inflicted on the colonies by the system we pursued, and that the facility thus afforded of getting rid of our criminal population—of burying our dead out of our sight—most fatally postponed the necessity, which we are now beginning to feel, of preventing the growth of that population instead of trusting to exporting it when grown. But still, the system of transportation did offer a tangible and intelligible object for retaining certain of our colonial possessions. Now, however, when these very colonies, having free immigration in abundance, no longer feel the necessity for convict labour, and therefore have become keenly alive to its accompanying evils;—now, when with much selfishness and much passion, and with an utter want of all perception of their duty as portions of the empire to bear some share in the Imperial burdens, and with a strange ingratitude to the mother country, which has so long protected and maintained them, and which they now so churlishly refuse to aid in her deliverance—they have positively refused to receive any more convicts;—and when the Home Government, with a quick sensibility to what is just in their objections, and a generous forbearance to what is insolent and selfish in their proceedings, has yielded to their opposition, and proclaimed that transportation to these colonies shall cease,—even this ground for bearing any longer the heavy burden of these dependencies is cut away. If they will not, on any terms, assist us in the disposal of our criminals; if they so roughly refuse the only service we ever asked from them; why should we continue a costly connexion for which we can obtain no equivalent?

Again (it is urged by the anti-colonial economists,) the value of the colonies to us as receptacles for our surplus population is more apparent than real. It is true they possess inexhaustible stores of waste and fertile land; it is true they afford a field of employment for our superabundant capital, and a beckoning refuge for those teeming numbers who are so crowded and so pinched at home. But all this would remain the same if they were independent territories, or even, in most cases, if they were under the protection of a foreign power: our capital would still be welcomed, and the labour of our emigrants would still

be sought. Land is no longer "granted" to those who go out: our subjects have to purchase it from us precisely as they would purchase it from any other Government; nay, generally at a higher price, for while in the United States the national lands are sold at a dollar and a quarter an acre, in Canada the upset price ranges from 2s. to 8s., and in Australia is never less than 20s. an acre. Nor does the mother country derive the smallest profit from these land sales: the whole proceeds being applied either to paying the passage of such emigrants as the colonies desire, or to other purely colonial purposes; and the entire fund having been by the late Government placed at the unreserved disposal of the colonial authorities. It is true, no doubt, that it may be regarded as an advantage to our emigrants to be able to transfer themselves to a land where the government and the language are the same as at home; but if the colonies were free neither of these would materially vary; and how slightly the consideration of remaining under the same rule weighs with emigrants in general, may be learnt from the facts that two-thirds of those who leave these islands go to the United States,\* and that the emigration from Germany to the United States—where climate, government, and all the elements and habits of social life are as discrepant as possible—is equal to the total exodus from England and Scotland to all our own colonies together.†

This argument is no doubt sound in the main; but it requires to be modified by two considerations. The Germans go to North America because they are, many of them at least, flying from despotism in their own land, and because there is no new country open to receive them where their own language and institutions prevail. And nearly the whole emigration from the United Kingdom to the great American Republic consists of Irish, who go thither partly from habit, partly for the sake of a cheap passage, and partly from hatred to the British rule. As long as new countries abound in unoccupied land and need capital and labour, no doubt they will generally hold out temptations to both; but if they were under foreign domination, there would be no small danger of laws to favour natives at the expense of aliens; and if they governed themselves under popular institutions, the natural desire of capitalists to exclude the competition of other capital, and of the labouring population to exclude the competition of

\* The numbers were in—

1849—	219,450	out of a total of	299,498
1850—	223,078	...	280,849
1851—	267,357	...	335,966
1852—	244,261	...	368,764.

† See a paper in the *North British Review* for November 1852, on the Modern Exodus. The number was 103,000.

other labourers, might lead to restrictions and discouragements which would greatly impede the free access of willing emigrants. The enjoyment of similar institutions and the continuance of an unbroken allegiance, form beyond question an additional attraction and a great security to those who are driven to exchange their native land for a more productive field of action, though we fully admit that they are not wholly indispensable.

But the crowning argument of the anti-colonial school is this : The only object (they say) for which some of the colonies were founded, and others were obtained by conquest, and in the name of which all have been retained, and the retention of them (costly as they are) has been defended,—has been utterly destroyed and cast away by the new commercial policy which the country has adopted. Under the old system of monopoly they were looked upon, and with some reason, as among the most valuable possessions of the empire : they were established and fostered for the sake and in virtue of exclusive principles of trade ; they were customers for our manufactures bound to purchase from us alone ; they were producers of valuable commodities which they were bound to sell to us alone. They were markets for our goods, and labourers for our wants. We reserved to ourselves the monopoly of their markets, and we granted to them the monopoly of ours. This system we have now learned to consider a losing one for both parties : we find that the colonies have cost us in protection-duties tenfold what their trade was worth, and they find that their prosperity has been hindered by the restrictions we imposed upon them for our benefit. But the maxim which lay at the root of the old relation, though a mistaken, was an intelligible one ; and as long as we held the doctrine, it was natural that we should retain the colonies. But now all this is changed. We give the colonies no preference in our markets ; we exact no preference in theirs. We and they are alike free to buy where we like, and to sell where we like. For all commercial purposes they stand on precisely the same ground as if they were independent states—except that they may not establish differential customs-duties. Where then is the use of any longer retaining them as dependencies, and burdening ourselves with their maintenance and defence ? If independent, they would be just as good customers as now ; for then they would still purchase our manufactures in preference to those of any other country, if they were cheaper and better, and they do no more now. They would still send their produce to our markets, if they found here a readier sale and a higher price than elsewhere, and they do no more now. Nay, many even among ourselves, and a majority probably among the colonists, are of opinion that they would advance

faster, if they were independent, than they do at present; and, if so, that they would be still more valuable to us both as customers and as producers. We do not share this view; but we fully concede the rest of the argument, that as all the old ideas which made us set so high a value on our colonial possessions have been entirely negatived and abandoned, it would be but logical either to relinquish those possessions, or to discover some new and valid reasons for retaining them.

“Nor was this all,” remarks Lord Grey; “the abandonment of the ancient commercial system of this country towards the colonies, brought a still larger question under discussion. Not only those who still adhered to the opinion that the former policy with respect to colonial commerce was the right one, but many of the most eager advocates of the principles of free trade, concurred in arguing that if the colonies were no longer to be regarded as valuable on account of the commercial advantages to be derived from their possession, the country had no interest in keeping these dependencies, and it would be better to abandon them; thus getting rid of the heavy charge on the country, especially in providing the requisite amount of naval and military force for their protection. In like manner, the colonists began to inquire whether, if they were no longer to enjoy their former commercial privileges in the markets of the mother country, they derived any real benefit from a continuance of the connexion. It is obvious that questions of this sort could not be raised without creating great difficulties in the administration of colonial affairs; and the more so, because it is impossible to deny that the view of the subject to which I have adverted is at least plausible; and when the old doctrine, that the great value of the colonies arises from the commercial monopoly which the mother country can claim with respect to their trade is abandoned, some other explanation may fairly be asked of the grounds on which we should nevertheless continue to support the charges inseparable from the maintenance of our colonial empire.”  
—Vol. i., p. 10.

It would be superfluous to inquire now whether a system of moderate preferential duties might not have been established, such as would have been a permanent bond of union between Great Britain and her colonies, and have been felt by each as a privilege, and by neither as a burden. That is a question which we must consider disposed of for ever, and on which it is impossible now to retrace our steps. Nor can we pretend to feel any fear that our dependencies, even if set wholly free, would ever dream of establishing differential duties *against* our productions; good sense and good feeling would alike prevent such suicidal hostility. But it is by no means impossible, or even improbable, that, if our colonies were obliged, by the declaration or concession of their independence, to provide entirely for their own government and defence, and consequently

to raise a revenue adequate for those purposes, they would find themselves obliged to do it in a great measure by high import duties on foreign articles. But, *high* duties are inevitably (however unintentionally) *protective* duties: they would encourage and force the establishment of colonial manufactures; and these, once established, would have to be supported. The illiberal tariff of the United States may serve as a warning. Now, when we consider how nearly all the countries of Europe, as their population becomes denser and more industrial, gradually raise their duties upon the importation of our goods, and how it is probable that we shall be more and more thrown upon the demand of eastern and colonial markets, we may see reason for a very anxious desire that our dependencies at least should not become our rivals, and that with this view we should retain some control over their tariffs. But with this sole reserve, we admit the full force of the arguments which we have been recapitulating as those urged by the critics and denouncers of the colonial connexion. We cannot deny that our colonies yield us no tribute, give us much trouble, cost us much money; that they increase our already burdensome taxation; that they employ a considerable proportion of both our land and sea forces, and yet do not contribute a single soldier to our army or a single sailor to our navy; that as an outlet for our superabundant population, they would be almost if not altogether as valuable were they self-governing and independent; that they endanger our tranquillity in time of peace, and multiply our vulnerable points in time of war; and finally, that our original grounds for valuing and retaining them have been rightly abandoned as fallacious and untenable. In no one point of view can they be proved to be a *material* benefit to the mother country—a source either of wealth or power or real political advantage. But there is what is sometimes called the “prestige” argument to be considered.

“I consider,” says Lord Grey, “that the British colonial empire ought to be retained . . . because I believe that much of the power and influence of this country depends upon its having large colonial possessions in different parts of the world. The possession of a number of steady and faithful allies, in various quarters of the globe, will surely be admitted to add greatly to the strength of any nation; while no alliance between independent states can be so close and intimate as the connexion which unites the Colonies to the United Kingdom, as parts of the great British Empire. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the power of a nation does not depend merely on the amount of physical force it can command, but rests in no small degree upon opinion and moral influence: in this respect British power would be diminished by the loss of our Colonies, to a

degree which it would be difficult to estimate. Hence, if it is an advantage, not for the sake of domineering over other countries, but with a view to our own security, to form part of a powerful nation rather than of a weak one, (and, considering the many examples we have seen of the injustice to which weak ones are compelled to submit, this can hardly admit of a question,) it seems to follow that the tie which binds together all the different and distant portions of the British Empire, so that their united strength may be wielded for their common protection, must be regarded as an object of extreme importance to the interests of the mother country and her dependencies."—Vol. i. p. 12.

The same argument is more fully and broadly stated in the following account of a discussion at the Political Economy Club, recorded by Mr. Wakefield:—

"The other side of the question was argued by a London banker, whose sagacity and accomplishments are unsurpassed. He began by admitting the whole argument of the merely scientific economist. 'But, on the other hand,' said he, 'I am of opinion that the extent and glory of an empire are solid advantages for all its inhabitants, and especially for those who inhabit its centre. I think, that whatever the possession of our colonies may cost us in money, the possession is worth more in money than its money cost, and infinitely more in other respects. For, by overawing foreign nations, and impressing mankind with a *prestige* of our might, it enables us to keep the peace of the world, which we have no interest in disturbing, as it would enable us to disturb the world if we pleased. The advantage is, that the possession of this immense empire by England causes the mere name of England to be a real and a mighty power—the greatest power that now exists in the world. You tell us of the cost of dependencies: I admit it; but I reply that the cost is the most beneficial of investments, since it converts the mere sound of a name into a force greater than that of the most costly fleets and armies. Suppose we gave up all our dependencies, without losing any of their utility as markets, I say that the name of England would cease to be a power, and that, in order to preserve our own independence, we should have to spend more than we now do in the business of defence. It would be supposed that we gave them up because we could not help it: we should be, with respect to other nations, like the bird which has been wounded, and which, therefore, the others peck to death. . . . Let all our dependencies be taken away or given up, and the name of England would go for nothing: those of our colonies which are weak would be seized by other nations, which would soon want to seize England herself, and would be strongly tempted by our apparent weakness,—by the loss of the *prestige* of our greatness, to try their hand at seizing us. Or would you have England, after giving up her dependencies, continue to defend them against foreign aggression? Most of them could not maintain their own independence if we gave it to them; and the maintenance of it for them by us would cost

incalculably more without the *prestige* of a mighty empire than our dependencies now cost with that important adjunct of real effective power."—*Art of Colonization*, p. 98.

If we endeavour to extract the kernel of genuine *argument* which lies hid in these imposing but somewhat vague representations, we shall find it to consist of two allegations. *First*, that the colonies, being "steady and faithful allies in various quarters of the globe," are a source of real strength to us; and *secondly*, that though not so in themselves they are *believed* to be so by foreign nations, and therefore become so in effect. Now, with regard to the first branch of the argument, it may be sufficient to observe that a number "of faithful allies," scattered over the world, are by no means *necessarily* "the source of strength" which Lord Grey assumes them to be, but often the contrary, as we know to our cost. If allies are strong themselves they would be a source of strength to us; being weak, they are only a source of weakness. If they could aid us they would be an addition to our power; having to be aided by us, they are only a burden and a drain. Portugal is a faithful ally; but when did she aid us in our quarrels, and how often have we been dragged into hers? She always occupies a portion of our fleet; she may at any time, as she has done, call upon us at a most inconvenient moment for a portion of our troops; she habitually poisons us with her bad wines; yet when did she send us a single soldier or a single ship? Turkey is a faithful ally; we are perpetually on the brink of a war in her behalf; yet it would be difficult to say in what she assists or strengthens us, except by her mere existence, and as a stop-gap. Belgium, too, is a faithful ally, but can do nothing for us, and yet holds a sort of prospective mortgage both on our army and our fleet. If, indeed, the colonies of Great Britain were in such a position with regard to the mother-country that "their united strength *could* be wielded for their common protection," their alliance might be a source of real power to us; but when they contribute *nothing* to the support and defence of the mother-country, and often not much to their own; when we have to garrison and protect them by large drafts from our land and sea forces, at a time when our own shores are inadequately guarded,—while all the time they never send one shilling to our treasury, one man to our troops, one sailor to our navy; it is a mockery to talk of our "united strength." Does the possession of the Cape colony strengthen or endanger our position in reality, when, at a moment at which (rightly or wrongly) we were alarmed for the safety of our own coasts, it employed 10,000 of our best troops in a profitless and inglorious war? Has India, which drains away so many of our regiments, ever helped us to the extent of a single sepoy or a

single rupee? Is it possible, indeed, to name any one of our colonies for the last seventy years which has in any way really *assisted* the mother-country in her ceaseless wars? They have been our battle-fields, our fortresses, our harbours of refuge; but *we* have supplied the soldiers, *we* have manned the walls, *we* have built the harbours; *they* have never been available *allies*, if in alliance we include the idea of reciprocal assistance. And who will pretend to deny that, as far as actual material power and safety are concerned, England would be far stronger and far securer at this moment than she is, were all her colonies independent and self-sufficing, and were her 100,000 troops and her 500 ships of war concentrated at home? What enemy then could wound us?

But, is the other branch of the argument at all more close and cogent? We are to keep up our dependencies (we are told) because, though a source of weakness, our rivals believe them to be a source of strength. We are to retain them as a means of throwing dust in the eyes of foreigners and blinding them as to our real power. We are to support them as what Burke calls "the cheap defence of nations." It is more actually *economical* to extend our possessions with a view of persuading other nations that we are powerful than to concentrate them for the sake of becoming so in reality. The maintenance of forty colonies is cheaper than the maintenance of such an army as would impress other states with an equivalent idea of our might.—The argument is an intelligible and a plausible one; but more than one proprietor has been ruined, like the Duke of Buckingham, by accumulating magnificent-looking estates which yielded no adequate revenue; and more than one general has been defeated by extending his line in order to deceive the enemy.

In the first place, we may always suspect some unsoundness in the policy which would resign or risk the substance in order to grasp the shadow. To play at shams is a hazardous and doubtful game. In the next place, are we right in supposing that foreign nations are so easily blinded and deceived? Do they not watch our policy? Do they not read our writings? Are they not cognizant of our discussions? Are not their statesmen and diplomatists as sagacious and keen-witted as our own? Do they not know as well as we do how much our colonies cost annually to the imperial treasury—how many of our ships they need to guard them—what proportion of our troops they absorb to garrison and govern them? Are we to imagine that France and Russia do not calculate to a nicety to what extent our home defences are weakened by the regiments and the frigates that have to be diverted to the West Indies and the Cape? Can we suppose that they do not rejoice over every Caffre rebellion and every

Burmese war, because they know how much every such distant drain on our resources must tie our hands in Europe? How would Austria, which now insults us, France, which now envies us, Russia, which now bullies our allies, change at once their tone and attitude if the real independence of all our colonies enabled us to call home and concentrate round the heart of the empire all the wealth and force which is now dispersed over its extremities? If, indeed, we allowed our dependencies to be wrested from our reluctant grasp, by rebellion or by foreign aggression, that would, without question, be an undeniable and most dangerous confession of weakness. But if we *voluntarily* resigned them, either as costly burdens which we were become too wise and calculating to bear any longer, or as grown up children, able to defend and therefore bound to support themselves, we greatly doubt whether any of our most ambitious rivals would draw a false conclusion from our quiet acquiescence in a separation. If we are right in supposing these dependencies a source of real weakness, under a delusive appearance of strength, they would be so even more to any rivals who might seize them than to us; and those would be bold and sanguine potentates who should take up as treasures what we had cast adrift as burdensome or useless. They would be the same drain upon the resources of our successors as—according to the assumption on which we are arguing—they have been on ours; they would entail upon them that very multiplication of vulnerable points from which we have shrunk, that same dispersion of force which, to them as to us, it is important to concentrate. If we are wise to part with them, we should be doubly wise to hand them over—a Danaic gift—a Nessus-shirt—to our antagonists.\*

The idea, then, that the emancipation or voluntary surrender of our colonial possessions would really impair the weight of England's name throughout the world, and would either embolden foreign nations to attack us, or enable them to attack us with effect, may, we think, be put aside as unsound and untenable at the present day; whatever validity it might have had in an age when statesmen and rulers were far more governed by delusions, and less by realities, and were much less acquainted with each other's real motives and position, than they now are. The conclusion of the anti-colonial school, therefore, remains un-

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\* It is true that the possession of these colonies by our enemies might enable them to injure us commercially, by hostile tariffs, which would fetter and contract our trade. But this would injure themselves yet more than us, if free-trade principles be sound; and it is, moreover, a consideration wholly beside the argument in question, which relates to the value of the "prestige of strength" which we are supposed to draw from our vast, but economically unprofitable, colonial possessions.

shaken,—that the mother-country cannot be shewn to have any direct selfish interest, either economical or political, in the retention of her colonial dependencies. If the maintenance of our colonial empire is to be defended it must be defended upon other and higher grounds.

It is, we think, not difficult to find such grounds, and very difficult to impeach their validity. The obligations of duty are prior and paramount to those of interest, and of far greater stringency. And even if our colonial empire were incalculably more costly, more embarrassing, more troublesome than it is, it would still, in our judgment, be a base and cowardly desertion of those obligations were we now to cast it off. We have incurred debts of honour which we must not evade. We have entered into engagements, both tacit and avowed, which we are bound to fulfil. We have undertaken functions which we cannot abdicate at pleasure. We stand in certain recognised relations both to our own children and to native races, which it does not lie within our right to assume and terminate according to our varying fancy or supposed convenience. And to us has been committed an important post in the vanguard of the march of human progress—a high command in the great battle of civilisation,—which, on pain of being held unworthy, recreant, and faithless, we can neither decline, nor throw up, nor engage in with a languid and reluctant will.

In the *first* place, we are under solemn obligations to our own countrymen who have gone out to settle in the colonies, relying on our protection, trusting in the unbroken ties of consanguinity, confident in the principle, never hitherto disavowed or questioned, that they could not forfeit the rights and honours of British citizens by making their home in one part rather than another of the vast dominions of the Parent State. They assumed, and were entitled to assume, that wherever they went within the wide empire of the Queen of England, her ægis would be thrown over them; that their weakness would be supplemented by her strength; and that, save by their own guilt or wilfulness, no foreign nation would be suffered to absorb them, and no savage race be suffered to destroy them. We never warned them that the duties of allegiance or the claims to protection were bound by either latitude or longitude; that there were parallels and distances beyond which we demanded no submission, and acknowledged no reciprocal obligations. On the contrary, we have always proclaimed, by word and action, that an Englishman at the Cape, at the Pole, or at the Antipodes, was as much our subject and our care as when, the year before, he was domiciled in Yorkshire or in Sussex, and we cannot at

our pleasure change our maxims of policy, or divest ourselves of the obligations which they have laid upon us. If we were to withdraw our aid and protection from our various colonies, what could prevent our Canadian brethren from being violently annexed to the ambitious and unscrupulous republic at their side? What could save Jamaica from becoming another Hayti, and our West Indian islands from being devastated by a war of colour, in the course of which, probably, every white man would be exterminated, and every germ of civilisation trodden out? What could hinder a similar fate from overtaking the 5000 Europeans, who, on our guarantee, have settled among the million and a half of Cingalese? What would happen at the Cape, where 20,000 Britons would be matched against 50,000 Dutch and 100,000 coloured tribes? Where would be the security of the 20,000 whites in New Zealand among 120,000 warlike aborigines? And finally, what chance would there be that the gold of Australia would not tempt the cupidity of Russia or of France, and that our brethren there,—trained to free institutions, and passionately attached to individual liberty, and secure, under our auspices, of both—would not become the subjects of a stern despot, and a half-civilized race?

The *abandonment* of our colonies is a simple impossibility: it is idle to talk of it, and would be so even if such a catastrophe were as much desired by them as it is the fashion for some foolish individuals to assert. But it is not so; the reverse would be nearer to the truth. Hear what Mr. Wakefield, a resident in more than one colony, says on this head:—

“He was not aware of a peculiarity of colonies, as distinguished from dependencies in general, which furnishes another reason for wishing that they should belong to the empire—I mean the attachment of colonies to their mother country. Without having lived in a colony—or, at any rate, without having a really intimate acquaintance with colonies, which only a very few people in the mother country have, or can have—it is difficult to conceive the intensity of colonial loyalty to the empire. In the colonies of England, at any rate, the feeling of love towards England, and of pride in belonging to her empire, is more than a sentiment; it is a sort of passion which all the colonists feel, except Milesian-Irish emigrants. In what it originates I cannot say: perhaps in a sympathy of blood or race, for the present Anglo-Americans feel in their heart's core the same kind of love and respect for England that we Englishmen at home feel for the memory of Alfred or Elizabeth; but, whatever be its cause, I have no doubt that love of England is the ruling sentiment of English colonies.”—*Art of Colonization*, p. 100.

In the *second* place, the desertion of our dependencies is forbidden by our obligations to the native races they contain. In

appropriating and colonizing these territories, we took upon ourselves two solemn duties ; *first*, to protect the aborigines against the possible cruelty and injustice of those whom we empowered to settle among them ; and *secondly*, to extend to them, to the utmost of our power, such civilisation as they were capable of receiving. How imperfectly we have hitherto performed these functions, we are but too conscious ; but that is no reason why we should now absolve ourselves from them altogether. In our relations with savage tribes, we are strong, and can therefore afford to be merciful and forbearing. Unsupported colonists would be weak, and therefore might be barbarous and unrelenting. Then we have had ample proof that the rough settlers in a new and distant country, away from the restraints of public opinion and the softening influences of civilized life, are apt to be selfish, grasping, and unjust ; and, when they come in contact with a feeble, ignorant, and gullible population, to cheat, bully, and oppress. Against this conduct the Home Government ought to exercise, and often has exercised, a salutary and much needed check.\* Again, in other cases, as the West Indian Islands and the Mauritius, where we have imported a subject race, and placed them under the government of our own people, we have incurred a still deeper obligation of protection and control ; and to surrender our imperial functions in such instances as these, would be, as Lord Grey well says, to hand over the people, without check or guidance, to the tender mercies "of a dominant party, often of a dominant minority." What would have been the prospects and position of the negro race in the West Indies had those islands become independent thirty years ago, and thus emancipated from the influence exercised over the planters by British philanthropy and the British Government ? Colonies with a *mixed* population, whether the aborigines predominated or not, we *could not*, therefore, conscientiously resign. Our departure would be the signal for a strife of races, in which victory on either side would be nearly equally disastrous ; and years of anarchy and bloodshed, in which millions of property would be annihilated, many seeds of good destroyed, and all the elements of civilisation thrown back for generations, would be the inevitable result of such a base betrayal of our trust ; and whether the struggle ended in the extermination of the superior race, or the subjugation and slavery of the inferior, we should "have been verily guilty concerning our brother."

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\* We shall have to notice presently, in another division of our subject, several occasions in which the Home Government has been called on to interfere, and has interfered with advantage.

*Lastly*, In the interests of the human race at large, and for the purposes of a high civilisation, it is of the greatest importance that the connexion between Great Britain and her colonies should be as prolonged and as close as possible. It is, we think, from no impulse of national self-glorification, but in the exercise of a sober and dispassionate judgment, that we venture to believe our peculiar form of civilisation—including in that word civil polity, mind, manners, morals, literature, and religion—the loftiest, the solidest, the most prolific, which the world has yet seen. The old Greek type was more fully developed in some directions, and was perhaps more perfect within its own range. The French of the Augustan age had a higher polish, and a more sparkling brilliancy; but it was unsound and hollow, and did not penetrate below the surface of the nation, nor beyond the husk and rind of the man. The civilisation of Switzerland and Norway presents several points to admire, and some, perhaps, to envy; but it is neither as elevated nor as expansive as our own. There is much in the English character to be amended and developed, and time and thought are doing this work fast. There is much in English institutions to be purified and perfected, and mature experience and zealous intention have harnessed themselves together to the task; and, taking ourselves and our polity as a whole, it is impossible to doubt that the progress and welfare of humanity in its highest phase will be best served by the spread of English civilisation over the globe. But some of the nobler elements of this civilisation have a tendency to degenerate, to be submerged, and to die out, when it is transplanted to a new world: its chivalry fades away; its refinement is rubbed off in the rough struggle for existence and success in life; its loftier aims are merged in its lower necessities; its standard falls, and it assumes gradually a coarser and inferior type. Something of all this is inevitable: but the evil is one to be recognised, and, as far as possible, to be warded off. We must swim *against* the stream, not helplessly and contentedly float down it. Now, as long as the standard can be kept up, its requirements may in time be recovered; as long as the ship retains hold of her moorings, the tide may turn and strain her, but she does not go quite adrift. Public opinion is the great guard and check of all communities. If that public opinion is formed wholly by and within themselves, it will partake of their downward tendencies; it will sink and spoil with them; it will lose its quick sense of the right and the refined as they do. But if they continue to form a part of a nation more advanced and more consolidated than themselves, public opinion will be created and guided by the joint action of both communities; and, as the higher will always be admired and respected by the lower, it must in the end exercise the paramount

influence and give the prevailing tone. It is not that society in the colonies will ever be so refined, or the intellectual and moral atmosphere be so high, as in the mother country; but the latter will give the standard to which the former will aspire: the estimate of what is gentlemanly in manners, correct in conduct, and worthy in literature, will be formed, not according to the average of Sydney, or Quebec, or Wellington, but according to that of London. Our refinement will check and shame their roughness; our sense of honour will modify their "smartness;" our moderation will control and sober their irrational violence;—and thus the energy and vigour of a fresh young life may be tempered and raised by being linked to the qualities belonging to an older social condition, and a type of character higher and firmer than either separately could have attained may be the result.

The following pictures of colonial society and colonial politics, by one who knows both well, will help to explain those points on which we think that the metropolitan connexion cannot fail to exert a modifying and beneficial influence:—

"The colonial soil everywhere seems highly favourable to the growth of conduct which, without being criminal according to law, is very much objected to by the better sort of people in this country. I mean all those acts which, in Upper Canada and the state of New York, are called 'smart conduct;' which consist in taking advantage or over-reaching, of forgetting promises, of betraying confidence, of unscrupulously sacrificing all other numbers to 'number one.\*' In colonies, such conduct is commonly termed clever, cute, dexterous. In this country it is called dishonourable. The honourable colonists who strongly disapprove of such conduct, more especially if they are recent emigrants of the better order, often call it 'colonial.' For the growth of honour, in a word, the colonies are not a very congenial soil. Neither is knowledge successfully cultivated there. . . . In hardly any colony can you manage, without great difficulty, to give your son what is esteemed a superior education here; and in all colonies, the sons of many of the first people are brought up in a wild unconsciousness of their own intellectual degradation.

"Colonial manners are hardly better than morals, being slovenly, coarse, and often far from decent, even in the higher ranks. I mean in comparison with the manners of the higher ranks here. . . . In none of the colonies does religion exercise the sort of influence which it exercises here upon the morals, the intelligence, and the manners of those classes which we consider the best-informed and the best-behaved—that is, the most respectable classes in this country, or those whose conduct, knowledge, and manners constitute the type of those of the nation. Let me endeavour to make my meaning clear by an illustra-

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\* See Mrs. Moodie's "*Roughing it in the Bush*," for many curious and disgusting exemplifications.

tion. Think of some one of your friends who never goes to church except for form's sake, who takes the House of Commons' oath 'on the true faith of a Christian,' as Edward Gibbon took it, but who has a nice sense of honour; who is, as the saying goes, as honourable a fellow as ever lived. Where did he get this sense of honour from? He knows nothing about where he got it from; but it really came to him from chivalry; and chivalry came from religion. He would not do to anybody anything which he thinks he should have a right to complain of if somebody did it to him: he is almost a Christian without knowing it. Men of this sort are rare, indeed, in the colonies. Take another case—that of an English matron, whose purity, delicacy, and charity of mind you can trace to the operation of religious influences. Such beings are as rare in the colonies, as men with that sense of honour which amounts to goodness.”—(*Wakefield's Art of Colonization*, pp. 150-153.)

Again, the same witness says:—

“Colonial party-politics are remarkable for the factiousness and violence of politicians, the prevalence of demagoguism, the roughness and even brutality of the newspapers, the practice in carrying on public differences of making war to the knife and always striking at the heart. . . . . When colonists differ upon such a point, for example, as the amount of a proposed import duty, or the direction of a road, both sides treat the question as if it were one of life and death; and, instead of compromising their difference, or giving a quiet victory to the preponderating weight of votes or influence, they instantly set about tearing each other to pieces with tongue and pen, after the manner of the late Daniel O'Connell. A colonist who meddles with public matters should have a skin of impenetrable thickness. . . . . But it is not the skin alone that suffers. Frequent scarification renders most colonial skins so impenetrably thick that the utmost vituperation makes hardly any impression upon them. Recourse is therefore had to something sharper than Billingsgate. It is a general custom in the colonies, when your antagonist withstands abuse, to hurt him seriously if you can, and vow to do him a mortal injury, either in order to carry your point, or to punish him for having carried his. . . . . If two settlers disagree about a road or a water-course, they will attack each other's credit at the bank, rake up ugly old stories about each other, get two newspapers to be the instruments of their bitter animosity, perhaps ruin each other in desperate litigation. Colonists at variance resemble the Kilkenny cats.”\*—(*Wakefield*, pp. 185-189.)

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\* See for a confirmation of all this, Tremenhoe's Notes on the United States and Canada, pp. 221 and 233.

“The colonies (observes Adam Smith) would in point of happiness and tranquillity gain considerably by a union with Great Britain. It would at least deliver them from those rancorous and virulent factions which are inseparable from small democracies, and which have so frequently divided the affections of their people and disturbed the tranquillity of their governments, in their form so nearly demo-

Now, it will perhaps be objected, that if this is a true picture of the prevalent tone of social life in the Colonies as they exist at present, the connexion with the parent-state has not done much for them in the way of elevation and refinement, and does not hold out much promise of a more powerful or salutary influence for the future. But there are several reasons why we should not measure our expectations of prospective good altogether by the past. In the first place, intercourse between the mother country and the colonies is every day becoming closer and more rapid. In the second place, the officials whom we have been in the habit of sending out, and who, from their position, must to a certain extent give the tone to the colonists, and be to them the standard of metropolitan manners and conduct, have not till recently been generally qualified to raise or purify that tone or that standard. For years we allowed ourselves the condemnable and fatal license of providing in our distant dependencies for those whose character forbade us to provide for them at home; and a sad list might be made out of scandalous or incompetent appointments, which could not but tend to lower, instead of raising, the tone of colonial society. The same remark will apply in a modified form to the independent class who went out as settlers. These used comparatively seldom to belong to the educated ranks, or where they did, they were too often the tainted and excluded members of those ranks. Of late years all this is changed. Official appointments to high colonial posts are made with care and conscientiousness; a far higher description of emigrants go out; greater provision than formerly has been made both for education and religion; and the better sort of settlers are more and more summoned to take a part in the government of their adopted country. The influence which, under a lax and bad system, we have exercised over the moral and intellectual condition of our colonies, is no test of that which we shall exercise, now that we are acting on better principles, according to a stricter sense of duty, and under the vigilance of a far more active and efficient public opinion. The closer the tie between the two countries can be drawn, the less possible will abuses become, and the more will the prevalent feelings, taste, and conduct of the colonists assimilate to those of the better classes in the old world. As wealth increases and population becomes denser, a leisure class will spring up there as here; that leisure class will, by the force of circumstances, become the educated and the governing class; as such it will

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cratical. *In the case of a total separation from Great Britain, which, unless prevented by a union of this kind, seems very likely to take place, those factions would become ten times more virulent than ever.*"—(*Wealth of Nations*, Book v., chap. 3.)

set the fashion, give the tone, prescribe the standard, to the community at large; and that tone, that fashion, that standard, it will infallibly draw from the mother country, both in virtue of the perpetual influx of new blood it will receive from thence—an influx that will accelerate as colonial society becomes more similar to that at home, and therefore more attractive to the emigrant—and in virtue of a custom which prevails so widely in the French colonies, and used to do among the wealthier planters in our own West Indies, of sending their children *home* for education. But if the political connexion between Great Britain and her dependencies were to be widely severed, every year would see the gulf between them wider and the divergence greater, socially, morally, and intellectually; the lowering, coarsening, hardening, materializing tendencies of a new state would operate unchecked; and in the course of a few generations the high-minded, polished, chivalric, and religious Englishman would be no more recognisable in the rough, strong, uncultivated boor of Australia or New Brunswick, than he now is in the relaxed savage of Texas or Alabama, who brawls in the senate-house, stabs over the counter, first quarrels with, then invades, then annexes an unoffending neighbour, owns no control but that of keener subtilty or more merciless force, and sets at defiance all the efforts of the central government and of his more civilized countrymen to prevent him from disgracing irretrievably the honour of their common name. If, on the contrary, we maintain unbroken our colonial empire—maintain it not by force or by the high hand of a despotic will, but by such a course of wise and just policy as would make it madness even to wish for separation—we have a prospect before us that may well gladden the heart of the philanthropic and aspiring statesman, and may raise politics almost into poetry,—a series of new Englands rising up in every quarter of the world, younger, fresher, richer, stronger than the old one—aiding her, loving her, bound to her, surrounding her venerable age with their youthful energies; imbued with her literature, guided by her science, drinking at the fountain of her maturer wisdom, bowing at the shrine of her purer taste; taught by her experience, warned by her mistakes, avoiding her saddest failures, emulating and surpassing her most glorious achievements; happy in a far brighter climate, favoured with a far richer soil, carrying down to distant ages all of us that is worthy to survive, and carrying it amended by the transfer—

“ Our younger selves re-formed in finer clay.”

The second great question into which our subject divided

itself—the principles, namely, which should regulate the relation between Great Britain and her Colonies—has been somewhat forestalled in our preceding remarks. Nevertheless, it needs further elucidation. It is far from being as simple and clear as many of our colonial reformers are accustomed to represent it. “Emancipate your colonies,” said Bentham. “Give them representative constitutions, and let them govern themselves,” urges Mr. Cobden. “Separate by a tranchant line of demarcation imperial from colonial concerns,” says Sir W. Molesworth, “and confine your interference and control to the former.” These several rules sound very specific and easy; but as soon as we proceed to the application of them, we find unforeseen perplexities and difficulties which meet us on the very threshold. We discover that we have colonies which it would be criminal to emancipate or cast off: we perceive that in other cases it would be the height of injustice and folly to hand them over to any form of parliamentary self-government: we are met and baffled by questions of which no ingenuity can satisfactorily pronounce, whether they concern the colonies only, or the empire. We must, therefore, be content to discard reliance on these plausible and tempting formulas, and go a little more deeply into the discussion. As we do this we shall find, we believe, three great principles which should be kept in view as guides,—respecting the precise time and degree for the application of which, however, no definite rules can be laid down, and the actual management of which must inevitably be left much to the discretion of the minister and the inspiration of the hour.

I. In the first place, it seems obvious that in the relation between the mother country and her dependencies, the duty of protection and the right of control must be correlative. If we are to defend our colonies, we must, as a matter of simple necessity and justice, be permitted to guide, govern, and restrain them. If we are bound to stand between them and foreign aggression, we must be able also to withhold them from provoking that aggression. If we are bound to protect them from assault and extermination by savage tribes whose territory they have engrossed and appropriated, we are equally bound to watch that they do not righteously incur their fate by encroachment and injustice, or positively invite it by consummate folly. We cannot with any of our offsets abide by such a one-sided bargain, as to leave them freedom to act as they please, combined with the right to throw on us the consequences of their actions. Where the responsibility is accepted there the power must lie. Let us adduce one or two illustrations which bear upon the case. Last year the colonists of Newfoundland got into a dispute with the fishermen of the United States as to the respective

limits of their right of fishing in the Bay of Fundy and elsewhere. It seems pretty certain that the claims of the colonists were legally just; but they were disposed to enforce them with a high hand and in a hasty manner, which would scarcely have failed to bring about a serious collision, and perhaps a war with so tenacious and touchy a people as the Americans. Of such a war it is evident that we should have had to bear the chief brunt and burden; it was therefore quite essential that the power of controlling the peremptory action of our own subjects, and the conduct of the negotiations by which the dispute was to be quelled or arranged, should remain in the hands of the mother country, both as being more likely to calculate the cost of a quarrel, and as more able to maintain that firm yet placable temper by which a quarrel could be best avoided. In the case of our New Zealand wars, too, it is evident that we could not, consistently either with conscientiousness or common sense, have supported our countrymen against the natives, unless we had both reserved to ourselves and exercised the power of controlling and undoing those injustices and encroachments as regarded the acquisition of land, which, however technically correct, had still in the eyes of the natives, naturally and rightly, all the appearance and substance of flagrant and scandalous iniquity. Nor could the Cape colonists have called upon us with any shew of justice to support the expenditure of life and treasure which have fallen to our lot in three successive Caffre wars, if we had not sanctioned many and directed some of the proceedings out of which those wars naturally sprung.\* The principle holds good in all cases. If our Colonists claim the privileges of British citizens, they must submit to the restraints of British subjects. The claim and the obligation must always be reciprocal. As the one is relaxed, the other must be gradually foregone. As colonies attain more and more perfectly the power of self-government, they must take upon themselves more and more completely the burden of self-maintenance and self-protection. This principle has been well laid down as the basis of our future colonial policy in one of Lord Grey's dispatches to Lord Elgin, dated March 14, 1851.

"Canada (in common with the other British Provinces in North America) now possesses in the most ample and complete manner in which it is possible that she should enjoy it, the advantage of self-government in all that relates to her internal affairs. It appears to Her Majesty's Government that this advantage ought to carry with it corresponding responsibilities, and that the time is now come when the people of Canada must be called upon to take upon themselves a

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\* See Lord Grey's *Colonial Policy*, ii. 248-252.

larger share than they have hitherto done, of the expenses which are incurred on their account and for their advantage. Of these expenses, by far the heaviest charge which falls upon this country is that incurred for the military protection of the province. Regarding Canada as a most important and valuable part of the Empire, and believing the maintenance of the connexion between the mother country and the colony to be of the highest advantage to both, it is far from being the view of Her Majesty's Government that the general military power of the Empire is not to be used in the protection of this part of Her Majesty's dominions. But looking to the rapid progress which Canada is now making in wealth and population, and to the prosperity which she at this moment enjoys, it is the conviction of Her Majesty's Government, that it is only due to the people of this country, that they should now be relieved from a large proportion of the charge which has hitherto been imposed upon them, for the protection of a colony now well able to do much towards protecting itself.

"In adopting this principle, I need hardly observe to you, that Her Majesty's Government would merely be reverting to the former colonial policy of this country. You are well aware that, up to the period of the war of the American Revolution, the then British Colonies which now form the United States, as well as the West Indian Colonies, were required to take upon themselves the principal share of the burden of their own protection, and even to contribute to the military operations undertaken to extend the colonial possessions of the British Crown. The North American Colonies defended themselves almost entirely from the fierce Indian tribes, by which their infant communities were frequently imperilled, and furnished no inconsiderable proportion of the force by which the contest of British power with that of France was maintained on the continent of America; and the West Indian Colonies did not, in proportion to their means, make less exertions."—*Col. Pol.*, vol. i. pp. 260, 261.

This last paragraph suggests to our consideration the question—one of the knottiest that can be presented to us for solution—whether it is desirable that all dealings with the native races who inhabit our colonies should be conducted by the Parent State, or should be left to the settlers themselves, unaided and uncontrolled. And this, again, opens the still wider subject of our right to take possession of uncivilized territories, and to expose the native races to the fate which seems all but inevitably to await them, whenever barbarism comes into contact with civilisation, or when a higher and a lower form of civilisation are brought into juxtaposition. We cannot discuss these questions fully, but it is necessary to say a few words on each. It seems to be established by nearly all experience that wherever savage and civilized tribes come into contact, they come into collision also. For them, vicinity unavoidably signifies

antagonism. Wherever they live side by side, the savage tribes invariably die out. They do so whether they are hunters, shepherds, cultivators of the soil, or fishermen. They do so whether they are treated with cruelty and injustice, or with comparative fairness and mildness. They do so whether they resist or whether they submit. If they resist, they are defeated and exterminated: if they submit and endeavour to become civilized, and to adopt the habits of their superior visitants, they are inevitably beaten in the competition, and gradually compressed out of existence. If they are hunters, they sell some of their land; their hunting grounds are curtailed; their game retires before the face of cultivation and of cultivated man; and they are driven farther and farther back into the wilderness, till the supply of food fails them, and they, as well as the animals they feed upon, become extinct. Such is the fate of the Red Indians of North America.—If they are fishermen, they are unable to sustain the competition with the superior implements, and the more scientific skill of the European; and the means of their sustenance are gradually cut from under them. If they are or become cultivators, settle on the land, and assume the habits of the civilized settlers, they find themselves unable to extract from their portion of soil the same amount of sustenance as their European neighbour; they have not his resources, his ambition, his unfailing industry, his assiduous perseverance; they grow poor as he grows rich; they become necessitous, embarrassed, sell or mortgage their property, and in the end disappear or sink into a kind of serfdom. If, like some of the South Sea Islanders, they are gentle, inoffensive children of nature, living on fruits, basking in the sun, “sporting in the tepid wave,” they are speedily absorbed by the fiercer energies of a hardier and more enduring race. If they live side by side with us, they contract our vices and incur our diseases, without either the mental or moral vigour which modify and check the action of these destroying causes among ourselves. Some tribes become extinct through the small-pox; others die away through drunkenness. If their pursuits are pastoral, like the Caffres, they necessarily come into hostile collision with the colonists who settle in their territories; the cattle of the respective parties stray across each other’s boundaries, and have to be reclaimed; reciprocal damage leads to mutual retaliation; cattle-breeding naturally leads to cattle-stealing, and the aggression is generally on the side of the less successful and therefore more envious savage; aggression and robbery, of course, cannot be submitted to, and must be severely punished—hence border forays, breaking of treaties, and bloody wars, in which the savage must necessarily be defeated, and in the end be driven

back, dispossessed, and crushed. This is the constant history of all European colonisation of wild lands.

Nor is the process much varied, or its ultimate issue less certain, though it may be somewhat slower, even when the warmest and sincerest efforts of the mother country are directed to secure the rights of the aborigines, and to treat them as religion and humanity prescribe. The law which ordains that the inferior shall give way to the superior race—that the weak shall sink before the strong—that the savage shall retire before the civilized man—appears to be, strictly speaking, a law of nature, which no efforts of ours can prevent from operating. Unless we were to forbid colonizing altogether, we cannot hinder the native from selling his land to the settler for what he deems a full and liberal equivalent. He has unbounded acres—more than he needs; why should he not alienate a small portion of them for the luxuries, comforts, arms, and tools which he desires? We may insist upon some portion being reserved; we may secure him a *locus pœnitentiæ*; we may be vigilant to ensure that he shall understand the nature of the bargain he is making; we may even interfere to obtain for him a higher price than he himself in his ignorance (or rather in his estimate so different from ours) would have demanded; we may be scrupulous, before ratifying the unequal sale, to ascertain the title of the seller—as far as any savage can have a title to any land, in our signification of the term. But, this done, we must ratify the transaction, and insist on its being righteously adhered to: we cannot allow the native afterwards to plead repentance, and, because he has eaten or lost the purchase-money, to wish to re-enter on the land he had sold. Well, when we have done this, everything else follows as a matter of course: the more necessitous the savage becomes, the more land is he willing to alienate; the richer the settler grows, the more land is he able to buy; the bargains are in each individual case beneficial to and desired by both parties; both parties are free agents; on what principle can either justice or humanity interfere to forbid the banns? A position once gained, energy, skill, knowledge, perseverance do their work, and reap their natural reward; and no interference can prevent them from overpowering, absorbing, eating up, driving back, and (insensibly, and unwillingly perhaps, but inevitably) treading out indolence, ignorance, apathy, and feebleness. If we endeavour to educate and civilize the aboriginal inhabitant with the view of rendering him a more equal competitor, a stronger and more competent neighbour, to the white colonist, we do not control—we seldom even retard—the operation of the natural law; we only succeed in changing the form of the struggle from one between civilisation and barbarism, to

one between a perfect and an imperfect civilisation ; and the final issue is not less certain nor less sad.\*

Such being the state of the case, some will be disposed to question our right to colonize barbarous countries, to purchase the lands of the aborigines, and to expose them to the inevitable consequences of vicinity to a superior race. We cannot accept this view. The requirements and responsibilities of our superiority are indeed obvious and sacred : we are bound not to cheat nor to oppress ; we are bound in all our intercourse to be just, lenient, long-enduring, and forbearing ; as we are strong, we must be merciful ; as we are wise, we must be considerate and scrupulous ; every motive of equity, humanity, and religion forbids us to use our greater knowledge to deceive, or our heavier force to coerce. We are bound to employ our utmost efforts to instruct, to improve, to elevate the tribes with whom we come in contact ; but, because we have small prospect of doing this with success, we must not therefore withdraw from the contest : we must not shrink from offering them the alternative of civilisation, or—what may follow in the course of nature. God never meant that hunters and nomads should monopolize whole continents of fertile lands. God never purposed that men should remain hunters and nomads. He never intended that unimprovable races of humanity should play “dog-in-the-manger” to advancing ones ; that the soft Otaheitan, the savage Feejee, the cunning Bosjesman, the wretched Papuan, the apathetic Indian, should range without check or change over some of the widest and richest regions of the earth, while the Greek, the Celt, and the Saxon—with their splendid intellects, their noble aspirations, their glorious literature, their wondrous science, their indomitable energies, their perfectable natures—should be compressed for ever into the smallest and barrenest quarter of the globe,—

“Reduced to nibble at their narrow cage,”

pent up within boundaries which the very expansiveness of their capacities renders yearly more and more inadequate, and which make all their better faculties—their vigour, their ambition, and their power of progress—no longer a blessing but a torment and a curse. God never appointed them their destiny, wrote it on their foreheads, carved it in their minds, and then forbade them

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\* There seem to be two exceptions to the universality of this rule—the Negroes and the Maories. But wherever the negroes are brought into close contact with the whites, they exist only in a condition of servitude or inferiority ; and though the natives of New Zealand appear by official accounts to exhibit a high degree of aptitude for civilized life, and a disposition to settle down among and to amalgamate with Europeans, the juxtaposition has not yet been of long enough duration to enable us to regard the problem of their ultimate fate as solved. See *Lord Grey's Col. Pol.*, vol. ii. p. 119.—*Despatch of the Governor.*

to fulfil it! Who can believe that the simple life of the South Sea Islander, or the scarcely higher one of the Mohican or the Camanche, was meant to be perpetuated? Had such an idea been early adopted and righteously adhered to, where would America—ay, where would Britain—have been now? how could civilisation have ever spread over the world? how could Progress, which is the law of our being, ever have been achieved?

“No! we rather hold it better men should perish one by one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua’s moon on Ajalon!  
Not in vain the distance beckons:—forward, forward let us range,  
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing groves of change;  
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day—  
*Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.*”

The almost inevitable fate of the aborigines in colonized lands being such as we have described, the question next presents itself, whether the controversies which are certain to arise between the two races shall be left to the management of the settlers themselves, or shall be reserved for the conduct of the parent state. Under which system is the evolution of the destined issue most likely to be left to the slow operation of natural laws, unhastened by violence and crime? Which party is likely to adhere most scrupulously to the principles of justice, and to temper justice with mercy? Which party will be most alive to a high and generous sense of duty, and least tenacious and severe in the rigid assertion of mere legal rights? Under which system, finally, will fate take its course with the least amount of suffering and evil to the doomed race? The first system was the one adopted in our early colonization—the latter is the one which our keener feeling of responsibility has brought into favour in more recent years.

There is much to be said on both sides, and the decision of the question is by no means easy. On the one hand it may be urged that the authorities in the mother country are free from the temptations, the irritating collisions, the daily conflicts which arouse the passions of the colonists, disturb their judgment, and warp their sense of right; that colonists are generally men of rough characters, of vehement tempers, of imperious wills, of pushing, encroaching, acquisitive dispositions, full of wild energy, and accustomed to bear down all opposition; that the life they lead—which is spent in overcoming obstacles, in fighting their way against impediments and barriers of every sort, and often in an actual struggle for safety and existence—is unfavourable to a clear perception or a ready admission of the rights of others; and that men, exasperated by hourly strife with competitors and foes, will be apt to magnify their wrongs, and to stretch to the

uttermost the privilege of retaliation. All this is very true : it is illustrated and confirmed by every page in the history of Spanish dealings with Mexico and the West Indies, of Dutch proceedings at the Cape, and, to a less degree, of our own dealings with the native Americans, Tasmanians, and New Zealanders. And we all know the irresistible tendency of a life of hardship, peril, struggle, and adventure, to make men selfish, overbearing, and aggressive—fierce in the assertion of their own claims, reckless in trampling on the dues of others. But, again, it must be remembered, that the first settlers in a barbarous country are always the weaker party ; that they are in the power of the natives, whom it is their interest, and often their necessity, to conciliate by justice, by kindness, by benefits ; that if left to their own strength and resources alone they remain long the weaker party, and are made to feel that their safety depends on their good behaviour and forbearance ; while, on the other hand, if they know that they are backed by the whole power of the parent state, they become at once the stronger party, feel that they are so, presume upon being so, tyrannize, encroach, and despoil at pleasure. But the control which the home authorities can exercise over the intercourse of the settlers with the native tribes is in general feeble and uncertain, and not always judicious ; they often even lay the foundation of future disputes by well-meant but unskilful interference. The restraint, therefore, which the mother country can exercise over her distant settlers is imperfect and often slight, while the sense of impunity which her protection conveys is real, constant, and powerful in its operation, and makes her children daring, presuming, and unjust. If left unaided and uncontrolled to deal with the savage or uncultured tribes around them—conscious that they must bear the burden of their own sins and follies, that they must defend themselves as they best can from all the retaliation they brought down, that, in a word, they were bound over to good behaviour under penalty of such fearful suffering, and such absolute extermination, as sometimes overtook the early colonists of North America—the probability is, that the control of the present *fear* would be found more effectual than that of the distant *authority*. Then again, if the colonists had to depend upon themselves alone, and, whatever calamities threatened them, had to rely solely on their own skill, their own good temper, their own union, they would take care to remain in a more compact body than at present ; they would not venture so far into the wilderness ; they would not, relying on the powerful arm and the formidable name of Britain, scatter themselves as they now do up and down the enemy's country—easy victims and irresistible temptations to hostility. The prosperity and

security of the colony would be immensely increased by the *compelled concentration* of its forces ; it would extend its boundaries only as it multiplied and strengthened ; and both the tranquillity of the mother country, and the welfare of the aborigines, would be greatly promoted thereby. Had the Cape colonists had no mother country to fall back upon, no exhaustless imperial army which they knew would, in the final resort, protect their property and avenge their injuries, they never would have contrived to spread themselves as they have done over the Orange River Sovereignty, and in all probability Caffre wars would have been unheard of. Nor does it seem just to bring down upon the wretched savages the whole avenging power of a great empire to punish them for conduct which, if not legal or permissible, is at least natural and venial ; and the real amount of provocation and extenuation of which it is impossible for us accurately to estimate. By this system we convert an insignificant local quarrel—perhaps a mere border foray—into a tedious and bloody war ; and a robbery committed on a few boors, which might have been appropriately punished by the burning of a kraal, becomes an insult to the majesty of Britain, which can only be expiated by a far heavier vengeance, and a far wider devastation. When we cannot effectually prevent our people from *inviting* the aggression or retaliation of their barbarous neighbour, it does not seem fair that they should have the power of dragging us into their petty and unseemly squabbles. Moreover, we *cannot* effectually defend them ; we cannot garrison 2000 miles of unprotected frontier with regiments of regular troops ; we may make treaties with savages, but we cannot enforce them ; and the end of nearly every war we wage with such unworthy and impracticable foes, is only the acquisition of a still larger nominal territory, which we do not want and cannot use, and of a still wider frontier, which we cannot possibly maintain or guard. On the whole, therefore, we strongly incline to the conclusion, that if we were to say to all British subjects who colonize the territory of barbarous tribes : “ We will defend you against foreign nations—you must defend yourselves against the native races : what you bring upon yourselves, that you must bear yourselves : act as you think best,—you will find forbearance, gentleness, and justice your truest policy, we have no doubt—but look to no aid from us : we will exercise no control and afford you no assistance ;”—if this language were held, and had always been held, we believe that less wrong would have been inflicted, less blood shed, less injustice done, and less encroachment dared than under the opposite system we have pursued—the system, namely, of restraint from home, which was sometimes mischievous and seldom more than nominal, and of support from home, which

was always presumed upon, generally substantial, and enabling and encouraging to wrong. The whole history of the Cape Colony since it came into our possession, would, we think, if rightly written, bear out this doctrine.

II. The second great guiding principle of our colonial policy should undoubtedly be to prepare our dependencies for self-government, and to confer upon them the powers of self-government as soon and as fast as they become fitted to exercise them;—commencing with municipal institutions, advancing to a representative system, and terminating in such completely free and “responsible government” as now prevails in our most forward colony, Canada. Believing that Parliamentary government—with all its clumsiness and all its faults, with its many drawbacks and its costly price—is that best suited for developing the resources and promoting the highest civilisation, if not of all nations, at least of the Anglo-Saxon race;—satisfied, too, that Englishmen will never be contented or tranquil under any other,—we hold that the assimilation of colonial institutions to those of the mother country is the object which ought to be steadily kept in view and perseveringly followed out, so far as circumstances make it practicable.

But here, again, we find that all which we can or ought to do, is to lay down a prolific principle—not to enact a rigid rule. Some of our colonies are not ripe for representative government;—in others the elements out of which such a system could be constructed do not exist; in some the establishment of such a system would be gross injustice; in others again, it would be certain ruin. Thus in Western Australia, with its 4000 inhabitants and a territory of a million of square miles, Parliamentary government would be simply impossible at present, but will undoubtedly be introduced when the increase of population shall have supplied the necessary materials. In Ceylon, where 5500 Europeans (many of them Portuguese or Dutch) are scattered among 1,500,000 Orientals, the same impossibility arises from a different cause.

“The great majority of its inhabitants (says Lord Grey) are Asiatics, very low in the scale of civilisation, and having the character and habits of mind which have from the earliest times prevented popular governments from taking root and flourishing among the nations of the East. Amidst a large population of this description there are settled, for the most part as temporary residents engaged in commerce or agriculture, a mere handful of Europeans, and a larger number (but still very few in comparison of the whole population) of inhabitants of a mixed race. In such a colony the establishment of representative institutions would be in the highest degree inex-

pedient. If they were established in such a form as to confer power on the great body of the people, it must be obvious that the experiment would be attended with great danger, or rather with the certainty of failure. If, on the other hand, the system of representation were so contrived as to exclude the bulk of the native population from such power, in order to vest it in the hands of the European minority, an exceedingly narrow oligarchy would be created,—a form of government which experience certainly does not show to be favourable to the welfare of the governed. Were a representative assembly constituted in Ceylon, which should possess the powers usually entrusted to such a body, and in which the European planters and merchants, and their agents, had the ascendancy, it can hardly be supposed that narrow views of class interests would not exercise greater influence in the legislation of the colony than a comprehensive consideration of the general good.”—*Col. Policy*, i. 27.

Jamaica, again, offers us a specimen of another set of difficulties in the way of representative institutions at once fair and feasible. This island has had from time immemorial a Constitution and a House of Assembly, and no very serious obstacles arose till the year 1834, because, though the whites then numbered only about 35,000 against 450,000 coloured inhabitants, most of whom were slaves, the latter were entitled to none of the rights of British citizens, and were simply ignored in all political arrangements. But now they are all free, and, according to all analogy, are competent to claim their full share of the representation in a government to which they contribute a considerable portion of the revenue. To admit them to the suffrage by the establishment of anything like a liberal and extensive franchise, would have been, sooner or later, to confer upon them, in virtue of their numbers, the unquestionable preponderance of power: the enfranchisement of the blacks would have been the virtual disfranchisement of the whites; and with the old feelings of animosity on the one side and contempt on the other, arising from the old relation of master and slave, still unhappily little abated, the consequences must have been most disastrous. On the other hand, to shut them out altogether from the privileges of the Constitution was both impossible, and would have been scandalously unjust; and to effect the same object by the establishment of a high property qualification, could not fail to create, as it has created, great discontent and indignation. The possession of a freehold estate worth 30 dollars a year, a rental of 140 dollars, or the payment of direct taxes to the amount of 15 dollars, confers a vote—a franchise three times as high as that of the mother country.\* Thus, though the

\* So stated in Bigelow's *Jamaica*. Last month the Duke of Newcastle, in the House of Lords, stated the franchise to be a £10 freehold, a £50 rental, or payment of £5 in taxes.

population of the island is now about 377,000, the constituency is said never to have exceeded 3000, or  $\frac{2}{3}$ ths per cent.\* Here, then, though *the island* has representative institutions, it can scarcely be said that the *inhabitants* have: the immense majority of the voters are, and are intended to be, partially or wholly of British blood;—as soon as, by their progress in wealth, the negroes acquire property and votes, we shall probably see a state of things which, though the natural and inevitable result of those representative institutions, the concession of which to all our colonies is so vehemently demanded, is scarcely one that we can welcome or approve.

The case of New Zealand is somewhat similar.† In the year 1846, the then Ministry, scandalized at the dreadful mismanagement of matters in that colony under the old form of autocratic government, and yielding to the general feeling in favour of colonial self-government, granted a charter establishing legislative assemblies with ample powers; but naturally enough *virtually* conferring the elective franchise only upon Europeans. Now the Europeans only number 20,000 among a population of 120,000 natives,† equally subjects of Her Majesty, and beyond all question the finest and most capable of all aboriginal races. The Governor of New Zealand writes of them in these terms:—

“With these characteristics of courage and warlike vagrancy, however, the Maories present other remarkable traits of character. Nearly the whole nation has now been converted to Christianity. They are fond of agriculture; take great pleasure in cattle and horses; like the sea, and form good sailors; are attached to Europeans; admire their customs and manners; are extremely ambitious of rising in civilisation, and of becoming skilled in European arts; they are apt at learning, in many respects extremely conscientious and observant of their word; are ambitious of honours, and are probably the most covetous race in the world. They are also agreeable in manners, and attachments of a lasting character readily and frequently spring up between them and Europeans.”—*Lord Grey's Col. Policy*, ii. 119.

Of course a race such as is here described was not likely to acquiesce patiently in being handed over to the unlimited government of a handful of settlers among them. As soon as the despatch containing the charter reached New Zealand, “the

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\* Bigelow's Jamaica. The census in 1844 gave—

Whites,.....	15,776
Coloured,.....	68,529
Black,.....	293,128

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377,433

† This is the official estimate: several well-informed persons, however, believe that the Maories do not now exceed 80,000.

Governor immediately wrote to represent in strong terms the danger which would have arisen from the discontent that would infallibly be excited among the natives by the proposed change in the form of government. He pointed out that they were large contributors to the revenue, the disposal of which was to be entrusted to a legislature in which they would be altogether unrepresented,—and that they were quite intelligent enough clearly to perceive this, and the injustice to them of such an arrangement.\* In consequence of his urgent remonstrances, accordingly, a bill was passed through Parliament, suspending the new constitution for five years." The suspension was removed by Lord Derby's Administration; but we are not aware whether any, and what provisions, have been introduced for admitting the natives to a safe and reasonable share in the election of the Parliament which is to tax and govern them. Unless, however, something has been done in this direction, we scarcely think the constitution can be one with which the natives will, or liberals at home ought to be satisfied with, as a permanent arrangement.

On the whole, the principle we have pointed out may be considered now to have been finally and unreservedly adopted as the guide of our colonial policy, and to have been carried into effect as far as at present is wise and practicable. In every case where the materials for such bodies could be found, representative assemblies have been introduced, and wider and wider powers have been conferred upon them. Little ground for complaint on this score on the part of English settlers now remains: whether as much can be said with respect to the native races is more doubtful.

III. The third rule for the guidance of our colonial policy should, we think, unquestionably be, that wherever our dependencies have Legislative Assemblies of their own, we should reduce our interference to the *minimum*, and that in all cases it should be exercised only with a view to the good of the colony, the obligations of humanity, and the interests of the empire at large. That there must arise many conjunctures in which the

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\* It is perhaps rather an extreme expression to say that they are wholly unrepresented. They are so *virtually* (as few of them hold land *individually* and on crown-grants) but not *avowedly*. The constitutional act contains no provision about the electoral rights of natives. The qualification of voters (both for the Provincial Councils and Legislative Assembly) is a property one, and may consequently be held by any subject of the Crown without distinction of race. Justice to the natives is to a certain degree secured by a power which is confided to the Government of marking off districts of the island within which native law and usage shall prevail, and which will consequently be excluded from the representative system altogether. But these, of course, will be those inhabited solely by the Maories.

authority of the mother country is clearly called for, and in which it would be a dereliction of duty in her not to exercise it, no one, we think, will be prepared to deny. But certain parties conceive that it is possible to define beforehand, and clearly, what are and what are not matters of "imperial" concern, and that the interposition of the Home Government ought to be confined to the latter class alone. We think a little examination into details, and certainly a very small amount of official experience, would suffice to shew that this preliminary partition would be both impracticable, inadequate, and unwise, as far as the colony itself was concerned. The latter point is so well argued by Lord Grey, in his reply to a somewhat intemperate remonstrance from the Legislative Council of New South Wales, (23d January 1852,) that we cannot do better than quote his Lordship's words:—

"The only plan I have seen suggested, and to which I believe the Legislative Council to refer, though I am not certain of their meaning, is this: that subjects of legislation should be divided into local or imperial; that, on the former, the Governor should give or withhold the royal assent, without further confirmation from the Crown; that, on the latter, the local legislature should have no power at all, its acts, or any portions of them, affecting these subjects being absolutely null and void, and the heads so reserved are of course very numerous, including, among others, the very extensive one of the prerogative of the Crown.

"I am unwilling to enter on a subject merely controversial, and which is not fully placed before me, with the arguments of those who advocate the innovation. But I cannot refrain from observing on the practical inconvenience which would seem necessarily to attend a system under which large subjects, many of them very difficult to define, would be absolutely withdrawn from the power of the local Legislature, so that they would be at once unable to legislate at all on many matters on which it is most desirable that they should legislate subject to the control of the Crown, and, at the same time, would be under constant uncertainty whether Acts passed with strictly constitutional intentions might not be invalid through some inadvertent infringement of the limits of their authority—limits which could ultimately only be defined and preserved through the uncertain process of judicial interposition in courts of law. *I say nothing of the extreme difficulty of constituting a tribunal fit to judge of the validity of such Acts, or the certainty that its decisions would soon be felt as far greater hardships than the refusal of the Crown, through its ministers, to allow an Act; which refusal further consideration may at all times change or modify.*

"If, indeed, this power of the Crown were complained of as practically a grievance, the representations of the Council would have great additional weight. But no such complaint appears to be made, nor do I see how it could be. From the information afforded by the records of this office, it seems that not more than seven Acts of the

Legislature of New South Wales have been disallowed since the commencement of representative institutions, and about the same number returned for the insertion of amendments before Her Majesty's confirmation could be given; and of the trifling number thus interfered with, *nearly all were in the first three sessions*, when the experiment was new, and several were obviously such Acts as the local Legislature, under the proposed division of subjects to which I have above adverted, would have had no right to pass at all.

"On the other hand, a very slight examination of the Acts—more than 200 in number—which have received the royal confirmation, will probably shew that *many of them would have been either wholly or partially in excess of the powers of the Legislature, and absolutely void, if such a division of authorities had existed.* And this shews the practical convenience of the law as it now stands; for the Council of New South Wales has legislated, and will continue to legislate, without hindrance, on many subjects either of imperial cognizance, or touching the prerogative, to the great advantage of the community, because the interests of the Crown and the empire are sufficiently guarded by the power of disallowance possessed by the Crown, rarely as it is found necessary to exercise it."

Two cases have recently occurred in our North American provinces, in which few colonial reformers (who are generally free-traders) will not admit that the interposition of the mother country was right and wise, and in which yet it is difficult to deny that the matter in dispute was one of local rather than of imperial concern. In 1849, the Legislature of New Brunswick passed an Act granting a bounty for the cultivation of hemp. As it was merely temporary, and inconvenience might have arisen from its peremptory disallowance, it was acceded to; but the Lieutenant-Governor was informed that no similar Act could be permitted. The New Brunswick House of Assembly remonstrated, and represented that the matter was "*purely local*;" but the Home Government reminded them that the whole principle of bounties, artificial stimulants, and artificial restrictions, belonged to a system which, after the fullest discussion, the Imperial Legislature had finally and deliberately discarded, and that it would be both inconvenient and unseemly to permit one small corner of the empire to act upon a different commercial policy from the rest; and the colony was thus restrained from embarking in a mischievous, suicidal, and exploded course. About the same time, great irritation arose, both in New Brunswick and Canada, in consequence of the perseverance of the United States in maintaining a highly protective tariff as against the flour and other produce of the British North American provinces, after we had permitted the admission of the produce of the republic on the most favourable terms both to this country and to all our colonies. This illiberal conduct naturally pro-

voked a strong desire for retaliation on the part of the Colonial Legislatures, and it was proposed to enact differential duties upon American produce imported into Canada and New Brunswick, equivalent to those the United States imposed on Canadian produce. Happily, by silent influence in the one case, and official discouragement in the other, we withheld the colonies from entering on a war of tariffs—which, if there be any truth in the doctrine of free-trade, must have been highly injurious to themselves—in order to avenge a policy which, by the same doctrine, must be principally hurtful to their rivals. Who will say that, in both these cases, our interposition was not warranted, judicious, and beneficial to the colonies; yet would the colonists have readily acquiesced in a “division of powers” which should have withdrawn all their customs’ duties from the control of the local Legislatures, or should have dogmatically pronounced that a bounty on hemp in New Brunswick was a matter of imperial concern? Is not the arrangement better, more liberal, and less irritating as it is?

Again; it is clear that we could not, without scandalous injustice, unreservedly hand over all matters of “local concern” to the legislative authorities of those colonies whose constitution excluded the natives from all share, or from a fair share, in the representation. To do so would be to concede to a small and uncontrolled minority, backed in the last resort by the whole moral and material power of the parent State, the domination over a vast but helpless majority. It would be the enactment of an oligarchy, which would be wholly unrestrained by fear, because it would feel that irresistible might was in reserve behind it. Take the case of Jamaica, where the negroes are at present virtually and intentionally excluded from any prevailing share in the election of their governors. Who would advocate the conferring of unbounded authority on a Legislature composed of planters, giving, in fact, to dispossessed masters absolute power over the fate of their former slaves? Must we not, as a simple measure of decency and justice, either maintain our control over the whites, or confer adequate political privileges on the blacks? Or, in the case of New Zealand, what colonial reformer will urge us to give *absolute* force to the decrees of an Assembly, from the choice of which five-sixths of those most concerned in its decisions are debarred by law? Or, in the case of Tasmania, should we feel perfect satisfaction in conferring plenary powers on a Legislature chosen by a population half of which have been convicts, or are the children of convicts? But, it will be answered, it is not proposed to deprive the Governor, as the Queen’s representative, of his veto upon any enactment that he may deem unjust or injudicious, but only to secure that the Home

Government should not interfere in any matter but such as are obviously of imperial concern. But what would be the chance of peace in a colony where the only check upon the popular body lay in the exercise of a power so perilous and inconvenient, that in this country it has been disused for more than 150 years? And what would be the position of an unfortunate Governor, resident in the colony, at feud with his Legislative Chamber, if unsupported and uninstructed by the authorities at home?

We may refer to two other questions, which will suffice to show the impropriety of the *unreserved* adoption of the principle of leaving colonial matters to exclusive colonial control—the land question and the transportation question. With respect to the first, it may be in the recollection of our readers that in former years the most common mode of disposing of waste lands was by grant or sale at an almost nominal price; that these grants or sales were often of enormous extent, and far beyond the power of the allottee or purchaser to cultivate or use; that two evils resulted from this system: *first*, the retention of large tracts of desert between the improved and inhabited districts, to the manifest retardation of civilisation and prosperity; and *secondly*, the existence of a class of land-jobbers and speculators, who monopolized the most available districts of the colony, and sold the land at their own prices—often extortionate ones—to new emigrants. To prevent the recurrence of these abuses, which had injured all the colonies, and utterly ruined one, (Swan River,) it was resolved and enacted by the Imperial Legislature, after full consideration, that all *grants* of land should cease; that all future sales should be by auction, &c., (we are now speaking of the Australian colonies,) and that the upset price should be £1 an acre; and that of the proceeds of these sales, one-half should be devoted to offering a free passage to such emigrants as the colony might need or desire, and the other half to other public objects within the colony itself. These regulations have frequently been made the subject of fierce and obstinate discussion; but, with slight modifications, they have hitherto been maintained and steadily carried out. Of late, however, some colonists have demanded that the entire management of the Crown lands, and the control over the revenue thence arising, shall be handed over of right to the colonial authorities, without reserve. The Legislative Council of New South Wales put forward this claim in no very ambiguous terms, both in a remonstrance addressed to the Home Government, dated May 1, 1851, and again in a petition dated December 1851, which was presented to the House of Lords by the Duke of Argyll in the following June. They say,—

“The revenue arising from the public lands, derived as it is

'mainly' from the value imparted to them by the labour and capital of the people of this colony, is *as much their property* as the ordinary revenue, and ought, therefore, to be subject only to the like appropriation and control."

Now, as no one denies that the revenue arising from the Crown (or waste) lands of a colony should be expended for the benefit, not of the mother country, but of the colony itself, and as practically they are so expended, the real question in dispute regards the hands in which "the property" of these lands is rightfully vested. And here the Legislative Council of New South Wales are clearly in the wrong. For as Lord Grey remarks, (*Dispatch*, January 23, 1852,) "the right thus defined and claimed, if the expressions of the Council were to be strictly taken, would belong as fully to the 4000 inhabitants of Western Australia as to the 200,000 of New South Wales; nay, would have equally belonged to the first few families which settled in a corner of New Zealand; and would entitle each small community, from the first day of its planting, to the ownership of tracts sufficient to maintain empires." The whole question is so succinctly stated, and it seems to us so effectually set at rest in the following paragraph, that we need do no more than transfer it to our pages.\*

"Both the mother-country and the colonies are deeply interested in preventing the improper and premature alienation of colonial lands, since it is the interest of both that every possible facility should be given to those who may be disposed to leave this country for the purpose of seeking a new home in our colonial dominions. And it is on this account that it seems to me both wise and just that the imperial government and legislature should not, at too early a period, transfer to the local authorities the power of determining under what regulations the crown lands in the colonies should be disposed of. These lands constitute a vast estate, which has been acquired, and to which [nearly] all the value it possesses has been given, by the very large expense which has been incurred by the mother-country in establishing, maintaining, and protecting its colonies. *This estate the Crown holds as trustee for the benefit of all its subjects, not merely of the few thousands who may at this moment inhabit a particular colony, but of the whole British people*, whether resident at home or in the colony; and it is the duty of the servants of the Crown, and of Parliament, to take care that the magnificent property thus held in trust for the good of the whole empire shall be wisely and carefully administered with a view to that object, and not improvidently wasted or sacrificed to the rapacity of a few individuals. But if the power of altering the regulations

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\* The same argument is admirably expounded by the Duke of Argyll, in a letter to the *Times*, dated July 1, 1852.

under which the Crown lands are disposed of were given too soon to every colonial legislature, nothing is more probable than that the small society of a young colony might think it for their interest to share among them, to the exclusion of the other inhabitants of the empire, the lands which belong properly to all; and it is still more probable that, in such a colony, a few rapacious speculators might have sufficient influence to carry changes which would conduce to their personal gain, under the plausible but delusive pretence of promoting the interest of their fellow-colonists.—*Lord Grey's Col. Pol.*, i. 318.

We have alluded to the matter of transportation in connexion with this part of our subject, because, though decidedly an imperial question, and one of vital moment to the mother country, it still concerns the colonies so nearly that there is some ground for their claim to have a voice paramount in its decision; but mainly because their conduct in reference to it has been such as, we think, clearly to shew how little qualified they are to exercise an ultimate and unappealable judgment on matters requiring temper, firmness, and a just consideration of the claims of others, and how necessary is the moderating and restraining influence of the Home Government to stay their hasty actions and to control their intemperate proceedings. It is impossible to peruse the history of the long discussions which have taken place on this subject, and to compare the documents issued by the two parties, without being powerfully impressed with the marked contrast between them,—the violence, the selfishness, the extreme views, the arrogant language, the defiant conduct of the colonists, and their utter inability to look at more than one side of the question, or to take more than a partial view even of that,—and the forbearance, the dignity, the accessibility to argument and remonstrance, the gentle consideration for excited feelings, the anxiety to arrive at the real truth, the wish to avoid all appearance even of coercion, the sedulous effort to understand colonial interests and to conciliate colonial prejudices, the disposition to yield, even when right, rather than to assert her authority or stand upon her strength, and the rigorous abstinence from retaliating language, even when most provoked, which have throughout distinguished, with scarcely an exception, all the proceedings of the mother country, at least for the last fifteen years.

We are not about to defend transportation as a punishment. We have not a word to say on its behalf as originally designed and as formerly conducted. We fully concur in the condemnation which was passed upon it by a Committee of the House of Commons in 1837 and 1838. It was inadequate and unequal as a penalty for crime; it was costly; it was damaging to the morals of the colony and inimical to the interests of civilisation. It was neither wise nor righteous to plant young nations solely

or mainly with criminals and outcasts. So far this country admitted, or rather anticipated, the complaint of the colonists, and it was resolved at once to diminish and confine, and gradually, if possible, to remove the evil altogether. This resolution was taken on a consideration of the whole question, and out of regard to the interests of morality and the reformation and due punishment of the convicts, rather than from any representation or remonstrances from the free colonists, many of whom are still anxious to this day for a continuance of the system, and who still eagerly snap up the convicts as fast as they arrive. The plan adopted, after much difficulty, was this: to inflict a larger portion of the punishment of convicts in this country; to send a larger number to the public works at Bermuda and Gibraltar, and to improve the discipline in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. It was determined also to suspend transportation to the latter place for two years, and in 1840 to cease altogether sending convicts to New South Wales. Great evils, however, arose from the concentration of convicts in Van Dieman's Land consequent on the last resolution; and the last final plan fixed upon, and till now in practice, was this:—every culprit sentenced to transportation undergoes both a penal and a reformatory discipline before he is sent out as an exile; he passes a year of separate confinement and instruction in Pentonville prison; he then spends a longer time (generally two years) in severe labour on the public works at Portland, Dartmoor, Gibraltar, or Bermuda; and then, and not till then, he goes out to Western Australia or Van Dieman's Land, as an "exile," with a ticket of leave, (except in cases of misconduct during his previous term,) *i.e.*, as a labourer under police surveillance. It is evident enough that this last system is wholly different from that transportation against which so just an outcry was raised some years ago. But the colonists of New South Wales and Tasmania have not made this distinction. They have clamoured violently against the introduction of any criminals, even if subjected to this previous discipline, and arriving with certificates of character; they have formed a "league" against them, and have agitated most vehemently on the subject; while, at the Cape, they went still further, and refused both supplies and permission to land to a shipload of comparatively inoffensive Irish convicts,\* several of whom were in weak health, and the superintending surgeon of whom died in consequence of this selfish and inhuman treatment.

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\* Some were political offenders, and most were men who at the time of the famine had been driven by starvation into theft.—*Lord Grey, Col. Pol.*, ii. pp. 210-224.

Now, these reckless proceedings have brought the greatest embarrassment upon the Home Government ; and the difficulty of disposing of its criminals is now aggravated by the gold discoveries, which of course place transportation to the contiguous districts quite out of the question. But the point to which we wish to call attention, is the utter selfishness, one-sidedness, and essential inaccuracy of the view which the colonists—the “ Anti-Convict League ” party among them at least—have throughout taken of the subject. They have thought only of their own wants and wishes, never of their duties ; only of themselves, never of the Empire ; only of the actual majority among them, never of the needs or desires of the differently situated minority. Holding that the mother country ought to bear, as she does, a large proportion of their burdens, they have refused to aid her in bearing one of hers by touching it even with their little finger. In the first place, we must remember that both New South Wales and Van Dieman’s Land were *originally established as penal settlements* ; they were territories belonging to Great Britain in which she (wisely or unwisely is not now in question) resolved to place some of her prisons and penitentiaries ; free emigrants were attracted thither by the advantage of convict-labour ; to that labour and to the large expenditure of the mother country in the maintenance of her penal establishments, these colonies owe their rapid rise and much of their actual prosperity ; if convicts are a nuisance, the settlers went to the nuisance, the nuisance was not sent to them : legally, therefore, their complaint is barred ; if convicts were an advantage, as they unquestionably were, it is surely both selfish and unjustifiable for the colonists, who have made large fortunes and grown rich and powerful through that instrumentality, now to turn round and reproach the Home Government with the very practice by which they have gained so largely. They are no doubt fully entitled to say to Great Britain,—“ We can now dispense with convict labour ; we therefore entreat to be spared any further exposure to what we must regard as a demoralizing influence ; send us no more criminals, or send us them only reformed, in moderate numbers, and under fitting regulations ; ” but surely not to say, as in effect they have done,—“ You are villains to think of swamping us with your pollutions, and we will rebel if you send us another ship. ” In the second place, the opponents of convict emigration appear not to be a very decided, or sincere, or unfluctuating majority, to judge from the vacillating councils which have proceeded from Australia. Three facts at least are certain :—*first*, that a large and flourishing district of New South Wales, Moreton Bay, is clamorous for convict labour, and even claims to be separated into a distinct colony

rather than be deprived of the resource it values so highly; *secondly*, notwithstanding the outcry raised at public meetings and elsewhere, (much of which, there is reason to believe, arises from the labouring classes who fear the effect of competition in reducing their high wages,) the services of convicts are seized upon as soon as they arrive with absolute avidity. In Van Dieman's Land, up to the latest reports, they are engaged with the greatest eagerness the first day of their arrival. And even in Sydney, when the first batch of "ticket-of-leave" men appeared in the "Hashemy" in 1849, nearly all at once obtained respectable employment, although four emigrant ships with 1000 souls on board were at the moment lying in the harbour;\* *thirdly*, that notwithstanding the members of the "Australian League" enter into a solemn league and covenant not to employ any convict servants, yet, in July 1851, it was ascertained, that not fewer than 224 convicts were then in the employment of such members.

In the third place,—and it is important to notice this as shewing how much the objecting colonists are actuated by passion rather than by reason,—they refuse to acknowledge any difference between "exiles," who come to them with tickets-of-leave after having undergone three years of severe reformatory discipline, (during which they have conducted themselves well,) and the convicts who used to be sent straight from the court of justice or the hulks with all their rascality fresh upon them. The refusal to receive the latter was well grounded enough: the refusal to receive the former, is a harsh and selfish denial to men who have sinned and been punished, of an opportunity—*their only opportunity*—of turning over a new leaf and leading a better life. For, in the fourth place, we must bear in mind that the difficulty of disposing of our *liberated* criminals has always been one of the greatest embarrassments of the mother country—the most insoluble problem of criminal jurisprudence. Austria, France, and Russia, have felt it like ourselves. A criminal released from prison in England has literally no resource but renewed crime. He *cannot* obtain decent employment or an honest livelihood. The supply of labour being generally in excess of the demand, the character and antecedents of every applicant are too scrupulously investigated to allow him even a chance. Whereas, by a removal from his old haunts and associates to a land where honest industry will make any man independent, he has every facility and every motive to reform and good behaviour; the mother country benefits doubly by his transference; the colonies gain the advantage of his services in a state of society where manual labour is greatly wanted; while,

\* *Parliamentary Paper*, January 1850, p. 26. Dispatch from Sir C. Fitzroy.

if he undergo a proper course of preliminary discipline, and if the whole number sent be in only moderate proportion to the free population, the moral tone of the convict is far more likely to be raised than that of the community to be lowered. The liberated convict, it should always be remembered, *must be somewhere*. If the general balance of good and evil *for the empire* be looked to, it is beyond dispute that his presence in a well situated colony does less harm and more good than it would anywhere else. And if the interests concerned be taken separately, it must still be admitted that the two first parties to the transaction—viz., the State and the criminal, make a large and undeniable gain, while the colony, if it suffers or risks some moral evil, suffers infinitely less than any old and overcrowded society, in which the convict should be turned loose with far greater inducements to commit fresh crime.

Finally, we wish to observe that the colonies, in refusing to receive selected men with tickets of leave or conditional pardons, are acting not only unkindly and ungenerously, but in excess both of their rights and of their powers. For it cannot be denied that it is in the competence of the Queen to grant a pardon to any criminal at any period during his sentence, on condition of his expatriating himself, or to make this condition a part of his sentence; neither can it be denied that it is in the power of any benevolent individuals in England to form themselves into a society for aiding in the disposal of criminals after the expiration of their term of imprisonment, and for this purpose—and as the best means of achieving this purpose—to purchase lands in Australia, and to send out released criminals either as free occupiers, or as hired labourers of those lands;—neither can it be denied that it is competent for Parliament to vote grants in aid of such a benevolent design,—nor that both the State and private individuals would be perfectly entitled to subscribe funds to furnish these emigrants with a free passage to their new home;—nor would the colonists have any right, nor could they in point of fact exercise any power, to inquire into the moral and social antecedents of emigrants who thus came out to them at their own expense, or at that of the mother country. Many of those who now come out to them free may formerly have committed crimes; many of those sent out by parish authorities probably have; some of those sent out by Mr. Sidney Herbert's society are supposed not to have been immaculate; many of those who have crowded to the gold diggings can scarcely be assumed to have been the best of characters in the old world;—but the Australians neither can nor do prevent their landing, nor in fact have they ever dreamed of advancing such pretensions. Now, in what point does the reception of such released and whitewashed offenders as we have imagined

above—whitewashed as having undergone their punishment and been restored to freedom—differ from that of men arriving with conditional pardons after having passed through Pentonville and Portland, except that the latter are still kept under some surveillance and control, and that the former are not. On no principle can the colonists justly or consistently refuse to receive half-punished and liberated convicts, which would not also warrant them in subjecting every emigrant, on his appearance in their harbours, to a sort of moral quarantine examination, and forbidden "*pratique*" to all who could not prove stainless antecedents and an honourable escutcheon.

When all these considerations are duly weighed ;—when it is remembered that these colonies were founded for the disposal of convicts ; that they have been made what they are mainly by convict labour ; that they were established and have been maintained by Great Britain at a vast expense ; that they form part of a great empire and enjoy the privileges of British subjects ; and that even now we have the burden of protecting and defending them ;—when it is remembered further that the only chance of rescue and redemption for the guilty and the punished lies in being removed to a new land, and in being dispersed as widely as possible over the world, and that to compel them to remain in England is to doom them to crime and misery for ever ; and moreover that the burden, the embarrassment, and the danger, which are so great to us, would be comparatively slight to the Colonies ;—we think it will be generally felt that the conduct of the parties we have referred to has been, as regards the criminals, cruel and unchristian, and, as regards the country from which they are an offset, and the empire of which they form a part, selfish, ungenerous, ungrateful, and unfeeling—defensible upon no sound arguments, and springing from no creditable source.\*

Let us now look back and recapitulate in a few words the conclusions at which we have arrived in the course of this long paper. We have been obliged to concede the whole argument of the mere Economist, and to admit that the mother country derives no assignable or material benefit from the retention of her dependencies, which would not equally accrue to her were they separate and free, and that she incurs great expense, heavy anxieties, and obvious risks on their behalf ;—that, nevertheless, she is bound to retain them—though not indefinitely, forcibly, nor with an unrelaxing grasp—out of regard to the welfare of the colonists themselves, in justice to the native and inferior

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\* We must be understood as expressing no opinion as to the advisability of continuing transportation *now*, under the existing circumstances : we have here considered the question simply with regard to the conduct of the colonies as indicative of fitness, or the contrary, for *uncontrolled* legislative action.

racers who inhabit them, and with a view to the highest interests of human civilisation; and that, by rendering the connexion permanent and maintaining our colonial empire unbroken, under just, wise, and liberal regulations, we shall be securing a glorious future both for them and for ourselves. We have seen, too, that while the main *principles* which should guide our policy towards our colonies are clear, simple, indisputable, and undisputed, the *rules* which must regulate the application of those principles to each individual case, cannot be strictly defined or laid down beforehand, but must be left to the discretion of the Home Government, controlled and watched by that public opinion which, as it is daily becoming more alert and more enlightened, is also daily becoming more and more our chief safeguard against abuses in all departments. We have seen that while many cases occur in which right and justice as well as the interests of the colony and of the empire require the control of the parent state, yet that the object at which we have to aim is to reach the maximum of self-government, and the minimum of metropolitan interposition; and that representative institutions should be conferred, and the powers assigned to them extended, as fast as the elements of them can be created and augmented; till, in process of time, nearly all our actual colonies shall become virtually independent states, and faithful and attached allies—bound to us only by that silken tie which is stronger and more enduring than hoops of iron or bands of brass.

In what mode, and through the intervention of what minister or council, the necessary government of Crown colonies is to be carried on, and the indispensable amount of control over representative colonies to be exercised, is an important branch of the subject, of which we have given ourselves little room to speak. Some have suggested the creation of a sort of Consultative Council of ten or twelve members, representatives from each colony or group of colonies, to whom all the dispatches of the Secretary of State should be submitted, and who should in fact form a kind of cabinet for advising and assisting him, but without any veto on his ultimate decision. We see few objections to this scheme, and it is possible that much good might arise from it.\* Others have recommended that each colony shall have the right of sending one or more representatives (according to its population and importance) to the Imperial Parliament, who should have precisely the same privileges as any other senators, and be as eligible to all offices under the Crown. There

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\* This suggestion is admirably argued in the October Number of the *Westminster Review*, p. 422, *et seq.*

are, no doubt, certain objections to this scheme, (some of which were succinctly stated in a recent Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, October 1852, p. 499,) but it would probably have a greater effect than any other scheme as a permanent bond of union between the different portions of the empire. Every Australian, Canadian, or New Zealander, would then feel that he was indeed a British citizen, and might aspire in common with the rest to the great prizes of Imperial ambition; while the representative who had served a certain time in the British Parliament would carry back with him to his native province a standard of requirement as to public manners, morals, and talent, which would act with admirable effect upon colonial society. Everybody allows that there is no education like that of the House of Commons, and certainly it is nowhere more needed than in our colonies. The closer the connexion between them and the mother country can be made in every way, the more will her moderating and refining influence be felt. We confess, however, that we are less anxious than most as to the mere form and mechanical arrangement of the colonial department of government at home. As long as the British public knew nothing and cared nothing about the outlying dependencies of the empire, the constitution of this department was a matter of serious and undeniable importance. But this is now no longer the case: every day our interest and knowledge respecting colonial affairs are on the increase, and henceforth we have no fear that they will not engross their full share of attention. That attained, the colonies are safe: as soon as the vigilant eye of the public and the press is brought to bear on the conduct of the Secretary of State, there can be no more neglect, or jobbing, or abuse, or oppression: no Minister for his soul dare commit deliberate or reckless wrong. Mistakes there may be, errors of judgment there may be, occasional misunderstandings even, of the essence of important questions,—to these any minister, any council, any assembly, will be liable, and we confess we are no believers in the inherent superiority and infallible wisdom of colonial delegates and colonial assemblies;—but with public opinion as the watch-dog, and public reprobation as the penalty, the colonies may rest secure that the highest talent, the most sedulous care, and the strictest conscientiousness which the political world of Britain can produce, will be applied to their concerns as certainly and impartially as to those of the empire at large, or of the metropolis where Parliament holds its sittings.\*

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\* We would call the attention of our readers to a paper of singular ability which appeared in the *Westminster Review* for October 1852, entitled "Our Colonial Empire."

ART. III.—1. *The Military Miscellany*. By HENRY MARSHALL, M.D. 1846.

2. *Speech by the Secretary at War, on moving the Estimates for the Army*. February 25, 1853.

3. *Report of the Sickness, Mortality, and Invaliding of the Troops in Great Britain, the Mediterranean, and British America*. By Lieutenant-Colonel TULLOCH and Dr. T. G. BALFOUR. March 31, 1853.

TWENTY years ago, the British soldier (taking ninety-nine out of a hundred) was a man who, when in the eye of the law a minor, had in a fit of passion, or when drunk, or from idleness, want, or to avoid civil punishment, sold his personal liberty, his life—in one word, himself—to the State without reservation. In return for this, he got a bounty of £3, 10s., which, however, was taken back as soon as he was sworn, to pay for his outfit—his kit, as it is called, and he enjoyed an annuity of 1s. 1d. a day, out of which, after paying his share of the mess, his shoes, &c., there remained of daily surplus about 3d. The State provided lodging and medical attendance, and the *name*, but little else, of religious and general education. In return, he put his will in the hands of the State, and was bound, at any time, and upon any ground, to destroy any other man's life or lose his own, at the word of command.\* He was, as rapidly as possible, drilled into that perfect man-slaying instrument, that consumm-

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\* Our readers cannot fail to remember Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröck's account of this in that fantastic and delightful book, "*Sartor Resartus*":—"What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of soldiers and of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil in the British village of Drumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies of the French,' there are necessarily selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Drumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, and another build, another hammer or stitch, and the weakest can stand under thirty pounds avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected, all dressed in red, and shipped away at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed and scourged there till wanted. And now to that same spot in the south of Spain are thirty French handicraftsmen from a French Drumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort and expense, the two parties actually meet, and thirty stand confronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'fire' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful workmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest; they lived far enough apart, nay, in so wide a world, there was even unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their governors had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make their poor blockheads shoot. In that fiction of the English Smollet, it is true,

mate destroyer, that we and our enemies know him to be. And having no hope, no self-respect, no spiritual progression, nothing to look forward to, he sank into the sullen, stupid, indomitable human bull-dog. He lived in hopeless celibacy, shut out from any but the worst influences of the other sex. He became proverbially drunken, licentious, and profane. He knew his officer only to obey him, and often to hate and despise him. Memory and hope died within him; for what had he to remember but his own early follies and fatal enlistment, or to anticipate but the chances of his being killed, or dying wretchedly of disease, or turned off a stupid, helpless, and friendless old man? No wonder that he was, as is proved by the greater frequency of suicide in military than in civil life, more miserable and less careful of himself than other men. His daily routine was somewhat as follows:—He was drummed out of bed at five o'clock, his room being a large common dormitory, where the words of three or four blackguards might make all the rest comfortless and silent. He rushed out of doors to the pump, and washed himself out of his hands as he best could, and went to drill; breakfasted substantially, then out to parade, where he must be in proper trim, pipe-clay immaculate; then to go through the everlasting round of "Attention! Eyes right! Stand at ease," &c. Dinner at one o'clock, of excellent broth and meat, and after that nothing to do till nine at night, or to eat till breakfast next morning.

Can there be any wonder that the subjects of this system became so often drunkards, and ran into all sorts of low dissipation, ruining themselves, soul and body? Much of this evil is of course inherent and necessary; it is founded in the constitution of man that such should be, in the main, the result of such an unnatural state of things. But within twenty years there have been numerous improvements. The soldier is now a freer, happier, healthier man, more intelligent and moral, and certainly not less efficient than he ever was since the institution of a standing army.

In his admirable speech in February last, when moving the estimates for the army, Mr. Sidney Herbert made the following remark:—"He did not believe that at any period had the soldier been more comfortable than at the present moment;" he might safely have said as comfortable as at the present moment. After shewing that, by strict and continuous vigilance in this department, in eighteen years, since 1835, "the pattern year of economy," there had been a reduction of £132,766, as compared with the estimate of that year, while, for the smaller sum, we

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the final cessation of war is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth when the two 'natural enemies' (France and Britain) in person take each a tobacco pipe filled with brimstone, light the same, and smoke in each other's faces till one or both give in."

maintained 21,000 men more, the cost of each man being £42, 15s. 11d. in 1835, and in the present year £40, 3s. 6d., £10 of this being for the cost of the officers, making the expense of each private £30, 3s. 6d.; after making this exposition of the greater economy in the production and maintenance of our soldiers, Mr. Herbert went on to shew that this had been effected not only without in any way curtailing their comforts, but with an immense increase in their material and moral wellbeing. We shall mention some of the more marked causes and proofs of this gratifying and remarkable improvement, in the condition of the army, as regards the intelligence, morality, health, and general condition of the common soldier.

1st. *The good-conduct pay* has been increased to £65,000 a year. Formerly, every man got an increase of pay for long service; now he gets 1d. a day added to his pay at the end of every five years—it was at first seven—provided he has been clear of the defaulters' book for two years, and he carries one-half of it to his pension, in addition to the amount he is entitled to for length of service. This scheme is working well.

2d. *Barrack libraries* have been instituted, and with signal benefit. There are now 150 libraries, with 117,000 volumes, and 16,000 subscribers, the men giving a penny a month.

3d. *Regimental schools*, proposed by Mr. Herbert, and carried excellently out by Lord Panmure. After encountering much prejudice and objection, this plan is going on prosperously. There are now employed with different corps, 60 masters and 16 assistants, all of whom are taken from commissioned and non-commissioned officers. In the 77th Regiment, the school-roll amounts to 538 adults; the 35th, to 371; the 82d, to 270. This attendance is voluntary, and it is paid for; the only compulsory attendance being in the case of recruits, so long as drilling lasts.

4th. *Savings banks*, established in 1844. In 1852, the number of depositors was 9,447; the amount deposited, £111,920.

5th. *Diminution of punishments*.—In 1838, the number of corporal punishments was 879; in 1851, 206; and in 1852—the return being for the troops at home, and half the force on foreign stations—they were as low as 96, and all this without the slightest relaxation of discipline. In 1838, the number of persons tried by courts-martial was in proportion to the entire effective force as 1 in 11½. Now, it is only 1 in 16.

6th. *Increased Longevity*.—There never were so few deaths per annum as at present. At the Mauritius and Ceylon the mortality has fallen from 43½ to 22½ per 1000—nearly one-half; and at Hong-Kong, too famous for its deadly climate, more than one-half—150 to 69; while, in the East and West Indies

and the Cape, in spite of pestilence and war, the diminution of deaths is most strongly marked. Add to all this, that unlimited service—the legal sanction of a man selling himself for life—no longer exists, having been abolished in 1847—thanks to Lord Panmure's courage and wisdom; and we have an amount of misery, degradation, and crime prevented, and of comfort, health, and workmanlike efficiency gained, which it would be no easy matter to estimate at its full value and degree. In the case of such an immense public benefit, it is well to do our best to indicate in what quarter, and in what measure, as a nation, whom all this concerns so deeply, our gratitude and praise are due. To what, and to whom, do we owe all this?

The *what* is not far to seek. Under God, we owe this change for the better, like so many others which we are enjoying and forgetting, to that mighty agent which is in our day doing such wonders, and which will yet do more and greater—the spirit of the age—public opinion—of which, when so manifestly working out the highest interests of man, we may conditionally, and with reverence, say, in the words of “the Book of Wisdom,” that it is “the very breath of the power of God—an understanding spirit—kind to man, ready to do good, one only, yet manifold, not subject to hurt, which cannot be letted.” This great social element, viewless, impalpable, inevitable, untameable as the wind; vital, elastic, all-penetrating, all-encompassing as the air we breathe, the very soul of the body politic, is—like the great laws of nature, of which, indeed, it is itself one, for ever at its work; and like its Divine Author and Guide goes about continually doing good. Without it, what could any man, any government do for the real good of mankind? It cannot be letted. If you are against it, get out of its way as you best can, and stand aside and wonder at its victorious march; if you will not rather go with it and by it. This is that tide in the affairs of men—a *Deo, ad Deum*—that onward movement of the race in knowledge, in power, in worth, in happiness, which, with its eternal music, and power, and motion, has gladdened and cheered all who believe, and who, through long ages of gloom, and misery, and havoc, have still believed that truth is strong, next to the Almighty—that goodness is the law of His universe, and happiness its end, and who have faith in

“That God which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.”

It is a tide that has never turned; unlike the poet's, it does the behest of no waning and waxing orb, it follows the eye of Him

who is without variableness or the shadow of turning. And no man has yet taken it at its flood. It has its flux and reflux, its ebb and flow, its darkness and its bright light, its storm and calm; and, as a child who watched the rising tide, and saw one wave in the act of withdrawing itself, might, if it saw no more, say, *it was retreating*, so with the world's progress in liberty, happiness, and virtue; some may think its best is over, its fulness past, its ebb far on; but let the child look again—let the patriot be of good cheer, and watch and trust the next wave, it may be a ninth, curling his monstrous head and hanging it—how it sweeps higher up the beach, tosses aside as very little things, into ruin and oblivion, or passes clear over the rocks and the noisy bulwarks of man's device, which had for long fretted and turned aside and baffled all former waves, these once formidable barriers may be seen far down in the clear waters, undisturbing and undisturbed—the deep covering them—and the cunning and studious eye may now see what they really were, how little or how big. If our readers wish to illustrate how the power of public opinion, this tide of time, deals with its enemies and with its friends—how it settles its quarrels and attains its ends, and how, all at once and unexpectedly, it may be seen flowing in, without let or hinderance,

“Whispering how meek and gentle it can be,”

let him go down to the sea-shore, and watch the rising tide, coming on lazily at first, as if without aim or pith, turned aside by any rock, going round it, covering it by and by, swayed and troubled by every wind, shadowed by every passing cloud, as if it were the ficklest of all things, and had no mind of its own; he will, however, notice, if he stays long enough, that there is one thing it is always doing, the one thing it most assuredly will do, and that is, to move on and up, to deepen and extend. So is it with the advance of truth and goodness over our world. Whatever appearances may be, let us rest assured the tide is in the main making, and is on its way to its fulness.

We are aware that in speaking of such matters, it is not easy to avoid exaggeration both in thought and expression; but we may go wrong, not less by feeling and speaking too little, than by feeling and speaking too much. It is profane and foolish to deify public opinion, or, indeed, any thing; but it is not right, it is not safe to err on the other side, and ignore and vilipend. In one sense public opinion is a very commonplace subject, in another it is one of the chiefest of the ways of God, one of the most signal instruments in his hand, for moving on to their consummation his undisturbed affairs. There never was a time in the world's history, and there never was a nation, in which this

mighty agent made head as it is doing now, and in ours. Everywhere and over every department of human suffering and need, it is to be found arising with healing under its wings. That it goes wrong and does wrong is merely to say that it works by human means; but that in the main it is on the right road and on the right errand, and that thus far it is divine, and has in it the very breath of the power of God, no man surely who discerns the times and the seasons, will deny; to use the eloquent words of Maurice—"In a civilized country—above all, in one which possesses a free press—there is a certain power, mysterious and indefinite in its operations, but producing the most obvious and mighty effects, which we call public opinion. It is vague, indefinite, intangible enough, no doubt; but is not that the case with all the powers which affect us most in the physical world? The further men advance in the study of nature, the more these incontrollable, invincible forces make themselves known. If we think with some of mysterious affinities, of some one mighty principle which binds the elements of the universe together, why should we not wonder, also, at these moral affinities, this more subtle magnetism, which bears witness that every man is connected by the most intimate bonds with his neighbour, and that no one can live independently of another?"

We believe that in the future, and it may be not very far off history of our world, this associative principle, this attractive, quickening power, is destined to work wonders in its own region, to which the marvels of physical science in our days will be as nothing. Society, as a great normal institute of human nature, is a power whose capacities in its own proper sphere of action, such as it now exhibits, or has ever exhibited, and such as it is destined hereafter to exhibit, are to each other as is the weight, the momentum of a drop of water, to the energy of that drop converted into steam and compressed and set a-working. We believe this will be one of the crowning discoveries and glories of our race, about which, as usual, we have been long enough, and of which, when it comes, every one will say, How did we never discover that before?—how easy, how simple! Society is of the essence of unfallen man; it is normal; it preceded and will survive the loss of Eden; it belongs to the physiology of human nature. Government, be it of the best, must always have to do (and the more strictly the better) with its pathology—with its fall. Were original sin abolished to-morrow, the necessity, the very materials of Government would cease. Society and all her immense capabilities would once more be at home, and full of life, and go on her way rejoicing. Education, religion, and many other things, all belong by right and by natural fitness to Society; and Government has been trying for

thousands of years to do her work and its own, and has bungled both, as a matter of course.

But we have less to do at present with this wonder-working power, than with those who were the first to direct and avail themselves of it, for forwarding and securing the welfare of the common soldier who had been so long shut out from its beneficent impulse.

These men, simple-minded, public-spirited, industrious, resolute, did not work for gratitude—they would have worked all the better, however, with it. They are gone elsewhere, where no gratitude of ours can affect them; but it is not the less right, and good, and needful for that great creature, the public, to feel this gratitude, and let it go forth in hearty acknowledgment. This is a state of mind which blesses quite as much him who gives, as him who receives; and nothing would tend more to keep the public heart right, and the public conscience quick and powerful, than doing our best to discover what we owe, and to whom; and as members of the body politic let our affection and admiration take their free course. One of the best signs of our times is the extension, and deepening, and clarifying of this sense of public duty, of our living not for ourselves, of what we owe to those who have served their generation—the practical recognition, in a word, not only that we should love our neighbours as ourselves, but that according to the interpretation of the word, reserved for the Divine Teacher, every man is our neighbour.

The difficulties in the way of any amelioration in the moral condition and bodily comforts of the soldier, must of necessity be great, and all experience confirms this. A body of men such as, in a country like ours, a standing army with service for life, and pay below the wages of the labouring classes, must unavoidably consist of, is one the reform of which might deter and dishearten any man, and excuse most. How often have we been told that flogging was a necessary evil; that unlimited service was the stay of the army; that knowledge would make the men discontented, and useless, and mischievous! "Soldiers," said Mr. Pulteney in 1732, "are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws. Blind obedience is their *only* principle." Bruce, in his "Institutions of Military Law, 1717," gives what we doubt not was a true account of the composition of European armies in his day:—"If all infamous persons, and such as have committed capital crimes, heretics, atheists, (!) and all dastardly and effeminate men, were weeded out of the army, it would soon be reduced to a pretty moderate number, the greater part of the soldiery being men of so ignoble, disingenuous tempers, that they cannot be made obedient to the allurements of rewards; nay, coercion being,

generally speaking, the surest principle of all vulgar obedience. There is, therefore," he grimly adds, "another part of military institution fitted to such men's capacities, and these are the various punishments" (and such a catalogue of horrors!) "awarded to their crimes, which, as goads, may *drive these brutish creatures who will not be attracted.*"\* We are now at last trying the principle of attraction, and are finding it succeeds here, as it does elsewhere—keeping all things sweet and strong, from the majestic ordinances of heaven, to the guidance of a village school. It is too true that Lord Melville in 1808, in his place in the House of Lords, when opposing Mr. Wyndham's most humane and judicious Army Bill, said, "*the worst men make the best soldiers,*" and if we look back on the history of the army, the degradations, and miseries, and hardships of the common soldier, we cannot help inferring that this monstrous dogma had been even improved upon, so as to reduce to their lowest the characteristics of humanity, and resolve his entire nature into one mass of strength and stupidity. With such opinions as Lord Melville's prevailing in civil, and not less in military life, it was no easy matter to set up as a military reformer. If the worst man made the best soldier, it was a contradiction in terms to think of making the man in any degree better. The converse was the logical sequence; to find the worst man, and by all means make him a worser still. Things are changed, and have been changing; and that humane spirit, that sense of responsibility as regards the happiness and welfare of our fellow-men on which we have already enlarged, and which is one of the most signal blessings of our time, has penetrated into this region, and Lord Melville's dogma is in the fair way of being overthrown and reversed. It is now no longer legal for a British subject to sell himself, body and soul, for life. For this we have mainly to thank Lord Panmure, one of the ablest and best secretaries the War Office has ever seen. But while we most heartily acknowledge the great services of Lord Hardinge, Lord Grey, Mr. Ellice, Sir George Arthur, Sir Charles Napier, Colonel Lindsay, Lord Panmure, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and many others, in urging and carrying out all these ameliorations and reforms; and while we cannot easily overrate the value of the labours of Lieutenant-Colonel Tulloch and Dr. Graham Balfour in working out the vital statistics of the army, and demonstrating their practical bearing on the prevention of misery and crime and death, and the increased comfort and efficiency of the service; we are, we feel sure, only saying what every one of these public-spirited

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\* This was not the principle of one of the greatest of men and of soldiers. Cicero says of Julius Cæsar, there was never an *iro* in his commands, but only a *VENI*, as if he scorned to be less or more than their leader.

men will be the readiest to confirm, that to the late *Dr. Henry Marshall* is due the merit of having been the first in this great field,—the sower of the seed,—the setter agoing of this current of research and reform which has achieved so much. There is not one of these many improvements which he did not, in his own quiet, but steady and unflinching way, argue for, and urge, and commend, and *prove*, many years before they were acknowledged or taken up by the higher authorities. We find him, when a mere lad, at the Cape, in the beginning of the century, making out tables of the diseases of the soldiers, of the comparative health of different stations, and ages, and climates; investigating the relation of degradation, ignorance, crime, and ill usage, to the efficiency of the army and to its cost; and from that time to the last day of his life devoting his entire energies to devising and doing good to the common soldier. And all this, to say the least of it, without much assistance from his own department, (the medical,) till the pleasant time came when the harvest was to be reaped and the sheaves taken victoriously home.

“Have you seen Marshall’s Miscellany?” said a friend to Mr. Fox Maule, when he was Secretary at War. “Seen it!” exclaimed he, “why, Marshall’s book is my Bible in all that relates to the welfare of the soldier.” And it is not less honourable to our present Commander-in-Chief than to Dr. Marshall, that when presented by the author with a copy of this book, his Lordship said, “Your book should be in the hands of every army surgeon and in every orderly-room in the service.” Any man who knows what the army is and was, and what the prejudices of the best military men often were,—and who has also read thoroughly the work we refer to, and has weighed well all it is for, and all it is against, and all that it proves,—will agree with us in saying, that for Lord Hardinge to express, and for Dr. Marshall to deserve, such a compliment, is no small honour to both.

Dr. Marshall, to have done so much good, made the least noise about it of any public man we ever knew. He was eminently quiet in all his ways; the very reverse of your loud man; he made no spasmodic efforts, he did nothing by fits or starts, nothing for effect; he flowed on *incredibili lenitate*, with a ceaseless and clear and powerful flow. He was a philosopher without knowing it, and without many others knowing it; but, if to trace effects up to their causes, to bring good out of evil, and order out of confusion, to increase immensely the happiness of his fellow-men, be wisdom, and the love of it, then was this good man a philosopher indeed.

Henry Marshall was born in the parish of Kilsyth in 1775. His father was a man of singular simplicity and worth, and besides

his own excellent example, gave both his sons a college education. In May 1803 Henry became surgeon's mate in the royal navy, a service he left in September 1804; and in January 1805 was appointed assistant-surgeon to the Forfarshire regiment of militia. In April 1806 he became assistant-surgeon to the first battalion of the 89th regiment, which embarked in February 1807 for South America, thence to the Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon. In May 1809 he was appointed assistant-surgeon to a colonial regiment in Ceylon, in which island he remained until the spring of 1821, when he returned to England.

We shall now give a short account of his principal writings, and of the effect they had in attaining the great object of his long and active life, which, in his own words, was "to excite attention to the means which may meliorate the condition of the soldier, and exalt his moral and intellectual character."

1821.—"Notes on the Medical Topography of the Interior of Ceylon, and on the Health of the Troops employed in the Provinces during the years 1815 to 1820, with brief Remarks on the prevailing Diseases." London, 1821. 8vo, pp. 228. The great merit of this little book consisted in the numerical statistics it contains regarding the mortality and diseases of the troops—a *new feature* in medical works at the time it was published.

His next publication was in 1823.—"Observations on the Health of the Troops in North Britain, during a period of Seven years, from 1816 to 1822."—*London Medical and Physical Journal*. The numerical portion of these observations was an attempt, and at that time a *novel one*, to collect and arrange the facts illustrative of the amount of sickness and the ratio of mortality among a body of troops for a specific period.

In November 1823 Dr. Marshall was removed from Edinburgh to Chatham, and in April 1825 was appointed to the recruiting depôt, Dublin. In 1826 he published "Practical Observations on the Inspection of Recruits, including Observations on Feigned Diseases."—*Edin. Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xxvi. pp. 225.

1828.—"Hints to Young Medical Officers of the Army on the Examination of Recruits and the Feigned Disabilities of Soldiers." London, 1828. 8vo, pp. 224. The official documents contained in this volume are interesting, in as far as they shew the difficulty of the duty of selecting recruits, and the very limited information the authorities, both military and medical, appear to have had on the subject. It is full of interest even to the general reader, opening up one of the most singular and most painful manifestations of human character, and affording the strongest proofs of the inherent misery and degradation of the

life of the British common soldier. In reading it, it is difficult to know which to wonder most at—the despair and misery that must prompt, the ingenuity that can invent, and the dogged resolution that can carry out into prolonged execution, and under every species of trial, the endless fictions of every conceivable kind therein described; or the shrewdness, the professional sagacity, and the indomitable energy with which Dr. Marshall detects, and gives to others the means of detecting, these refuges of lies. This is the only book in our language on this subject.

In January 1828, Sir Henry (now Viscount) Hardinge was appointed Secretary at War. One of the numerous important subjects connected with the administration of the war department which early engaged his attention, was the large and rapidly increasing pension list. For a period of several months he laboured hard to obtain information, on the practical working of the existing pensioning warrants, chiefly from the unsatisfactory documents found at Chelsea Hospital. He soon discovered many abuses in the system then in operation. As a means of helping him to abate the abuses in question, he directed a Medical Board to assemble, of which Dr. Marshall was appointed a member, the specific duty of the Board being as follows:—"For the purpose of revising the regulations which relate to the business of examining and deciding upon the cases of soldiers recommended for discharge from the service." "The object of the proposed inquiry is to ascertain what description of disabilities ought to be pensioned and what not." The pension list at this time stood as follows:—

- 19,065 pensioners, at 6d. a-day, average age thirty-one years; alleged causes of being discharged, injuries or bad health.
- 16,630 at 9d. a-day, for service and disability combined.
- 21,095 at 1s. a-day, for length of service and wounds.
- 1,100 at 1s. 9d., blind.
- 27,625 no causes of disability assigned.

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85,515

The list had increased greatly during a period of peace, and it was annually increasing. The mean rate of pension was 10½d., and the annual amount £1,436,663; the annual rate of mortality among the pensioners being about four per cent.

During the sitting of the Board, Dr. Marshall collected some practical information on the pensioning question; and on returning to Dublin, in December 1828, he drew up a comprehensive scheme for pensioning soldiers, upon what he considered improved principles. Under the title of "*Cursory Observations on the Pensioning of Soldiers*" he forwarded his scheme to Sir Henry Hardinge; and he had the satisfaction of finding that a new pen-

sioning warrant was made, founded on the same principles as his "Scheme," namely, 1<sup>st</sup>, length of service; 2<sup>d</sup>, wounds received before the enemy; 3<sup>d</sup>, greatly impaired health after fifteen years' service; 4<sup>th</sup>, anomalous disabilities, special cases, which require to be particularly considered. By Mr. Wyndham's Act of 1806 every man who was discharged as disabled was entitled to a pension for life, without reference to the time he had served; and, by the subsequent amendments and alterations, disabilities and not service constituted the chief claim for a pension. This mode of obtaining a pension opened a wide door for fraud of various kinds.

The Pensioning Warrant of the Secretary at War went through a number of editions, both in manuscript and in print.

In 1829, Dr. Marshall published "Observations on the Pensioning of Soldiers."—*United Service Journal*, 1829, part ii. p. 317.—This paper has a peculiar interest, inasmuch as it gives an account of the frauds which had been committed in the army by the erasure and alteration of figures, and which had only lately been discovered. The falsification of records by this means was found, upon investigation, to have been practised to a considerable extent in almost every regiment in the service.

1829.—"Historical Notes on Military Pensions."—*United Service Journal*.

1830.—"Notes on Military Pensions."—*United Service Journal*.

Early in 1830, Dr. Marshall communicated to Sir H. Hardinge a paper on the abuse of intoxicating liquors by the European troops in India, and on the impolicy of uniformly and indiscriminately issuing spirit rations to soldiers. An abstract of this paper was subsequently published under the following title:—

1830.—"Observations on the Abuse of Spirituous Liquors by the European Troops in India, and of the Impolicy of uniformly and indiscriminately issuing Spirit Rations to Soldiers."—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, vol. xli. p. 10.

Lord Hardinge carried into effect the suggestions contained in this paper with remarkable promptitude; indeed it would be difficult to praise too highly his Lordship's conduct in this matter, whether in regard to his discrimination in perceiving and appreciating the evils of the usage, his firmness in abolishing it at once, or his wisdom and courage in surmounting the prejudices of a large portion of all ranks of the army. Within a week after he received it, he had commenced measures to abolish the indiscriminate issue of spirit rations to soldiers on board ship and on foreign stations. So long as a quantity of spirits, amounting to about six or seven ounces, (in India it was the 20<sup>th</sup> part of a gallon,) formed part of the regular diet or daily ration of a soldier,

which he was obliged to swallow or to throw away, what rational hope could be entertained that the exertions of commanding officers, however well directed, would have much effect in checking drunkenness? The indiscriminate daily use of spirits, is not necessary for the efficiency or health of troops in any climate, and their abuse is a fertile source of disabilities, diseases, and crimes, both moral and military. To drink daily nearly half a pint of spirits was then a part of the *duty* of a soldier; and that this duty might be effectually executed, it was the usage of the service, in many stations, to have it performed under the superintendence of a commissioned officer, who certified to his commanding officer that he had witnessed each man drink his dram or ration of spirits! Perhaps a more successful plan for converting temperate men into drunkards could not have been invented.

Dr. Marshall was attached to the War Office until 1830, when he was promoted to the rank of deputy inspector of hospitals by Sir H. Hardinge. Here ended his active service in the army, and he was placed on half-pay.

Shortly after the promulgation of the instructions for the guidance of medical officers in the duty of examining recruits, which were drawn up by Dr. Marshall, and were the result of a most laborious and difficult inquiry, it occurred to Sir H. Hardinge, that the publication of this document, together with the pensioning warrant, and other relative papers, accompanied by a suitable commentary, would be useful, if published in a small volume, for the information of officers of the army; with this object Dr. Marshall published in—

1832,—“On the Enlisting, the Discharging, and the Pensioning of Soldiers, with the Official Documents on these branches of Military Duty.” London, 1832. 8vo, pp. 243.

In the summer of this year Dr. Marshall married Anne, eldest daughter of James Wingate, Esq. of Westshiels. This union was, as he often said, the best earthly blessing of a long and happy life.

1833.—“Contributions to Statistics of the Army, with some Observations on Military Medical Returns. No. I.”—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xl., p. 36.

It would be a work of supererogation for us to say one word in favour of military statistics, as a means of illustrating the condition of an army. For some time, however, after the publication of this paper, the utility of condensing and arranging medical returns was but very partially recognised; and Dr. Marshall's “array” of figures was laughed and sneered at by some who ought to have known better.

1833.—“Contributions to Statistics of the Army. No. II.”—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xl., p. 307.

1834.—“Sketch of the Geographical Distribution of Diseases.”—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xxxviii., p. 330.

1834.—“Abstract of the Returns of the Sick of the Troops belonging to the Presidency of Fort-George, Madras, for the years 1827 to 1830.”—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xxxix., p. 133.

1834.—“On the Mortality of the Infantry of the French Army.”—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xlii., p. 34.

1835.—“Observations on the Influence of a Tropical Climate, upon the Constitution and Health of Natives of Great Britain.”—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xlv., p. 28.

1835.—“Contributions to Statistics of the British Army. No. III.”—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xlv., p. 353.

In 1835 Dr. Marshall, along with Lieutenant-Colonel Tulloch, (who has done such excellent service since,) was appointed to investigate the statistics of the sickness, mortality, and invaliding of the British army. Their report on the sickness, mortality, and invaliding among the troops in the West Indies was laid before Parliament the following year.

This report produced a change which was nothing short of a revolution in this department of military polity; it destroyed the old established notion of *seasoning*. The period of service in Jamaica used to be nine or ten years; this is now divided between it and the Mediterranean stations and British America. The reason alleged for keeping them so long in so notoriously unhealthy stations, was the military and medical fallacy, that Europeans by length of residence became “seasoned.” This fallacy, which had been the source of so much misery, and crime, and death, and expense, was completely dissipated by these statistical returns, from which it was found that (as in every other case) mortality depended upon *age*, and that young soldiers lived longer there than older ones, however “seasoned” by residence or disease. The annual mortality of the troops in Jamaica was thirteen in the hundred by the medical returns, but the actual mortality amounted to about two per cent. more, a mortality of which we may give some idea, by stating that a soldier serving one year in Jamaica encountered as much risk of life as in six such actions as Waterloo,—there one in forty fell, in Jamaica one in seven annually. No wonder that the poor soldier, knowing that eight or nine years must elapse before he left this deadly place, and seeing a seventh comrade die every year, lost all hope, mind and body equally broken down, and sank into drunkenness and an *earlier* grave. He eventually concluded, that it is a glorious climate where a man is always dry and has always plenty to drink. Another evil pointed out by this able report, was that produced by the

use of salted provisions. This practice was immediately changed. It also brought to light a very curious and very important fact, that in the barracks situated in Maroon Town, Jamaica, 2000 feet above the sea, the annual mortality was only 32 per 1000, while in Up-Park Camp, nearly on the level of the sea, it was 140 per 1000. The knowledge of this extraordinary, but, till the report, undiscovered fact, has been acted upon with eminent benefit; so much so that, had it been known during the seventeen years previously, the lives of 1387 men, and the loss of £27,740, might have been saved. We never met with a more remarkable instance of the beneficial effects of statistics.\*

1837.—"Contribution to Statistics of the Sickness and Mortality which occurred among the Troops employed on the Expedition to the Scheldt, in the year 1809."—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xlviii. p. 305.

1839.—"Contribution to Statistics of Hernia among Recruits for the British, and Conscripts for the French Army."—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. l., p. 15.

1839.—"On the Enlisting, Discharging, and Pensioning of Soldiers, with the Official Documents on these branches of Military Duty." Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1839.

1846.—"Military Miscellany." 8vo. London, 1846.

This most entertaining and effective book is a complete epitome of its author's mind and character, it has something of everything that was characteristic of him. Although dissuaded by his military friends from—with only one exception—publishing it, as being likely to produce dissatisfaction in the ranks, and offend commanding officers; no such effect followed, but the very reverse. It is, as its name denotes, not so much a treatise, as a body of multifarious evidence, enabling any man of ordinary humanity and sense, to make up his mind on the various questions handled in it,—Recruiting—enlistment—moral and physical qualities of recruits—duration of engagement—suicide in the army, its greater frequency than in civil life, and the reason of this—punishments—rewards—vices and virtues of soldiers—pensions—education; these, and such like, are the subjects which are not so much discussed, as exhibited and proved. At the time the *Miscellany* came out many things concurred in rapidly promoting its great end. The public mind having been enlightened on the evils of flogging in the army, and perpetual service, was bestirring itself in its own rough and vague, but energetic way; there was a "clamour" on these subjects; Dr. Ferguson's eloquent and

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\* Any one wishing a fuller account of this memorable experiment and its results, will find it in an admirable paper by Lieutenant-Colonel Tulloch, read before the Statistical Society in 1847.

able, though somewhat exaggerative "Notes and Reminiscences of Professional Life;" published after his death, took much the same views as Dr. Marshall, and three elaborate and powerful articles in *The Times* on these two books and their subjects, written with infinite ability and tact, had excited the attention of the nation greatly, and this was brought to its operative point, by one of those deplorable incidents out of which not seldom comes immediate and great good;—the sort of event which of all others rouses the British people and makes it act as one man, and in this case they were fortunately well informed, before being roused. The first of the three articles in *The Times* appeared on the 2d of July 1846, and straightway, as a practical lecture often concludes by the exhibition of a crucial and decisive experiment, on the 11th of the same month a soldier died at Hounslow, apparently from the effects of punishment inflicted in the previous month. This sealed the fate of the flogging system. The idea of Frederick John White of the 7th Hussars, "a brave fellow, who walked away whistling," and was said to be "gentlemanly, affable, and mild," dying of flogging at his very door, was too much for John Bull, and one of the things he could stand no longer. The Commander-in-Chief instantly directed that henceforth fifty lashes should be the maximum. At the time much of this result was attributed, in the public prints and in Parliament, to the effects of Dr. Marshall's book. Next session of Parliament more was done for bettering the lot of the common soldiers.\* Mr. Fox Maule moved and carried, that in regiments of the line the period of service should be limited to ten years; continual reference was made in the debates to the "Miscellany," and its author had the satisfaction of witnessing the completion of those cardinal ameliorations. We cannot convey a juster idea of this homely, unpretending volume, than in the generous words of a distinguished French physician:—

"C'est l'ouvrage d'un homme possédant parfaitement la matière, ayant passé la plus grande partie de sa vie à étudier le caractère, les mœurs et les besoins des soldats au milieu desquels il vivait et au bien-être desquels il avait voué son existence. Ayant autant d'élévation dans les vues que d'indépendance dans l'esprit, il a aperçu les défauts partout où ils existaient et a eu le courage de les mettre à nu

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\* The sale of spirituous liquors in canteens was abolished at this time, and with the very best results. Colonel Lindsay, the able and independent member for Wigan, has the merit of having contributed mainly to the removal of this crying evil. His speech on moving for an inquiry into the canteen system, is a model of the manner in which such subjects should be handled—clear, compact, convincing. He makes the following just, but often overlooked distinction,—“He believed it would not be difficult to shew, that though an habitual drunkard and an habitual drinker were two different things, the one was as great an expense to the country as the other.”

et de les signaler. A ceux qui craindraient que le mémoire ne fût trop sérieux ou trop monotone je dois dire que la foule d'anecdotes piquantes, de citations heureuses et opportunes dont le mémoire est semé, reposent et distraient agréablement l'esprit du lecteur."

Dr. Marshall's last publication on military subjects was in 1849.—"Suggestions for the Advancement of Military Medical Literature." These were his last words for the service he had devoted the energies of a long lifetime to—a sort of legacy bequeathed to those who were going forward in the same good work. He was then labouring under a mortal disease, one of the most painful and terrible to which our frame is liable—of its real nature and only termination he was, with his usual sagacity, aware from the first, and yet with all this, he never saw one more cheerful, never got a kinder welcome, and more patience in listening to what concerned only others. He used to say, "This is bad, very bad, in its own way as bad as can be, but every thing else is good—my home is happy; my circumstances are good; I always made a little more than I spent, and it has gathered of course; my life has been long, happy, busy, and I trust useful, and I have had my fill of it; I have lived to see things accomplished which I desired, ardently longed for, fifty years ago, but hardly hoped ever to see." With that quiet, rational courage, which was one of his chief but least overt qualities, he possessed his soul in patience in the midst of intense suffering, and continued to enjoy and to use life for its best purposes to the very last. Of religion, and especially of his own religion, he was not in the habit of speaking much; when he did, it was shortly and to the purpose, and he made every one feel that the root of the matter was in him. His views of God, of sin, and of himself, and his relation to his Maker and the future, were of the simplest and most operative kind. When in Ceylon, and living much alone, away from religious books and ordinances, and religious talk, and controversy, and quarrel; away also from that *religiosity* which is one of the curses of our time, and is to religion what hemlock is to parsley—like, yet the opposite—he studied his New Testament, and in this, as in every other matter, made up his mind for himself. Not that he avoided religious conversation, but he seemed never to get over the true sacredness of anything connected with his own personal religion. It was a favourite expression of his, that religion resolved itself into wonder and gratitude—intelligent wonder; humble and active gratitude—such wonder and such gratitude as the New Testament breeds.

Dr. Marshall, as may readily be supposed, was not what the world calls a genius; had he been one, he probably would not have done what he did. Yet he was a man of a truly original mind;

he had his own way of saying and doing everything; he had a knack of taking things at first hand; he was original in as much as he contrived to do many things nobody else had done: a sort of originality worth a good deal of "original genius." And like all men of a well mixed, ample, and genial nature, he was a humorist of his own and a very genuine kind; his short stories, illustrative of some great principle in morals or in practical life, were admirable and endless in number; if he had not been too busy about more serious matters, he might have filled a volume with anecdotes, every one of them both true and new, and always setting forth and pointing some vital truth. Curiously enough it was in this homely humour, that the strength and the consciousness of strength, which one might not have expected from his mild manner and his spare and fragile frame, came out; his satire, his perfect appreciation of the value and size of those he had in view, and his sly intuition into the motives and secret purposes of men, who little thought they were watched by such an eye, was one of the most striking, and gravely comic bits of the mental picturesque; it was like Mind looking up to and taking the measure of Body, and Body standing by grandly unconscious and disclosed; and hence it was that, though much below the average height, no one felt as if he were little—he was any man's match. His head and eye settled the matter; he had a large, compact, commanding brain, and an eye singularly intelligent, inevitable, and calm.

Dr. Marshall died on the 5th May 1851, at Edinburgh, where he had for many years lived, and been, though out of the service, constantly occupied with some good work, in keeping all his old friends, and making new and especially young ones, over whom he had a singular power; he had no children, but he had the love of a father for many a youth, and the patience of a father too. In his married life, to use his own words, "I got what I was in search of for forty years, and I got this at the very time it was best for me, and I found it to be better and more, than I ever during these forty long years had hoped for."

Had such a man as Dr. Marshall appeared in France, or indeed anywhere else than in Britain, he would have been made a Baron at the least. He did not die the less contented that he was not; and we suppose, indeed we may be sure, that there is some wise though inscrutable final cause why our country in such cases, makes virtue its own and only reward.

Besides the publications we have mentioned, in connexion with military statistics and hygiène, Dr. Marshall published a history and description of Ceylon, which, after all the numerous works on "the utmost Indian Isle," remains at once the shortest, the fullest, and the best. He also published on the

cinnamon and cocoa-nut trees, and a sketch of the geographical distribution of disease, besides many other occasional papers, in all of which he makes out something at once new and true. We may sum up his merits in the well weighed words of Dr. Craigie, "He was the first to shew how the multiplied experience of the medical officers of the British Army at home and abroad, by methodical arrangement and concentration, might be applied by the use of computation, to furnish exact and useful results in medical statistics, medical topography, the geographical relations of diseases, medical hygiene, and almost every other branch of military medicine. *Dr. Marshall must indeed be regarded as the father and founder of military medical statistics, and of their varied applications.*"

We had intended giving some account of the medical military worthies who preceded Dr. Marshall, but we have left ourselves no space, and our readers little patience. Among them may be reckoned Sir John Pringle, the earliest and one of the best ;\* Drs. Brocklesby, the generous friend of Burke and Johnson ; D. Monro ; R. Somerville ; R. Jackson, whose system of arrangement and discipline for the medical department of the army is

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\* SIR JOHN PRINGLE.—This great and good man was truly what his epitaph in Westminster Abbey calls him, *egregius vir*—a man not of the common herd, a man in advance of his age. He is our earliest health-reformer, the first who in this country turned his mind and that of the public to hygiene as a part of civil polity. In the Library of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh there were deposited by him in 1781, a year before his death, ten large folios of MSS., entitled, *Medical Annotations*, forming the most remarkable record we have ever seen of the active intelligence and industry of a physician in the course of an immense London practice. Among other valuable matter these volumes contain a "Treatise on Air, Climate, Diet, and Exercise," as subjects concerning public as well as personal health, which indicates in a very interesting manner the infantile condition of this science at that time, and the author's singularly liberal, sagacious, and practical opinions. This treatise is continued from time to time through many volumes, and must have been many years in writing. It is much to be regretted, that by the terms of his gift of these MSS. the College is forbidden ever to publish any of them. When a history of vital statistics and hygiene is written, as we trust it may soon be, and we know of only one man who can fulfil this task, this treatise, dating nearly 100 years back, will deserve its due, as the herald of so much after good.

Besides being, what only one other Scotsman, we believe, ever has been, (the Earl of Morton,) a President of the Royal Society, he was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh ; and his observations on the diseases of the army, so famous in his day, with his discourse on some late improvements in preserving the health of mariners, may still be read with advantage for their accurate description, their humane spirit, and plain good sense, and stand out in marked contrast to the error, ignorance, and indifference prevalent in all matters concerning the prevention of disease. His greatest glory in his own day is his least now, his epitaph bearing on its front that he was the man,—

"Quem celsissima Walliæ Princessa,  
Regina serenissima,  
Ipsius denique Regis Majestas,  
Medicum sibi comprobavit."

most valuable and judicious, and far in advance of its date, 1805; Cheyne; Lempriere, and Ferguson. All these reformers, differing as they often did in the specific objects and expedients they each had in view, agreed in the great, but then imperfectly known and recognised principle, that prevention is not only better, but easier and cheaper, than cure—that health is more manageable than disease—and that in military, as in civil life, by discovering, and attending to the laws by which God regulates the course of nature, and the health of his rational creatures, immense evils may be prevented with the utmost certainty, which evils, if once incurred, no skill and no art could countervail:—in the one case nature in her courses fights for, in the other against us;—serious odds!

When and how is the world to be cured of its passion for the game of war? As to the *when*, we may safely say it is not yet come. In her voyage down the great stream, our world has not yet slid into that spacious and blessed Pacific, where birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave. We have no more got this length than we have that to which a friend of the author of "The New Moral World" so eagerly looked forward, when she asked him—

"When shall we arrive at that state of pudity,

When we shall all walk about in our native nudity?"

We fear we cannot yet dispense altogether either with our clothes or our cartridges. We cannot afford to beat all our swords into ploughshares. But we as firmly believe that we are on our way to this, and that the fighting peace men are doing much good. The idea of peace, as a thing quite practicable, is gaining the ear of the public, and from thence it will find its way into its brain, and down to its heart, and thence out in act by its will. We have no doubt that the time is coming when, for a great trading nation like ours, supplying a world with knowledge, and calico, and tools, to keep an immense army and navy, will be as manifestly absurd and unbusiness-like as it would be for a bagman from Manchester, or a traveller from "The Row," to make his rounds among his rural friends, armed *cap-a-pie*, asking orders with his circular in one hand, and a Colt's revolver in the other. As to the *how*, chiefly in three ways: *first*, By the commercial principle of profit and loss, of a heavy balance against, coming to influence the transactions of nations, as it has long done those of private and social life—free-trade, mutual connexion, and intercourse, the proof, publicly brought out, that the interest of the body-politic is also that of every one of its members, and the good of the whole, that also specially of each part—the adoption, not merely in theory, but in practice, of a law of nations, by the great leading powers, and the submitting disputes regarding territory,

commerce, and all the questions arising out of active multifarious trading among the nations, to reason and fixed rules, and settling them by the arbitration of intelligent humane men, instead of by the discharge of a park of artillery. *Secondly*, By the art of war being by scientific discovery so advanced in the degree and the immediateness of its destructiveness, so likely utterly to destroy one of the sides, or better still, both, that it would come to be as much in reality abolished among well-bred, enlightened nations as the duel would be among civilized men, if it were certain that one or both must be extinguished on the spot. "Satisfaction" would not be so often asked by nations or individuals, and dissatisfaction not so often expressed, were this accomplished. We confess ourselves believers in Mr. Nasmyth and his exterminating mortar, which makes a hole in the enemy "as big as a church door." *Thirdly*, and chiefly, By nations not only becoming shrewder and more truly aware of their own interests, or such "dead shots" as to make the issue of any war rapid and fatal, but most of all by their becoming, in the only true sense, better,—more under the habitual influence of genuine virtue, more informed with the knowledge, and the fear, and the love of God and of His laws.

Since finishing this paper, we have seen a copy of the new statistical report on the sickness and mortality of the British army, submitted on the 31st of March to the Secretary at War, and presented the other day to Parliament. It does infinite credit to the energy, and accuracy, and judgment, of Lieut.-Colonel Tulloch and Dr. Graham Balfour, by whom it has been prepared; and is one of the most valuable results yet obtained from that method of research of which Dr. Marshall was, as we have seen, the originator. It is not easy to make an abstract of what is itself the concentrated essence of an immense number of voluminous reports—the two valuable public servants above mentioned have always heartily acknowledged their obligations to Dr. Marshall, and they conclude their prefatory notice by saying,—“The death of Dr. Marshall, inspector-general of hospitals, has deprived us of the valuable aid previously afforded by that officer, in the medical details, for which his long acquaintance with the statistics of his profession so well qualified him.” We shall make a few random extracts, to shew how well grounded Mr. Sidney Herbert's statement is, that the common soldier never was better off than now. The report begins with enumerating the improvements in the condition of the soldier since their last report in 1841. We have already mentioned the chief of these. During seven years upwards of £16,000 have been expended in the purchase of books for barrack libraries, and it is found that the numbers who avail themselves of this

new source of occupation, are every year on the increase, and thus much of the time formerly wasted in the canteen, to the injury alike of health and morals, is now devoted to reading. Great improvements have been made in the construction and ventilation of barracks, and the means of ablution. The good conduct pay is found to work excellently. Prior to 1837, the maximum of pay to a private could never exceed 1s. 2d. per day in the infantry, 1s. 5d. in the cavalry, exclusive of beer money, even after 20 years' service and the best character; but by the operation of the good conduct warrants, a soldier by the same service may now obtain 1s. 4d. a-day in infantry, and 1s. 7d. in cavalry. This has greatly added to the comforts of old soldiers, some of whom being married, could only support their families by restricting their personal expenditure to an extent hardly compatible with health. The evening meal of coffee or tea and bread, which had been adopted by a few corps in 1837, is now general, and with, as might be expected, the best results. Suicide in the cavalry is more than double that in the infantry, being annually as  $5\frac{2}{11}\%$  in every 10,000 is to  $2\frac{2}{11}\%$ . This seems strange, as the cavalry is a more popular service and better paid, and the men of a higher class, and one would think the duties more interesting. The report gives the conjecture, that this may arise from so many of them being men of broken fortunes who enlist when rendered destitute by extravagance. In the Foot Guards suicide is very rare, but the mortality from disease is very great. The deaths among them annually per 1000, are at the rate of 20.4; in the infantry of the line, 17.9; cavalry, 13.6; and in the civil population of large towns, 11.9. In the household cavalry the mortality is still less: owing to their living better lives, and having larger pay and more comfort, and less exposure and better accommodation, their average per 1000 is only 11.1; but this result is also materially owing to a *weeding process*, by which those who exhibit traces of constitutional disease, or who are injuring their health and bringing discredit on the corps by dissipation, are from time to time discharged—216 of these *mauvais sujets* having been weeded out during the ten years to which the report refers.

"Such a weeding," the reporters very truly observe, "cannot fail to have a very beneficial effect both on their moral and physical condition, and, if practicable, would be of vast benefit also in other branches of the service." The difficulty originates in this, that in the line the rate of pay is less than the average wages of the labouring classes, while in the Horse Guards it is more.

Under the head of fevers, we find this extraordinary proof of the fatality of typhus in the troops of the United Kingdom;—

in the cavalry, of those attacked, 1 in 3½ dies; in the Foot Guards, 1 in 3½; in the infantry, 1 in 4—which is quite as high as the mortality of the remittent or yellow fever in the West Indies.

Nothing can be more satisfactory than the report on corporal punishments.

“ This description of punishment has now become so rare, that in the Foot Guards, only one instance has occurred in every 1000 men annually; in the Regiments of the Line the proportion was five times as great. The large number of recruits in the latter, particularly after their return from foreign service, may be assigned as one cause for this difference, as also, their being dispersed over the country, and in many instances in quarters where no facilities exist for imprisonment. The establishment of military prisons, to which offenders may be sent from all parts of the country, has of late provided a remedy for this, which will be likely to render the contrast less striking in future years. The admissions in the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons, are 3 per thousand annually, being a mean between the Foot Guards and Infantry of the Line.

“ We have no means of comparing the proportion during the period included in this Report with that of the previous seven years, except for the Cavalry, in which will be found a decrease in the admissions from 8 to 3 per thousand of the mean strength annually; so rare, indeed, is this description of punishment in the present day, that it may almost be considered extinct, except as regards a few incorrigibles, who are, unfortunately, to be found in the ranks of every Regiment, and who are probably equally numerous in civil life. The following Table exhibits the gradual decrease in this description of punishment among the several classes of troops in this country for each year since 1837:—

	1837	1838	1839	1840	1841	1842	1843	1844	1845	1846	Total.
Number Punished.	<div> <div>Dragoon Guards and Dragoons</div> <div>Foot Guards</div> <div>Infantry of the Line</div> </div>										
	14	14	29	17	24	16	7	28	23	11	183
	4	3	7	3	2	4	5	5	6	1	40
Ratio per 1000 Punished.	<div> <div>Dragoon Guards and Dragoons</div> <div>Foot Guards</div> <div>Infantry of the Line</div> </div>										
	2.5	2.7	5.5	3.2	4.5	3.2	1.3	4.5	3.9	2.	3.4
	.9	1.	2.2	.9	.6	1.2	1.	1.	1.2	.2	1.
	5.7	6.9	5.9	4.9	4.6	4.3	3.8	4.3	6.9	1.4	4.8

“ This reduction in corporal punishment extends not merely to the troops at home, but to the whole Army, as will be seen by the following Summary, prepared from the Returns forwarded annually to the Adjutant-General's Department from every Regiment in the Service:—

Years.	Effective Strength in each Year.	Sentenced to Corporal Punishment.	Ratio per 1000 Sentenced to Corporal Punishment.
1838	96,907	988	10.2
1839	103,152	935	9.1
1840	112,653	931	8.3
1841	116,369	866	7.4
1842	120,313	881	7.3
1843	123,452	700	5.6
1844	125,105	696	5.5
1845	125,252	696	5.5
1846	126,591	519	4.1

"Thus, instead of 10 men in every thousand throughout the Army having undergone corporal punishment, as was the case in 1838, the proportion in 1846 was only 4 per thousand. And not only has there been this great reduction in the frequency, but a corresponding alteration has taken place in the severity also. Even so late as 1832, the number of lashes which might be awarded by a General Court-Martial was unlimited, and in 1825 it is on record that one man was sentenced to 1900, of which he received 1200. From 1832 to 1837, the maximum number of lashes inflicted by the sentence of such Courts became gradually reduced as follows:—

1832.	1833.	1834.	1835.	1836.	1837.
800	500	600	500	400	200

"After 1836 no higher number could be awarded, even by a General Court-Martial, than 200 lashes; while a District Court-Martial was limited to 150, and a Regimental one to 100. Since 1847 the maximum of this description of punishment has been limited to 50 lashes; but the effect of that restriction on the admissions into hospital will fall to be considered rather in a subsequent Report than on the present occasion.

"When this amelioration commenced, grave apprehensions were entertained that it would give rise to such relaxation of discipline as to cause a considerable increase in the description of offences for which corporal punishment had usually been awarded, and that transportation and capital punishment would become more frequent; but never were apprehensions less warranted by the result, as will be seen by the following Table prepared from the Adjutant-General's Return, No. XII. of Appendix:—

"In 1838 out of 96,907 men, there were 9,944 Courts-Martial—441 general and 4813 district; sentenced to death 14; transportation 221. While in 1846, out of 126,591, there were 9,212 Courts-Martial—whereof there were 200 general and 3959 district; sentenced to death 1; transportation 114."

All this has occurred *without any relaxation of discipline*—the army never having been in a more efficient state than at present.

ART. IV.—*A Treatise on Biblical Criticism, exhibiting a Systematic View of that Science.* By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D., LL.D. Two vols. Edinburgh, 1852.

OUR readers may recollect that in a late number we noticed Dr. Davidson's "Introduction to the New Testament." Meantime the indefatigable author has not been idle. He has recently presented us with a new and enlarged edition of his earliest volume, originally published in 1839. The edition before us is in two volumes—one being devoted to the Old Testament, and the other to the New. It is, however, in accordance with popular usage, that we call it another edition. In every respect it is a new work—not the old one re-written and re-modelled, but a distinct and independent publication. The whole subject has been carefully studied, in all its various departments, with the author's characteristic diligence and accuracy. An immense amount of labour must have been bestowed on these hosts of critical minutiae. Criticism, in the technical sense of the term, refers to the text itself,—not to its exposition, but to its history and settlement. The subject in connexion with the New Testament embraces a wide circle of themes, such as these,—the nature of the language in which the books have been written—the history of the text printed and unprinted, from the second century down to the present time—the causes of various readings—an account of the best manuscripts with their comparative value—a description of the ancient versions and of the quotations in the early fathers, and their relative authority—the general theory of criticism and its more peculiar canons—with an application of the science to the more important passages, the reading of which has been disputed. These topics involve a great variety of questions, and demand no ordinary research. The volumes of Dr. Davidson exhibit a laborious and conscientious use of all the materials and assistance within his reach. The various chapters place before us the results of a calm and candid investigation of many difficult and controverted points. While the book is a full and careful digest of all that has been written on the subject, it also contains the independent judgments and reasonings of the author. Extraneous matters of mere literary and antiquarian curiosity are anxiously excluded, though their introduction might have relieved the dryness of some of the details. We have no book in the English language that can be compared with this one in fulness and recency of authentic information, for no pains have been spared to make it a complete record of the present state of the science. Bishop Marsh is now, to a great extent,

antiquated; Horne is multifarious and discursive; and Scott Porter's theological views have apparently modified some of his statements and conclusions. Dr. Davidson is trustworthy—too candid to allow himself to be swayed by preconceptions, and too honest to conceal his convictions, as his recorded changes of opinion on several important points plainly testify. In his efforts to be lucid, he has fallen into a style that is plain even to baldness; and in his anxiety to be brief, he has given his curt declarations an air of dogmatism. Had a little flesh occasionally covered the “dry bones,” more interest would have been thrown over the various discussions. By means of his “Criticism,” “Hermeneutics,” and “Introduction,” Dr. Davidson has done good service to Christian truth, and laid the Church under great obligations.

We shall endeavour, in the following pages, to give our readers a concise view of the nature, necessity, history, and design of Biblical Criticism—stating the general principles and results of the science with familiar illustrations—avoiding, at the same time, technical terms and learned minutiae, so that general readers may follow our disquisition with interest and advantage.

It is by means of Scripture that the Divine Being has made Himself known to the world as the Author of Redemption. We enter not at present into any vindication of the wisdom and benignity of this mode of self-revelation. But had we charged ourselves with such a plea, we might easily have illustrated the wisdom of God, in commissioning and selecting human deputies to speak to their fellow-men in their own tongue, and in qualifying them for this function, first, by pouring His truth into their minds, and then by enabling them to impart these communicated thoughts in words of perfect adaptation and fidelity. Jehovah, indeed, on one occasion, spoke in an audible voice and amidst clouds and darkness from the summit of Sinai. But the Israelites felt the scene to be so oppressive and intolerable that they shrank from a repetition of it. With an earnest unanimity, the nation exclaimed, “Let not God speak with us, lest we die.” So far from being offended, God approved their request, and He who knows our frame said in reply, “They have well spoken that which they have spoken.” “I will raise up a prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth, and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him.” The divine seal was thus solemnly placed upon instruction by means of inspiration. Divinity in its own majesty repulses and terrifies; and frail and paralyzed humanity cannot sympathize with its mighty utterances. But the lessons which proceed from human lips, and acquire a permanent form from a human pen, have special attractions,—

"Unto Him shall ye hearken." In accordance with this divine resolution, prophets were raised up from time to time to teach the Jewish people, and the succession reached its point of culmination in Him who spake as never man spake.

If therefore the Bible is divine truth conveyed in human language, all its words must be precious. Whether we hold verbal inspiration in its strictest sense, or simply maintain that prophets and apostles, while using their own style with conscious freedom, were under the infallible guidance of the Spirit of God, the same result presses upon us, that the meaning and authority of the revelation depend on the words originally employed and faithfully conveyed to us from ancient times. Honest interpretation and intelligent faith imply a *genuine and uncorrupted text*. If some momentous vocables have been lost and others have been interpolated,—if we have not the terms of the message transmitted with substantial fulness and correctness, perplexity and despair may drive us to conjecture, but we dare not preface any passage with the conclusive affirmation,—“Thus saith the Lord.” There is no foundation for our faith, unless we of the present day are persuaded that we have Scripture essentially as pure as it was published at first by its various authors. A mutilated Bible with fragmentary clauses, and disfigured by numerous and dismal spaces, out of which precious words had dropped and disappeared, could neither entice us to its study, nor command us to do it homage. Alas! what melody could be struck from a harp with broken and missing chords.

Now, there is here a preliminary question. If God has given a perfect revelation to the world, will He not take effectual means to prevent its being injured in the course of transmission to distant ages? Will He not secure to the nineteenth century the very words of David's psalmody and Christ's sayings and discourses? Or are we to be placed at sad discount and disadvantage in having to take our Bible from the hands of copyists, whose aching fingers and drowsy eyes have produced serious discrepancies in the sacred text? May it not be anticipated that a book miraculously given, will be miraculously preserved from error? And will not its essence be vitiated, its purpose frustrated, and its heavenly origin discredited, if it be exposed to the certain hazards of ordinary literary productions? Has Heaven deserted its own offspring and left it like an orphan to be spoiled in helpless exposure?

We need not theorize when the fact is so apparent. There are numerous various readings both in the Old and New Testament, and these have been produced in consequence of frequent transcription. The inspired autographs have long ago perished, and the most ancient copies to which we have access exhibit

many textual variations. No promise of infallibility was made to transcribers, and no pledge that the copy should be a perfect reflection of the original. No special class of pious and honest calligraphists was set apart to the enterprise of multiplying Bibles, and the Church had no Board of Supervision to take cognizance of their inks and parchment, discover and correct their various blunders, give authority to their revised and amended manuscripts, and throw such guaranteed copies into general circulation. The work was left, in a great measure, to individual effort. And thus scholars put themselves to the work of scribes, and, in the pride and pedantry of learning, rounded off the harder terminations, and smoothed the suspected solecisms of the sacred penmen. Critics with quill in hand could not resist the temptation of amending one gospel from another, or of inserting some explanatory terms in the margin, which their successors innocently introduced into the text. Theologians opened out the roll before them, and dipping their reed into the ink-horn, marked with the symbols of suspicion some clauses that wore the semblance of antagonism to their favourite creed, and he who next copied their manuscripts felt himself warranted to omit the branded words altogether. Heretics found that in transcription they possessed a speedy and secret power of proselytism—a defective canon being the best support of a defective faith—and for their own purposes they “handled the Word of God deceitfully.” Men not accustomed to the art of copying might piously engage in the work, but with no aptitude for it, might execute it in slovenly and self-satisfied haste. The unpractised eye of an illiterate scribe might mistake one letter for another, and even from similarity of reading, one line for another, and his scrawl might be again abused by some one as stupid as himself, to whom he had lent it for a similar purpose. And it might, and did happen, that the *Codex* from which a copy was made, was misread,—the sense misunderstood, and the words wrongly divided. Or if one wrote while another read to him, word by word or clause by clause, then imperfect hearing, difference of pronunciation, refined or vulgar accent, originated varieties of spelling and yet grosser faults; while even the expert and “ready writer,” trusting too much to his memory and dexterity, changed the position of words, added or omitted, and unconsciously substituted synonyms. The history of the English translation furnishes one marked illustration. The greatest care was taken of the sheets of Dr. Blayney’s famous quarto edition as it was slowly passing through the press. It was thought to be an immaculate work, when it was discovered that no less than half a verse had been omitted in the Apocalypse (xviii. 22). The omission was evidently produced by the fact that the two parallel clauses of

the verse had a similar ending; the printer's eye was deceived by the double occurrence of the word "more," and he omitted all the intervening words. The text of Scripture has been liable to these usual hazards, and such sources of error, as those we have indicated, were long in operation. Now, in all this nothing has befallen the Bible but what is common to other books. But, as the Bible is distinguished from all other books in its origin, why, it may be asked, has it not been signalized also in its literary progress from age to age?

It may be answered, that faith in the divine origin of Scripture should have kept men from tampering with its contents. If the consciousness that they were writing out the book of God had overshadowed their spirit as it ought—if they had felt that every word was sacred, and every letter an integral part of a supernatural record—if they could have realized, that in copying the Scriptures for others, they were standing to them in God's stead, speaking to them in God's name, and thus personating, as far as possible, the Prophets and Apostles of an earlier epoch—then surely that vast responsibility must have deterred the unqualified and checked the presumptuous, and thrown such an honour and sacredness over the work as should have excited the minute and skilful diligence, and sharpened the pious and prayerful scrupulosity, of the early churches. The function of the scribe must have felt itself hallowed and ennobled by its operation on the Word of God, as was the artistic genius of Bezaleel and Aholiab in the construction of the tabernacle and its sacred vessels and furniture. The exposure of Scripture to such danger is therefore no argument against its heavenly nature. God gave His oracles to the world in a perfect state, and left it in charge to men to preserve them immaculate. He works no superfluous miracles, but tests in this manner the faith and sincerity of the Church. Physical life is His gift too; but He has cast no mystic shield around it, to protect it from accident, danger, or self-destruction. It is entrusted to man himself to preserve and prolong it, and his abuse or neglect of this commission may be a very unworthy acknowledgment of the gift, but it is certainly no argument against the divinity of its origin.

If, then, no superhuman care has been taken of the words and letters of the inspired pages—if thousands of various readings do exist—is it not a great duty to strive to have a text as nearly as possible in the condition in which its holy authors left it? How can we have faith in any doctrine, if there be doubts as to the very words on which it is based? Textual criticism, in this view, takes precedence of evidences as well as interpretation. It must be a Bible materially the same as when first published that we defend, and not the errors and deviations of patristic

and mediaeval scribes. The importance of this work has been often overlooked, and the plodding scrutiny of collators and editors has been despised as fruitless and suspicious toil amidst dusty parchments and mouldy MSS. With what pangs of terror and indignation did not Owen attack Walton, and Whitby assail Mill? And even where the results of critical labour have not excited panic and dismay, the work, so far from being hailed with gratitude, has too often excited wonder, tinged with satirical compassion for the amount of misdirected effort.

At the same time, we should be grateful that the text of Scripture is so perfect. It is in a far better state than that of any common book which has come down to us from ancient times. In many classical authors, there are numerous passages so hopelessly corrupt, that *conjecture* is the only remedy for amending them. Let any one look at the pages of Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Terence, or Lucretius, and he will find not only thousands of different readings—scarcely a line being without one—but many places in which erudite skill can only guess at what the text might be. There are sentences which nobody can construe, clauses of which no one can divine the meaning, collocations of words which all the tact of Hermann could not unravel, and all the ingenuity of Bentley and Porson could only interpret by recomposing the paragraph.

And it is the fidelity of collators which has multiplied the various readings of Scripture. For example, the common text of the Old Testament is based on that of Opatius, who spent no less than thirty years in its preparation. For their editions of the Hebrew Scriptures, Kennicott and De Rossi collated 1418 MSS. and 375 printed documents. And since the publication of the first edition of the Greek Testament by Erasmus in 1516, what prodigious pains and research have been bestowed upon its text. Beza, Stephens, Usher, and Fell led the way. Then followed the thirty years' toil of Mill—toil only concluded fourteen days before his death. The task of his life was done, and the servant was released. In Kuster's edition of Mill are supplied the readings of 12 additional MSS. The pious labours of Bengel preceded those of Wetstein, who collated upwards of sixty MSS., and has appended to his text more than a million of quoted authorities. The 30,000 various readings of Mill were in this way considerably augmented. Griesbach collated some hundreds of MSS., and he has been followed by Scholz, Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles. The readings may now amount to at least *a hundred thousand*. For not only have all the differences in all the MSS. been carefully compared and accurately jotted down, but the old versions, such as the Syriac, Latin, and Gothic, have been ransacked, and their supposed variations

added to the lists, nay, the quotations found in the Fathers have been subjected to the same ordeal, and all their discrepancies and peculiarities seized on and subjoined to the formidable catalogue. Let our readers bear in mind what we have said as to the numerous sources of variation on the part of the copyists; let them reflect on the fact that the authors of the old versions might not always make a skilful and accurate translation, and that it is often matter of mere conjecture as to what they saw in the Greek MSS.; let them farther recollect that the Fathers quoted generally from memory, sometimes interposing a brief paraphrase, inserting an expository parenthesis, adding a plainer synonyme, and often quoting the same verse in different ways, and he will not be surprised that the various readings should form so huge a list. The collation of three or four classic MSS. gives nearly as many readings for a single author, and the wonder is that so many MSS., of all ages and countries; so many versions, themselves needing revision; and so many quotations made freely, and with no attempt at verbal accuracy,—should not have quadrupled the number already discovered. To put the matter in a modern light. Let it be the Bible in our own authorized version which is under critical investigation, and let the first edition of it under King James be reckoned the standard. It will be found on examination that the variations of spelling must be reckoned by myriads, every clause affording an example; and that the actual misprints in the various editions would amount to many thousands. And if quotations of Scripture printed in sermons and famous books of theology were also compared, and the differences noted down, the roll of various readings would swell to a bulk beyond calculation. And then if peculiar idioms in the Gaelic and other tongues were to be regarded as proofs that the translators read accordingly in the original copy from which they made their versions, who could put into figures the swarms of multiplied readings? Now if, instead of being printed, and the errors of the press corrected by the apparatus of proofs and revises, and compared with one another for these two hundred years, our copies of the English Bible had been all written out, either by some men who had leisure, or by others who made copying their craft and occupation—each scribe, whether amateur or professional artist, taking whatever copy he could most readily lay hold of; what must have been by this time the register of various readings, if some hundreds of these English MSS. were to be collated, and versions and quotations were forced to add their prolific results? A volume as large as Scripture itself could not contain the muster. In like manner, the number of copies possessed at the middle of the third century by several millions of Christians

must have been very great: probably a hundred thousand copies of the whole or of parts of the New Testament, were in circulation in families and in churches. Transcription must therefore have been very often repeated, and not only so, but from the nature of things, fewest copies would be taken from the veritable autographs of the evangelists and apostles. More copies would be taken from the second transcription than the first, and from the third than the second, because the facilities for transcription increased with the dispersion of manuscripts already made; so that by the time specified, the copy in the possession of individuals or communities might have been written off from a roll which was itself a fiftieth transcription in succession from the first date and publication of the gospel or epistle. That in all this multiplying and copying error should be found, who can wonder? In a quarto pulpit bible with which we are familiar, one clause reads, "who makes" (not his sun, but) "his son to rise on the evil and on the good." And in a metrical psalm book—from the Queen's printers in Edinburgh—runs the line, "I said that ye are *goods*" (gods.) In an edition of the Queen's printers in London, 1843, (Eph. i. 9,) occur the letters "*glood*" for "good." If such mistakes happen, with all the careful readings and corrections of modern printing-houses, what might not be expected among the ancient scribes? We repeat it, the wonder is that the Greek and Hebrew various readings are not greatly more numerous than they really are. It seems as if Providence had studiously kept them down to their present amount.

And the faith of no one needs to be stumbled. The great majority of these discrepancies refer to orthography and the order of words—whether it should be Jesus Christ or Christ Jesus; whether a particle should be here or there in a clause; whether some noun should have its masculine or neuter form; whether *δε* or *καί* is the genuine term, or whether a personal pronoun, plainly implied in the syntax, should be inserted or deleted. We have opened a page of Tischendorf's edition of the Greek New Testament at random, p. 82, containing a portion of the first chapter of Mark; and here are the variations, which we record in plain English. V. 7, instead of "mightier than I," one MS. has "the mighty one;" a plain blunder of the Alexandrian copyist. Instead of "after me," one codex simply reads "after," "me" being implied, and its omission being a piece of obvious stupidity. Another MS. has omitted the Greek word for "stooping down;" the error of a hurried or slovenly transcriber. It is very plain that such readings are and can be of no authority, for they have no support. They are the result of evident negligence; but yet they are as carefully noted as if

they had been supported by preponderant authority, with a host of MSS. and versions in their favour. Therefore if all those various readings which have really no support at all were discarded, nine-tenths of the whole list would be at once expunged, and the vast majority of the remaining tenth—whatever the evidence for and against them, will be found to be of utter insignificance. The sense is not materially affected by the critical result, so that after such inevitable deductions, only a few remain of primary importance, and sometimes these are supported by authority so nicely balanced, that it is difficult to come to a satisfactory decision. After all, then, the text of Scripture is in a state that warrants us in placing implicit faith in the revelation which it contains. The text of no ancient author has undergone scrutiny and revision so careful and prolonged, and we feel no hesitation in affirming that we have the Bible virtually in the state in which it was originally furnished to us. The spots in the sun do not darken his lustre, and these minor discrepancies—the unavoidable results of human infirmity—do not detract from the perfection and authority of the oracles of God.

The received text of the Old Testament is that of Van der Hooght, published at Amsterdam and Utrecht in 1705, and often revised and reprinted, as by Judah d'Allemand, London, 1822, and by Hahn, Leipsic, 1832. To the Jews must be given the credit of having kept their Scriptures better than the Christians have kept theirs. Their critical accuracy has been excited and aided by their superstitions and their cabalistic interpretations. The divines who found so much meaning wrapt up in the mere form or accidental position of a letter, were likely to regard such sources of theology with peculiar veneration. The authors of the Masora, in the sixth century, while they laboured with incredible diligence, enlarged, indeed, the critical stores of their Talmudic predecessors, and took notice of many various readings, but they meddled not with the text. They originated, however, the machinery of K'ri and K'thib. When a word in the text was suspicious or wrong, they indicated in the margin how it ought to be read, (K'ri,) and in this way they have given us numerous emendations of spelling, grammar, exegesis, and euphemism. It is to be regretted that we have now almost no means of knowing what the pre-Masoretic text was. Only we may safely conjecture that the Masora was a faithful attempt to restore the Hebrew Scriptures to their original verbal purity—an attempt, guided by the records of a tradition which was strengthened by the unusual fondness of a people for its ancient and only literature, and by the attachment of a Church to its "lively" oracles. The puerility of so much in the Masoretic collection must not

blind us to its great value, for the laborious trifling of these hoary sages has left among the rubbish some particles of the true ore, and the mass has been well sifted and washed by the keen and patient labour of Bomberg, Buxtorf, and Jacob Ben Chayim. The toil of Kennicott and De Rossi has not been without its value in this department of sacred literature, though the result has been sadly damaged by their defective theory of criticism and their want of a just discrimination. We might shew the value of correct criticism by one or two examples did our space suffice. But we only notice Isaiah ix. 3. Our version reads thus, "Thou hast multiplied the nation, and *not* increased the joy: they joy before thee," &c. The sense is contradictory, and the fault is that of some old scribe who apparently copied from dictation. The Hebrew adverb signifying "not" has the same sound as the pronoun meaning "to it," though the words are differently spelled. The error is thus very easily accounted for, and the correct reading is, "Thou hast multiplied the nation, and *to it* increased the joy: they joy before thee." It is a blunder somewhat akin to that which might be committed by an English clerk, if, writing off as another read, he confounded, from haste and similarity of sound, the verb "*know*" with "*no*,"—the monosyllable of negation.

It has often been alleged that the Jews have, in at least two places, and from anti-Messianic prejudice, tampered with their Scriptures. But we cannot acquiesce in the charge. The first passage alleged is Psalm xvi. 10,—"*Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.*" The Hebrew text now reads, "*thy holy ones,*" as if, by a plural form, there had been an attempt to destroy a pointed and personal reference to Jesus. We apprehend, however, that the plural is in reality the better reading, and that it gives an intensity of meaning to the adjective, much the same as in the Latin phrase,—*filius deliciæ matris suæ*. The other passage is Psalm xxii. 16, and in the clause rendered in our version—"they pierced my hands and my feet." The Hebrew does not well warrant such a version, and it is argued that the Jews have purposely spoiled an allusion to that cross which was to them "a stumbling-block." But again must we vindicate the ancient guardians of the Old Testament. The word can only be translated "they have pierced" by either changing its termination or adding to its letters. It means literally "*like a lion*;" and this form of the word having almost the whole weight of the MSS. in its favour, appears to be the genuine reading. In the first clause of the verse there is an allusion to one class of animals, and in the last clause there is reference to another. The real translation therefore is,—

“ Dogs have compassed me,  
The assembly of the wicked has clasped me,  
They have clasped LION-LIKE my hands and my feet.”

The dog and lion are again introduced as the emblems of pollution and ferocity in the 20th and 21st verses.

Little assistance can be got for the criticism of the Old Testament from the Targums or the Septuagint, because the text of these versions is itself in a deplorable state. What is now wanted for this sphere of labour is a scholar of sound learning and practised Hebrew scholarship, who should undertake a revision, upon principles of acknowledged stability and scientific application. The former days of critical conjecture are happily over. Houbigant even attempted in two large quarto volumes to reduce such guess-work to the precision and elevate it to the rank of a science. Every one must have remarked in the elegant pages of Bishop Lowth, how he is ever tampering with the text, and ever suggesting emendations without warrant, and even without necessity, as the deeper grammatical skill of subsequent expositors has sufficiently demonstrated.

We now look back with wonder at the former struggles of Hebrew critics. The time was when the Hebrew text was held to be immaculate in every consonant, vowel, and accent. But the Popish divines, in hopes of exalting the Latin Vulgate, assailed it with more fierceness than skill, and this effort of Bellarmine, Canus, Huntley, Morinus, and Father Simon, roused the polemical prejudices of the Protestant scholars, so that they fought for the uniform verbal integrity of the Jewish Scriptures, —a chimera which the comparison of a few MSS. might at once have exposed. Neither party had the spirit of genuine criticism; the Catholic assailants were prompted by an unworthy motive, and their Protestant antagonists fanatically defended an untenable position. When even the Protestant Ludovicus Capellus so plainly proved that readings varied in hosts of places, and that the apparatus of vowel-points and accents was of comparatively recent origin, the Reformed Churches knew no bounds of indignation and alarm. They tried to suppress his *Critica Sacra*, and for ten years succeeded. Neither at Geneva, Sedan, or Leyden, was the book suffered to be printed. Both the Buxtorfs and Glassius entered hotly into the controversy; and the Swiss churches, in their panic and folly, created a new test of orthodoxy, and enacted a statute that no one should be licensed to preach the gospel who should not solemnly and publicly declare that the Hebrew text, as then printed, was in every letter and point divine and entire. They denied the infallibility of the Pope, but they hugged an opposite delusion —the infallibility of the text. The first was a dogma which

they denounced from reason, scripture, and early church-history ; the last was a romance, which it needed neither faith nor argument to dispel—for good sight and a few Hebrew codices were sufficient for the purpose.

The received text of the New Testament originated in the self-lauded speculation of a family of tradesmen. The first Elzevir edition appeared in 1624, at Leyden, and the second, which was published in 1633, has in the preface to the reader those words, *textum ergo habes nunc ab omnibus receptum*,—"you have here a text now received by all." This clause, at first only a printer's puff, has verified its own prophetic truth, for the Elzevirian text has become the *textus receptus* of Protestant Christendom. This text rested on Beza's edition,\* and Stephens' third, which itself was based on the fifth of Erasmus, and that scholar followed to a great extent in his fourth and fifth editions the text of the Complutensian Polyglott. Such is the accidental lineage of the common text of the New Testament. Was it not a kind and wise Providence which secured that the few MSS. used by these printers and editors should contain a text so good—so fair a copy of the gospels and epistles of the Apostolic ages? There was no systematic arrangement or learned consultation. The editors of the Complutensian Polyglott, under the patronage of Cardinal Ximenes, had but a few MSS. from Rome, and these apparently of modern date, for the copy which they printed in 1517. Erasmus had but five MSS. for his first edition of 1516, and actually himself translated into Greek the last six verses of the Apocalypse. Robert Stephens for his first edition had sixteen MSS., but he followed their authority only in 37 instances, though he differed from the Complutensian in 581 places. Beza had some new MSS. and other documentary assistance, though he did not use them with critical accuracy or completeness. Thus out of these careless and undesigned sources was the received text extracted by the hardihood and trick of the Elzevirs. To enumerate the various editions which have been printed would be of little interest. Suffice it to remark, that amidst all that has been done for the textual criticism of the New Testament,—amidst this great accumulation of various readings, only a few important passages have either a doubt thrown over them or are matter of debate, and the faith of the Church is uninjured by the result. Though the famous dispute about the passage in 1 John v. 7, 8, concerning the three heavenly witnesses, be now regarded as settled—the clauses being found in no ancient

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\* The Greek text from which our English version is taken is chiefly—almost wholly—that of Beza's third edition of 1589.

Greek MS. or version, not even in the Vulgate before the eighth century—no Greek or Latin father having quoted them even in their formal treatises in defence of the Trinity, and the words as they appear being apparently a slovenly translation from the Latin version—though such is the case, still the existence of the Trinity remains a distinctive and imperishable tenet of New Testament revelation.\* Though the doxology to the Lord's prayer, as found in Matthew vi. 13, may not have originally belonged to it, such sentiments of homage are in perfect harmony with Christian supplication. The doctrine of the atonement is not impugned, whether we read in Acts xx. 28, "the Church of God," or as we ought probably to read, "the Church of the Lord" (Christ) "which he has purchased with his own blood." The Godhead of the Saviour remains paramount in 1 Tim. iii. 16, whether we read, "GOD was manifest in the flesh," or perhaps according to the weight of authority, "WHO was manifest,"—God being the nearest antecedent. Though the words in Acts viii. 37, containing the reply of Philip to the Eunuch when he asked to be baptized, "if thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest," are now allowed on all hands to be an interpolation, we should refuse nevertheless to admit an adult to baptism, save on the personal profession of his faith. But yet while such are the ultimate facts in regard to the criticism of the New Testament, we cannot but rejoice in every effort to give us the *ipsissima verba* of evangelists and apostles. The smallest particles are often the means of exhibiting peculiar beauties and emphasis in the process of inspired thought or narration, as the smallest lines of the face give it a meaning and expression which the larger features by themselves cannot impart.

We have already alluded to the great auxiliaries of criticism—*manuscripts, versions, and early quotations*. The chief difficulty lies, however, in the application and practical treatment of these elements of judgment. The theory is plain, but the art is one of peculiar and intricate delicacy. The illustrations in our subsequent remarks are confined principally to the New Testament.

For the correction of the text there exist hundreds of MSS., few of them containing the whole of the New Testament, and many of them Lectionaries, that is, divided so as to be used in the church-service. Some of these *codices* reach back at least to the fifth century. It is a proof of their great age, that some of them

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\* Cardinal Wiseman is the last who has said anything in favour of the passage. But his vindication is merely a piece of feeble ingenuity,—designed at the same time to uphold the authority of the Latin or Romish Church.

had been written over with more modern literary works, but chemical ingenuity has contrived to remove the last penmanship, and leave the original writing to be deciphered. In estimating the authority of MSS., it is ever to be borne in mind that mere number is of little weight. Twenty MSS. may have no more weight than one, as the whole score may have been copied from one another, or may have come from a common source. Again the age of a MS. is always an element of value, because the less seldom a MS. has been transcribed, the less likelihood is there that errors have crept into the text: whereas, during every process of transcription, defective vision, momentary inattention, or accidental mistake, may introduce variations. At the same time mere age is not a sufficient criterion, for a MS. of the ninth century may have been copied from one of the third, and is therefore really older in its reading than one of the sixth century, taken from one of the fourth. There are many means of determining the age of a *codex* from the material on which it is written, the form and size of the letters, the colour of the ink, the presence or absence of lines called *stichoi*, and the employment or omission of the signs of interpunction, and other apparatus of more modern Greek. A MS. on parchment without separation of words, written in ancient characters, and devoid of accents, points, and ecclesiastical notations, may be safely assigned to a high antiquity. But it is not enough to know the age of a MS.; its country is an additional element of authority. The scribes of Alexandria, elated with the superiority of their provincial orthography, were in the habit of changing the spelling of the works which they copied, and they did not limit such pedantic and wicked operations to common and classical authors, but they also carried them into the transcription of the sacred books. So that, while we agree generally with Tischendorf and Tregelles in assigning a high value to the MSS. A, B, C, D, &c.,—the most ancient uncial MSS., yet we have occasional hesitations to go all the length of their estimate, because the majority of these old codices are traced to Egypt by the forms of spelling employed; and we sometimes think with Dr. Davidson, that what are called junior and cursive MSS., are often under-estimated. Whatever be the faults of Scholz's edition, and they are many and unpardonable, we think that some of his arguments in favour of the high authority of several eastern MSS., have never been fully represented or met. For, first, those Byzantine codices were the work of a people who had no pride in scholarship, and were under no temptation to alter the inspired diction. May it not be presumed that their copies would be taken in the simple conscientiousness of a good and honest heart? Again, these oriental

codices had their origin in the very countries in which the epistles and two of the gospels at least had their earliest circulation. Their agreement, moreover, with the *textus receptus* is also remarkable, as shewing their accordance with the codices best known, and of readiest access in Europe. The mere age of these eastern and junior MSS. should not therefore operate conclusively to their entire and uniform disparagement.

It has sometimes been thought that the peculiarities of MSS. might lead to a classification—that the national characteristics of the copyists are so decided that MSS. might be arranged according to the regions where they have been produced. A new rule of value would in such a case be established, and the authority of a reading would be determined not by the number or age of MSS. in its favour, but by the family to which such codices belonged. Bentley and Bengel suggested such an arrangement, and the theory has been adopted and elaborated by Hug, Griesbach, and Scholz. Griesbach's system, which created an immense sensation on its first publication, was assaulted with peculiar virulence and ability by many distinguished scholars at home and abroad, and it soon sank into disuse, nay, it was all but abandoned by its author himself before his death. He divided MSS. into three great recensions—the Alexandrian, the Western, and the Byzantine—deriving the classification from alleged peculiarities in the MSS. and in the quotations of the church-fathers in the respective countries. But considerable pressure was employed in adjudging the MSS. to the various localities, the boundaries between the ideal kingdoms were elastic and variable; some codices defied all ethnographical position, and the system became so confused, arbitrary, and complicated, as to cease to be of any practical and permanent value. Hug's hypothesis, which claimed its parentage in times so far back as the third century, in the revision of Lucian in Syria, and of Hesychius in Egypt—both of them preceded by Origen—has met a similar fate with that of Griesbach. The modified systems of Scholz, Rinck, and others, need not be mentioned nor discussed. The sum of the matter is, that there appear to be two distinct classes of manuscripts—the Eastern and the Western—the former characterized generally by having such variations as flow from common infirmity, and the latter by such as spring from wilful and critical emendation. Yet the balance is often upon the whole very equal. Dr. Davidson shews from Rinck, that from an examination of the text of the first epistle to the Corinthians, in cases where the Western differed from the Eastern MSS., only thirteen readings not in the Eastern could be safely preferred. Let us earnestly hope that proper principles will guide the future editors of the New Testament, that the value of a read-

ing will be judged by other and safer criteria than those of any theory, the ingenuity, intricacy, and modifications of which deprive it of all workable adaptation to enlightened and progressive criticism. A new and a true path has at length been opened. Tischendorf has made some progress in it; and we fondly trust that Tregelles will exhibit a decided advance over all his contemporaries and predecessors. Tischendorf's publication of separate valuable codices cannot be too highly recommended, and the amount of minute, wearying, and perplexing labour with chymical tinctures, magnifying glasses, and reflected lights, can scarcely be imagined. Let *fac-similes* of the most important documents after his example be printed or lithographed, and then the editor or commentator will be able to derive his conclusions in the quietness and solitude of his own study. Why should every investigator be obliged for the sake of collation to bury himself for months in the British Museum, or be forced to travel to Patmos, Jerusalem, or Mount Athos, or be compelled to knock humbly and often at the doors of the Vatican, till some suspicious cardinal give him a tardy admission, which probably places him under the surveillance of a Jesuit secretary or director?

The ancient Versions are also a source of authority in the correction of the text. By a careful examination of the words of a version, we may be able to learn what was found by the translator in the original. But such a process is rather intricate, for the character of the version itself must be determined, and the state of its own text ascertained. If it be a literal translation, the reasoning as to the words of the original may have some degree of certainty; but if it be a free version like the Targums, or a version of a version like so many made from the Septuagint and Vulgate, then it is all but impossible to derive any assistance from it. If its own text, like that of the Seventy, be corrupted and uncertain—if it should stand in need of a healing process to be practised towards itself, then it can scarcely be used in the emendation of the sacred page.

The ancient Greek version called the Septuagint was executed about 270 years before Christ, in Egypt, and in the reign of Ptolemy Lagus. The style of the earlier books has a deep Alexandrian colouring. The version is plainly the work of different hands, some of them wretchedly qualified for the important task, as may be seen in the lame and miserable version of Samuel and Kings, Psalms and Isaiah. Modern criticism has discarded the fantastic fables about the origin of this translation, such as the cells in the Isle of Pharos, in which the seventy-two translators were daily caged up, and their versions separately made, but yet agreeing with minute and miraculous identity, as if they had

been produced from stereotype plates. We agree with Dr. Davidson, that there was a germ round which the myth has wound its agglomerations. Hody and Fraenkel exceed the limits of evidence in rejecting the whole as a romantic tale. The translation originated under the patronage of an Egyptian king, and was made by Alexandrian Jews, either to satisfy the wants of a religious community, among whom the knowledge of Hebrew might be falling into desuetude, or to be placed as a literary curiosity in the famous royal library. Amidst the strange whims of literary fondness for an admired production, must be ranked the recent attempt of Mr. Grinfield to vindicate the inspiration and canonical authority of the Septuagint—an attempt which is but the renewal of an old freak of Isaac Vossius. The text of the Septuagint was very corrupt in the days of Origen, when that scholar set himself to the task of revision, and published his famous Hexapla, many fragments of which have been preserved and collected. Even after the labours of Grabe, Holmes, and Parsons among ourselves, the text of the Seventy is in a woful, if not a hopeless state, and therefore cannot furnish much assistance either to the criticism or exegesis of the Old Testament. The imperfect versions of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion—three later Greek translators—are of very unequal service in the same department.

The Peshito-Syriac version of the New Testament was executed probably about the end of the second century. Its very blunders shew that it was made immediately from the Greek original, and its venerable age and general accuracy make it of great value to the critic, notwithstanding the Oriental peculiarities of its style. The text of the Philoxenian Syriac version cannot however be depended on with all its bald literalities, for it has been greatly tampered with.

The Vulgate contains Jerome's Latin version of the Old Testament, and his revision of an older text of the New Testament. And here again the learned world is under great obligation to Tischendorf, who has published the best codex of this ancient version. We need not allude to other versions, but content ourselves with saying, that for the restoration of the text, the authority of versions must, from the very nature of the case, from the difference of language, and the varying qualifications of translators, be greatly inferior to that of MSS. It involves an uncertain process of inference from the words of the version, as to those of the original whence it was taken; a process the value of which depends on the fidelity and scholarship of the versionist. The critical use of these old translations implies accurate and extensive erudition. He who quotes their authority should most certainly be able to read them with pre-

cision and facility. It was one defect in Mill's qualification as a critic that he did not understand the Oriental versions, and so he fell into many blunders from consulting awkward Latin translations.

The early Christian writers in their epistles, expositions, and treatises made a very liberal use of the inspired oracles. It might therefore be deduced from their quotations how they read in their copies of the New Testament. If they had cited scripture with professed accuracy, we should have come to a direct knowledge of the state of the text in each century, and in the various countries in which those ancient writers flourished. But the Fathers often quoted from memory, and they had no concordances in those days to assist them in turning to the proofs or passages which they wanted. In cases of controversy they were obliged to be accurate, but there is little doubt that their transcribers so altered their Scripture quotations as to assimilate them to its current text. They also cited Scripture often according to the sense, that is, the sense which they put upon the verse or paragraph themselves. It is said, for example, in *Matt. x. 29*, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground," &c. Origen sometimes quotes this passage correctly, but no less than five times he thus reads it, "shall not" or "doth not fall into the snare." But is not a similar practice common among ourselves? For example, the following clauses are usually misquoted in sermons and prayers, and we have marked the supplemental words in italics :

"Who can stay thy hand" *from working?*

"The light of thy" *reconciled* "countenance."

"Look on" *us in* "the face of thine anointed."

*A walk and* "conversation becoming the gospel."

"And our bodies washed" *as* "with pure water."

Were we to think of correcting the English text by means of such quotations, into what a sea of uncertainties would we soon be plunged!

It is clear from this brief account which we have given, that the weight of MSS. is superior to that of versions and quotations. We cannot therefore understand on what principle Dr. Davidson has in both his volumes placed versions first in his enumeration of authorities. The division does not appear to us to be logical. For versions do not deserve the first place even on account of age, as all of them are not older than many extant codices. If then a reading has MSS. in its favour, but all versions and quotations against it, the conclusion will usually be dubious, but MSS. and versions will outweigh quotations, and MSS. and quotations will preponderate over versions.

Now, if any reading has equi-ponderant authorities for and against it, is there no collateral method left of arriving at a satisfactory judgment? May there not be some few additional evidences, which, though apparently insignificant as the small dust in the balance, may yet exercise a slight but appreciable influence? May there not be something in the style, form of thought, or mode of expression, which may afford an instinctive discovery of the genuine text? There is no doubt that such a species of internal evidence may and ought to have its weight. Were we able to identify ourselves with an author, and throw ourselves completely into the current of his thought, impulses, and diction, then we might be qualified to imagine what is the genuine reading, in any controverted clause or vocable. But so much of this judgment is subjective—so much of it is dependent on personal taste, that no great reliance can be placed upon it. The recent discovery of an old volume of Shakespeare supplies a case in point. There are hundreds of passages in the bard so corrupt as to be obscure beyond remedy. No possible sense can be extracted from them, and the critics have long out-done one another in the variety and violence of their proposed emendations. But the readings on the margin of the recovered tome, solve these difficulties often in the simplest way, and put to shame the learned ingenuity of Pope, Malone, Warburton, Dyce, and Collyer. How few of their laborious guesses have been proved to be lucky anticipations! At the same time, there are certain general canons which are of some assistance in the delicate attempt to weigh internal evidence.

And first, it is a law—the authority and safety of which every one will recognise—that the more difficult reading is to be preferred to the simpler reading. Critics and copyists were always tempted to make plain what they could not comprehend, to alter an idiom which they deemed harsh and liable to be mistaken, and to simplify what seemed to them a rare or difficult form of syntax or etymology. Therefore, of two readings, the shorter, more difficult and idiomatic, is probably the correct one; the longer and simpler being probably the product of a copyist, who silyly insinuated his own opinion into the text, and moulded it according to his grammatical skill. Again, that reading is the best which can be proved to be the parent of all the variations. The genealogy of the conflicting lections can sometimes be traced, and that form of the words or clause from which the others have sprung, is authenticated to be the original text. Mere conjecture is to be sternly discarded. If any one look into Bowyer's "*Conjectures*," he will see what a fool erratic erudition can make itself; and how exegetical predilections, theological leanings, and superficial philology on the part of Bar-

rington, Owen, Markland, and Woide, have produced the wildest and most worthless of critical absurdities.

Thus have we stated the general theory of Biblical Criticism. But the great difficulty, as we have already said, lies in the application of such general laws. There are so many elements of conflict which must be harmonized, and of intricacy which must be unravelled; so many points of evidence to be ascertained, and so many estimates to be made of the simple and combined weight of the various authorities, that it requires no little patience, tact, and experience to arrive at a true judgment. Haste is to be deprecated, and rashness is to be deplored. Above all, we need an earnest faith in Scripture, as a grand preservative against heedlessness and temerity. Wetstein and Griesbach have been blamed—we believe unjustly—for theological bias, but none of them had a great depth of pious reverence for the Word of God, as a volume truly inspired. Matthæi blended a low scurrility with all his critical efforts. The industry of Scholz was not equalled by his attention; and negligence in such a work, disguise it as we may, is a want of conscientiousness. If the critic felt that he has to do not with doctrines, but with the very sources of them; that his concern is not with evidences but with the prior question, whether an alleged Divine document has in it nothing but the unchanged Word of God; and that his business lies not in interpretation, but in securing for the interpreter that text which the Spirit of God has judged the fittest for the impartation of saving truth, surely there is no amount of labour which he will spare, no sources of assistance which he will indolently neglect, no form of literary training from which he will timidly shrink, but he will work, collate, judge, and decide in a spirit of manly and prayerful dependence on Him who claims the book as his own, and who will not be unmindful of any effort to keep it as He gave it, and preserve it to the world in its original integrity.\*

There is no one who has attempted to read these aged manuscripts, and struggled among their shapeless characters, retouched words, amended spelling, ceaseless contractions, and undivided clauses, who will not rejoice in the wonders, elegance, and accuracy of modern printing. These rolls were dear, scarce, and not easily replaced, but printed books are jealously guarded in their correctness, are uniform in their readings, and may be multiplied by myriads. It was a sad mistake to imagine that the

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\* It is a remarkable fact, that the only portion of the New Testament which our translators have marked as spurious, is now ascertained to be genuine by indisputable authority. The passage is the last half of the 23d verse of the second chapter of the First Epistle of John; and is distinguished in the authorized version by being printed in italics, and the first word placed in brackets.

inventor of the art was in league with the devil, for nothing has so disturbed the kingdom of darkness as the printing press. Everywhere with its hundreds of translations of Scripture, as out of an inexhaustible arsenal, it has assailed his empire. With our modern paper so fair and firm, made out of that filthy rag which was trodden in the wintry mire of our streets; with our ink so dark and tenacious, our binding so compact and elegant, and our types of every variety of shape and size, we envy not the former days of glossy vellum, gilt letters, illuminated margins, bulky scrolls and jewelled reeds. We retain, indeed, many of the old names with our modern apparatus. Our paper is but the old Egyptian *papyrus* under a slight disguise, and our volume has its origin in the sheet which was closed up by being *rolled* or *wrapt* round a cylinder. Our books are protected still by *boards*, but not of the original wooden and clumsy material, and though the venders of literary wares have no longer their crazy stands upon the streets, yet they will not part with the name of *stationers*. When we speak of a man's *style*, we refer to his diction and not to the metallic *graver* with which gentlemen of other days scratched upon their tablets. The Bible itself has its name from the inner rind of a tree, of old employed by the scribe. *Book* is but the wood or bark of the beech with an altered pronunciation; and *leaves* are plainly taken from the grove and converted into a literary foliage. What an honour when they are connected with that tree, the "leaves of which are for the healing of the nations!" Like every invention, our present forms of publication once created no little dissension and opposition. That same Jack Cade, the turbulent representative of the populace, who resolved that "seven halfpenny loaves should be sold for a penny," and who thought it a lamentable thing that "the skin of an innocent lamb should be made into parchment," thus accused Lord Say,—"Thou hast corrupted the youth of our realm, by erecting a grammar-school, and whereas before, our forefathers had no other book but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill."\*

In conclusion, it is matter of congratulation that here, as elsewhere, the Bible has passed triumphantly through the ordeal. English infidels of the last century raised a premature pæan over the discovery and publication of so many various readings. They imagined that the popular mind would be rudely and thoroughly shaken, that Christianity would be placed in imminent peril of extinction, and that the Church would be dis-

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\* Shakespeare's Henry VI.

- persed and ashamed at the sight of the tattered shreds of its *Magna Charta*. But the result has blasted all their hopes, and the oracles of God are found to have been preserved in immaculate integrity. The storm which shakes the oak only loosens the earth around its roots, and its violence enables the tree to strike its fibres deeper into the soil. So it is that Scripture has gloriously surmounted every trial. There gathers around it a dense "cloud of witnesses," from the ruins of Nineveh and the valley of the Nile; from the slab and bas-reliefs of Sennacherib and the tombs and monuments of Pharaoh; from the rolls of Chaldee paraphrasts and Syrian versionists; from the cells and libraries of Monastic scribes, and the dry and dusty labours of scholars and antiquarians. The scepticism of history has been silenced by the vivid re-production of the ancient and eastern world. And if the external annals of Israel be confirmed, attestation is given by this same process to that religious and supernatural element, which so prominently characterizes them. Our present Bibles are undiluted by the lapse of ages. While the world has suffered its boasted classics to be so contaminated and blurred, the Church rejoices over the fair page of her precious books, and amidst all the variations presented, can put her unwavering trust in the records of the evangelists, and glow with cordial sympathy at the minstrelsy of Isaiah, believing that the far descent of these venerable treasures has neither altered their character nor changed their identity. Those oracles written amidst such strange diversity of time, place, and condition,—among the sands and cliffs of Arabia, the fields and hills of Palestine, in the palace of Babylon and in the dungeons of Rome, have come down to us in such unimpaired fulness and accuracy, that we are placed as advantageously toward them as the generation which gazed upon that "book of the law" to which Moses had been adding chronicles and statutes for forty years, or those crowds which hung on the lips of Jesus as he recited a parable on the shore of the Galilean lake, or those churches which received from Paul or Peter one of their epistles of warning or exposition. Yes, the river of life which issues out from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb, may, as it flows through so many countries, sometimes bear with it the earthy evidences of its chequered progress, but the great volume of its waters has neither been dimmed in its transparency nor bereft of its healing virtue.

- ART. V.—1. *The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.* By HARRIET B. STOWE. London, 1853.
2. *The American Slave Code in Theory and Practice; its Distinctive Features shewn by its Statutes, Judicial Decisions, and Illustrative Facts.* By WILLIAM GOODALL. London, 1853.

IT is with sorrow that we feel constrained, in the interest of humanity, of religion, of the sacred name of liberty, and of the future progress of our American brethren in the career of temporal prosperity and moral dignity on which they have entered, to return to the painful subject of chattel-slavery, as it exists, and as it is sanctioned by law, in America. We avail ourselves of the opportunity offered by the publication of the works placed at the head of this article, to direct attention—shortly, but if possible, emphatically—to the phases of a social evil, concerning which public opinion needs to be enlightened, so long as many millions of our race are deprived, by human law, of their position and rights as human beings. In so doing, we are well assured that many of those who are closely related to this malignant growth in American national life, would willingly remove it without delay, if they saw how this could be done safely, and without injuring the interests which *seem* to be intertwined with its roots. The inconvenience which accompanies a great social change blinds men's minds to the facilities for its accomplishment. An institution on which the worldly fortune of an influential part of a community, and even the permanence of a great nation, is supposed to depend, is sure to have arguments, real or apparent, enlisted in its service. The slave-labour of the world, and especially of America, is no exception to this rule.

The line of defence which has been followed by some recent champions of chattel-slavery is formed chiefly by a comparison of the happiness—the comfort and contentedness, of the slave population, with the supposed miserable state of the free labouring classes in Europe, and especially in Great Britain and Ireland. As to the *happiness* of slaves, there is so much definite proof to the contrary,\* that we can hardly believe the advocates of slave-labour themselves are convinced of it. We do not mean, however, to discuss that evidence on this occasion. As to the free-labour population of Britain and Ireland, we may say, we hope without offence, that the comparison is just a specimen of that national vanity on the part of our Transatlantic

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\* See especially advertisements of runaways—*Key to Uncle Tom*, pp. 346-363.

neighbours, which, we confess, is to be found, more or less, in all countries. It may be worth while to illustrate its fallacy.

While most persons are ashamed to manifest their self-conceit, by proclaiming the superiority which they think they possess as *individuals*, there is no end of their boasting respecting the superiority of the *nation* to which they belong. It seems as if, unconsciously, they wish to mingle their own merits with those of the society of which they are members,—as men invest their money in a joint-stock company, to reap the profit of the investment.\* Nor is this weakness confined to renowned and highly civilized nations: tribes of savages are as much addicted to it as the most enlightened communities. Not only did the ancient Greeks, to whom all other people were barbarians, act on this principle, but the modern Greenlanders, standing four feet high, indulge in the same feeling, and regard the rest of the world as foreigners, much to be pitied in not having a taste for whale's blubber. It is thus that enlarged vanity is too often substituted for patriotism, and the love of party for the love of truth. Meantime, uncandid feelings and great social evils are maintained by the exchange.

The Americans of the United States are apt, on this principle, to attribute to *their own* wisdom and sagacity a great deal of what, if they consider the matter calmly, they should ascribe to the favourable *circumstances* in which they are placed. In the immense territories over which their banner floats, there is as yet little occasion for crowding into a narrow space great masses of human beings, so as to produce that excess of labour over the demand for it which we witness in old countries. As population increases in the east, the west opens its forests and prairies to the superfluous hands and mouths, and it is as easy for unoccupied men in America to find new lands and habitations as it is for swarms of young bees to establish new settlements. This swarming of the population is at present the cure for superabundant labour; it hinders, in a great degree, any serious fall of wages, checks poverty in its first stage, and thus tends to prevent the degradation and crime to which poverty so often leads. Let their country be once densely peopled, and the Americans will find underpaid workmen and workwomen in their towns, and labourers scantily remunerated in their fields; nay, wherever slavery shall be maintained, it will then be impossible for free labourers and artisans to exist at all.

But, even as it is, some American writers form their analogies

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\* Their reasoning is an unconscious application of the logical principle *de omni*, and may be expressed in the syllogism—"The men of Timbuktoo are wonderful men. I am a man of Timbuktoo; ergo, I am a wonderful man."

in a very peculiar manner, which serves to conceal facts that are essential to the argument. They first fix their eyes upon the *most favourably* situated portions of the States, and their *most creditable* aspects; then they overlook the proper points of comparison, and turn to the *least favourably* situated portions of Europe, and their *least creditable* aspects. By this process, the United States may certainly be made to appear superior in *every* respect to *every* country in Europe; for certainly some men there are better and wiser than many here. There is no doubt whatever that Boston is wealthier and more learned than St. Kilda or Skibbereen. This is just as if one were to propound the fact, that the summer in Petersburg is warmer than the winter in Paris, and then to draw the conclusion that Russia is a warmer country than France. We repeat, that persons of *other* nations are so much accustomed to argue thus, that it is certainly not an exclusively American method; but then, it has been so largely used of late by their newspaper and other writers in controversies about slavery, that it seems not improper to take this occasion for pointing out a favourite popular fallacy.

When Americans talk of English needlewomen, Irish labourers, the vice and misery of our lower classes, the neglected state of the many parentless children in our cities, &c., they seem to forget that at least equal wretchedness and vice is even already to be found in some of their own cities, under their far more favourable circumstances for the diffusion of worldly sufficiency. Not to speak of the Southern States, where the curse of slavery has especially debased the *free* poor population,\* Boston, Philadelphia, and New York have lately been visited by an enlightened and friendly French *savant*, Mons. Ampère,† who is evidently quite disposed to do justice to America, and his reports concerning those cities contain descriptions of classes as neglected and dangerous to society as those of European cities. In Boston, he was present at the festivities on the occasion of opening a railway to Canada. "Everywhere," he says, "is to be read posted up, Beware of pickpockets."‡ With respect to the state of religion, he quotes Joseph Tuckerman,§ whose researches result in the astounding fact, that in the much lauded chief city of New England, out of 12,000 families, there are 5622, who, in consequence of their poverty, do not belong to any church, are not attached to any religious congregation.||

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\* See *Key to Uncle Tom*, Part iii. chap. 10.

† "Promenade en Amérique," in the *Revue des deux mondes*. 1853.

‡ Vol. i. p. 296.

§ *The Religious Principle and Regulation of the Ministry at large*.

|| See pp. 589, 590, for some startling facts concerning spiritual destitution in the Northern States.

Of New York, he writes :—" In a city of 500,000 souls, like New York, through which thousands of emigrants pass every day, the fluctuating, and consequently dangerous population, necessarily amounts to a considerable figure. It would require a very particular municipal supervision ; and this supervision is clearly not what it ought to be. In the evening, certain quarters are infested by determined banditti called *rowdies*, who seem to have a taste not only for robbery, but for violence and murder. The other day, some of those wretches went into the house of a Frenchman, and murdered him from a mere caprice of ferocity."\* " Crimes are increasing rapidly in Connecticut and New York."† The following is also worth considering :—" The *alms-house* which already exists, and the *work-house* which they are building, will not be sufficient. Women cannot go and cultivate the lands of the west ; they must live in towns. Hence, without speaking of the rest, the *wretchedness of the needlewomen of New York* is almost as great as that of the needlewomen in London. Here this wretchedness is aggravated still more by the horror of servitude," (one of the effects of negro slavery.) " These poor girls would rather starve than not sit down at their masters' tables. The servants are usually Irishwomen. The needlewomen earn only six or eight *sous* a day, and at Baltimore‡ sometimes only three *sous*," § &c. (For Philadelphia, see p. 599.)

This author does not relate these instances of distress and crime for the purpose of depreciating the institutions of America, or the character of the inhabitants of the Northern States ; nor do we quote them with any such intention, but simply to shew that poverty and its consequences exist in America as well as elsewhere, and are the result of circumstances over which the external arrangements of society have often little or no control. But such is not the case with the evils produced by slavery ; they spring directly from, and are fostered by, the institution itself. To place American slaves upon the same level as the *free* labouring poor, or even on a higher one, as has been done, indicates a strange perversion of judgment in those who do so. The American slaves are degraded *by law*. No talent, no virtue, no exertion of their own, can raise them in the scale of society, nor even better their condition more than their masters choose. Nay, the more talent, virtue, and power of exertion they possess, the *more* wretched they must be, from the comparison of what they are with what they might be under an equitable government, and from a consciousness of the utter hopelessness of their efforts to succeed in being treated as rational beings.

\* P. 1047.

‡ Baltimore is a slave town.

† P. 1052.

§ Vol. ii. p. 155.

But we warn Americans against believing that, *as a fact*, the majority of the labouring people in Great Britain and Ireland are in a state of wretchedness and degradation at all approaching that of their slaves. As to the *domestic* slaves, who are most favourably situated, it would be an insult to compare with them the servants, male or female, who form voluntary engagements with masters whom they may legally leave whenever they think fit—whom they can summon before magistrates if they consider they have any complaint—and against whom, in any case of alleged injustice, they are as free to raise actions as the first nobleman of the land. Can a slave leave his master if he be not properly fed? Can he invoke the protection of any law, be he kicked and cuffed ever so much? What legal protection has the slave girl? As to our artisans and tradespeople, it is either ignorance, or something worse, to name that sturdy, independent class, advancing daily in intelligence, along with negroes working without wages, subject to the cow-hide, and kept in brutish ignorance. Nor will the comparison hold between bondsmen and our peasants. We assert that the latter *are* better fed, better clad, and better housed.\* This matter of fact may easily be tested. We know that slaves run away frequently in search of freedom; but we never heard an instance of a free labourer longing for slavery. Let some adventurous slave-dealer beat up for recruits in this country, and we should like to hear the answer of the most wretched Highland or Mayo peasant to a proposal to become a slave, even with superior food and lodging. If free labour is sometimes underpaid, this is simply, as every one ought to know, the *necessary* result of the superabundance of labour. There is no force of law applied to prevent any who cannot earn a sufficiency in one occupation, or in one district, from choosing a more profitable employment, or from migrating to where labour is in greater demand. Good laws *can* do no more than facilitate to each individual—by protecting him in a full liberty of action—the use of all the opportunities which Providence may place within his reach. None but the wildest socialist can suppose it the duty of rulers to provide, by direct means, labour and remunerative wages for all the citizens. It is, indeed, their duty to provide facilities for the education of all; but it would be insane to expect a government to supply capacity or will for those whom it assists in being educated; and difference in the ability and diligence of individuals must always occasion gradations of rank and wealth in society. Poverty, ignorance, and crime, in *free* and *enlightened* countries, depend, partly on outward circum-

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\* A peck of corn a-week is the allowance of a slave, which he must grind himself.

stances which cannot be calculated at all, and partly on the faults and deficiencies of the individual sufferers. They can therefore in general be no more laid to the charge of governments or of the higher classes, than tempests which destroy ships, or the failure of crops which occasions famine.

But it is surely needless to pursue this reasoning. We should hardly feel ourselves bound to follow a calm, logical argument with a ruffian, who should attempt to justify himself for knocking his neighbour down with a bludgeon, by referring to the injuries which people receive from slipping on ice, or treading on orange-peel,—who should maintain that a broken head is a broken head, whether caused by accident or by his cudgel.

In the case of slave-labour, all the poverty, tyranny, ignorance, and other evils which it produces, are directly fostered *by the will of the Legislature*. But when we look to the state of the free labourers and poor, we cannot possibly charge the governments under which they live with any such sin of *commission*: their poor are not kept down purposely for the supposed benefit of a favoured class. Free states have, indeed, sometimes ignorantly thrown impediments in the way of the progress of the humbler classes, as well as of all others, by sins of *omission*—by narrow-minded and ill-judged legislation. In this country, however, the tendency of legislation has long been to remove all impediments to the social elevation of any class, as much as this *can* be done by *laws*. And we say frankly to American advocates of slavery,—point us out weak places in our social institutions, and we will thank you; we hope to consider your criticisms with calmness and candour, be they ever so harsh and bitter, and to examine and re-examine our social condition, so as to endeavour to regulate it more nearly by the principles of reason and justice. We have given proofs that we are in earnest; they are contained in the acts of individuals, of societies, and in our Statute-books. Raikes, Wilberforce, Brougham, Peel, Chalmers, Shaftesbury, even O'Connell, Father Matthew, and Cobden, in their various designs for improving the condition of the people, have met with abundant sympathy and sufficient co-operation to carry them out, in spite of the lamentations of interested classes, and the partial disagreements of friends. In fact, we have been quietly removing one after another the mouldering stones of the ancient social edifice, gradually erected by our forefathers, and replacing them with solid new ones—whether native or imported, as we have found them suitable to strengthen the fabric and to make it conducive to the welfare of *all* who are within the precincts of the British constitution. Even on this ground, then, we feel that we have some right to look beyond our own political boundaries, and to speak our minds honestly and unreservedly

about the questions which affect any portion of our brethren in other communities of the race.

But, after all, it is not necessary that before we do so everything should be absolutely perfect with ourselves; though it seems to be the opinion of a portion of the American press, that as long as there is ignorance, vice, and poverty in any European country, no European ought to find fault with what the American President terms "involuntary servitude." They call it, "extracting motes from our brothers' eyes, with huge beams in our own."\* Now, whether chattel-slavery be a mere *mote* we will again consider; but, mote as it is, it appears certainly to fill the orbit of their eyes so completely as to prevent their seeing the plainest precepts of human justice. It even makes them pervert the Bible itself, to justify their national sin, and stifle the expressions of horror for the oppression and pity for the oppressed, which are forced from millions of Europeans by the faithful voice, recently heard from America itself, concerning the "peculiar institution" of the Southern States. Does our Lord, when He condemns rash judgment, also mean that until we are absolutely perfect we must not express an opinion upon sin in others? If this were true, where is there a man, whose conscience is in a healthy state, who would undertake to become a minister of His Gospel? Could any man stand up to declare the will of God to his fellow-men, if the condition for doing so were that he should be following that will himself in an absolutely perfect manner? Could any Christian perform his plain duty to his erring brother, in reproving him for his sin, if he were bound to wait until he himself should have "no sin?" Nay, could any man profess to instruct others, on the condition that he should have exhausted all that can possibly be known of the subject which he intends to teach? It is, therefore, not because we consider ourselves or our British institutions perfect that we proclaim aloud that chattel-slavery, in its own nature, ranks with the most dreadful evils under the sun.

We call it a *national* sin of the United States, and we will do so as long as the majority of their people do not prove to the world, by their acts, that they regard it as injustice, and as an evil so enormous that no sacrifice can be too great to secure its entire abolition. But most of the anti-slavery majority in the Free States are persons who, perfectly conscious of the moral wrong inflicted upon many of their fellow-citizens, are contented to wink at the injustice from motives of a supposed expediency. It is with sorrow that we refer to the fact that those religious bodies who formerly inscribed the most manly denunciations† against slavery in their authorized formularies, have, generally

\* "New Orleans Picayune," January 1, 1853.

† *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, pp. 407, 408.

speaking, receded more and more from their original principles, with the fallacious hope of conciliating slave-holders and slave-dealers, until they now find themselves, even in the Free States, in a measure their accomplices, through the atrocious fugitive slave-law. And the chief benefit to be expected from the recent very numerous and influential expressions of public opinion in Europe is, that they may quicken the consciences of this large class in the Free States, regarding the incurable evil of slavery. They may thus be encouraged to renewed exertions, for the purpose of removing the scandal, not only by employing direct influence which the constitution affords them over their legislature, but also concentrating an enlightened and disinterested public opinion against slave-holders and others in the Southern States. Many of these persons, no doubt, like St. Clare, see the immorality of the institution, but bewildered by the voice of the majority, they are wanting in energy to act upon their convictions, until they are supported by the general sentiment of the Free States and of Europe.

Since the act of justice by which Great Britain liberated her coloured people in the West Indies, the national evil of slave labour has become more and more intense in America. It has spread with the acquisition of new territories by the Union: and the states of Kentucky and Virginia—where men were beginning to see its immorality and unprofitableness, when compared with free labour, and where, consequently, everything seemed to promise freedom to the oppressed—have been turned into great breeding-tracts for the Southern States, whence human animals are yearly exported in thousands to be worked and flogged to death, in the swamps and under the heat of Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana; thus adding the horrors of an internal slave trade to the wretchedness of the existing bondage. Instead of any mitigation of the evils of slavery, and any diminution in the number of slaves, those evils are aggravated, and those numbers are increasing. They are growing with the growth of the Republic. The longer the poison is retained, the more difficult it is to eradicate it from the body politic.

We had long lamented the existence of slavery in the United States; we had considered it a marvellous inconsistency on the part of a nation possessing a true love of liberty—a foul stain upon a community laying claim to be members of the Christian Church. We could not help perceiving what a triumph the advocates of political despotism obtain when they can point to a country where free institutions do not prevent a tyranny, more oppressive, on a portion of the people, than exists under any European government, and the more galling to the sufferers, as it stands out a glaring contrast with the unbounded liberty of another portion. Nor could we close our eyes to the effect, on

the minds of those opposed to Christianity, of this widely-spread immorality, in a professedly Christian community, in which persons even attempt to justify the system from that book which is the charter of the Christian faith, when we reflected that, through a weakness of the human mind, men are disposed to attribute to the religion itself the evil deeds of its professors, although the same men would be slow to attribute the *tares* in field to the *good grain* sown in it.\*

All this had long been a matter of conviction with us. We knew, too, that wherever chattel-slavery prevailed, grievous suffering must inevitably follow; and hence, when we read Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom*, whatever we felt, in common with all other readers in this country, it never occurred to us that there might be exaggeration in it. We were sensible that there *could* be no exaggeration in the matter, and that all she describes *may*, and a great deal *must* follow from the very nature of the system itself. We are told, indeed, not to judge of a system by its abuses. As well might a man talk of the abuse of smuggling,† of debauchery, of highway robbery; the thing itself is an abuse, and no wisdom of man can make it useful. So far, therefore, *we* did not require the complete justification of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* which Mrs. Stowe has now published in her *Key*; although for several reasons we think the book is a reasonable one. It admirably refutes the charge of exaggeration—of delineating merely the abuses of slavery—it refutes the arguments of the advocates of slavery drawn from its existence among the Jews, and from the silence of the Apostles; and shews not only the tendency of Christianity to extinguish slavery, but the fact that it *has* done so in the European Churches.‡ It is well calculated to open the eyes of the favourers of this American institution, to confirm the wavering, and to furnish an armory of facts to the friends of freedom. The style of the book, also, is not less captivating than that of her former work; if there be any tediousness, it is in the unavoidable accumulation of instances, in order to justify her original propositions. We do not deem it necessary to present specimens to our readers, for all now know what Mrs. Stowe can do. We refer to it for proofs of our arguments; and all

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\* See Archbishop Whately's *Evidences of Christian Religion*.

† We would not vouch that there are not smugglers and highwaymen who consider that their profession, *when properly carried on*, is necessary and justifiable; as to debauchery, Master Slender seems to have been inclined to make nice distinctions when he promises: "I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 1.

‡ We would further add, that this extinction is exactly analogous to the abolition of polygamy (which is nowhere expressly prohibited in the New Testament) in the Christian Church.

who feel an interest in this subject, will no doubt be anxious to read it for themselves.

The second work at the head of this article—to which we also refer our readers for facts—contains a concise view of the Laws of the Slave States, together with expositions of them by judges, and the opinions of American legislators. The book is, as might be expected from its nature, less attractive to the general reader than the *Key*. Its great praise is that it is rigorously demonstrative. In a letter prefixed from Judge Jay, he says of it—“It is more easy to make than to refute a charge of exaggeration against a work of fiction like Mrs. Stowe’s *Uncle Tom*; but your book is as impregnable against such a charge as is Euclid’s *Geometry*, since, like that, it consists of propositions and demonstrations. The book is not only true, but it is *unquestionably* true.” The work is divided into three parts: The relation of Master and Slave; Relation of the Slave to Society and to Civil Government; and Relation of the Slave Code to the Liberties of the Free. And in these the author exhausts the whole subject of slavery, not in its abuses, but as *sanctioned by the laws*. As such it must be the *Vade Mecum* of the friends of the slave. It affords ample proof of the *legal* difference between the slaves of America, and the free labouring poor of Great Britain and Ireland.

If the laws of man permit not only chattel-slavery, but sanction the buying and selling of human beings like cattle, it follows that the holders of slaves must have absolute power over them. Since they do not offer their work-people the inducement of wages to labour for them, they must be allowed to compel them to do so, by punishments as severe as they may please to inflict; and as slaves are regarded by law as property, the supposed owner must be legally protected against the risk of losing them, by the right of pursuing deserters from the yoke of servitude, of claiming them, and of shooting them down if they resist. Men find the strength of the horse, the ox, or the elephant serviceable to them, because they use these animals as unreasoning instruments of their will and pleasure; therefore the more nearly the human animal can be kept in the ignorance and mindlessness of the beast, the less likely he will be to feel his wretched condition, and to endeavour to free himself from it. Hence it is prudent, and in a certain sense merciful, to make laws against the education of the oppressed class. Again, as the master is absolute, there can be no appeal from his will, and so there is no protection for the slaves from any amount of ill-treatment, nor can they ever be permitted to give evidence against their masters.

Thus, the whole relation between the slave-holder and his bondsmen and bondswomen, is left to be regulated by *his own*

notions of what is right and proper towards them; the law makes no distinction between a virtuous and a vicious master, a religious and an impious one, a discreet man and a ruffian. As slaves are chattels—property; like every other kind, they may be bought and sold; and this barter must take place as often as one man has more slaves than he requires and another is in want of hands: the buyer requires a specific article, he cannot be encumbered with the wife and infants of the *article* to be bought, hence the separation of families may take place to any extent, and the marriage-tie must be disregarded. Moreover, the slaves of a bankrupt are sold as well as the rest of his property; they are therefore liable to be scattered—for the benefit of his creditors; and so are the slaves of a proprietor who dies leaving several heirs—for the benefit of those heirs. All these points are clearly proved in Mr. Goodall's book.

And this is a plain outline of the system upheld by the law in the slave states. If we add to this what we know, from our general study of human nature,—of the characters and dispositions of men, it is clear that unless slave-holders form a class of angelic beings, sublimated from those gross earthly passions and motives which actuate men in Europe, this system *must* involve an amount of individual suffering, mental and physical, which no imagination *can* exaggerate.

It is not, as we have said, our present object to accumulate actual instances of ill-treatment. The British public have from time to time received sufficient trustworthy illustrations of the working of the system from individual cases—several of these were given in a former article of this Journal. And any who are still sceptical, have the opportunity of investigating others in the two books to which we have referred.\* We confine ourselves to the effects of the system as they *must* proceed from it wherever it should be allowed to exist, and we have contrasted these with the nature and consequences of free labour. Human nature is the same everywhere, and therefore everywhere man entrusted with absolute power is prone to use it to the utmost extent, and apt to abuse it. No people seem to be more aware of this than the Americans themselves, in the safeguards with which they have surrounded their political liberty; yet they commit to the hands of a class, powers which are not possessed by the most despotic sovereign in Europe. And these powers are delegated to overseers and others, who by habit must become hardened to the sufferings of their fellow-men. We have in our possession a letter, for the authenticity of which we can vouch, and which we give here as a specimen of the effect produced by slavery on the moral condition of those engaged in it.

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\* See also the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, a London monthly periodical.

"Smithfield,\* Convict Dépôt, December 1844.

"SIR,—I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken in writing to you ; but as I have been informed that there is a person wanting to fill the situation of executioner in Newgate, and believing that through you or to you the application must be made for such situation, I therefore beg to state that I am at present a convict under sentence of seven years' transportation, and now in Smithfield prison ; and in order to give you to understand that I am competent to fulfil the above situation, I have for the last eight years served on board the 'Will-of-the-Wisp,' a slaver on the coast of Africa, and have distinguished myself as an able seaman ; and to shew that I have nerve to perform the duties of hangman, I have known myself, when we have been closely chased by Her Majesty's Cruisers, to *despatch and throw overboard 150 negroes in half-an-hour* ; and if I am fortunate enough to obtain said situation, I hope by my future good conduct and strict attention to the duties which I will be called on to perform, to give general satisfaction. I will patiently await your answer. If you think proper you can call on Mr. Lamb, the governor of this prison, who has known me for some years past, who, I am convinced, will give a satisfactory *carracter* of me. What induces me to apply for this situation is, I am a married man, and the thought of being banished from my native country and from my beloved wife, is more than I can bear ; and the hopes of obtaining the said situation and my liberty, fills me with feelings of emotion which I am unable to express.—I have the honour to be, your obedient servant.

"To the Governor of Kilmainham Jail."

The writer of this letter is a European ; he is tenderly attached to his "beloved wife," and yet he shewed his nerve by despatching 150 negroes in half-an-hour. Such are the hardening effects of irresponsible power on men, who, in other situations, might not have been worse than their neighbours. We consider slave-holders, overseers, and dealers no *worse* by nature than other men ; but neither do we consider them any *better*, and therefore we say again, that taking together the slave-laws and the natural tendency of men to be corrupted by such a system, every kind of suffering may reasonably be imagined as inflicted on their slaves.

Any one may come to this conclusion from the premises we have supplied. But it is a matter of daily observation that general statements bear with only a slight effect upon the majority of mankind. The description of a battle produces but a transient sympathy for thousands of unknown sufferers ; whereas our feelings are highly excited by the unfortunate glazier who is killed under our eyes by a fall. The recognised and most effective method of rousing the sympathy of mankind in general, is to

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\* A prison in Dublin.

*individualize* the sufferings of a class, so as to concentrate it upon examples, to bring vividly before the imagination truthful representations of the working of a system, so as to shew its effects in action. And this is what has been done so admirably in the writings of Mrs. Stowe.

That there should be counter efforts of all kinds in America is not wonderful. There is the opposition of the interested who dread the loss of wealth; there is the opposition of the timid, who fear all sorts of harm from an agitation which may issue in vast changes. It is alleged especially that the agitation of this question must dissolve the central government of the Union, and issue in a disruption of the connexion between the Free and the Slave States.—Now, in the first place, the union is already little more than nominal; each individual state rules itself almost as independently as if there were no combined organization. The occupation of Texas was carried out by adventurers; the same process is now going on with respect to Mexico; and the conduct of the central Government with respect to the piratical expedition to Cuba clearly illustrates the weakness of the central ties. These ties are relaxing daily through the system of electoral *autonomy* fostered by the democratic spirit; they must be still more relaxed by the formation of new States, and the love of conquest with which so many seem now to be infatuated.

In the second place, for various reasons, a separation between the Free and the Slave States might prove anything but a misfortune to the former. In a *moral* point of view they would be great gainers. At present they are in reality, and in the eyes of the world, responsible for the existence of slavery in *any* part of the Union, especially since the passing of the fugitive slave-law; for they help to carry out its consequences, not only by being under a legal obligation to become hunters of men, but also through the degradation attaching to slavery, which taints and corrupts their social institutions, and which extends even to *free* negroes (among whom are included many as white as those of European blood) the stigma which is inflicted on their still enslaved brethren. So long as slavery exists in a country the free negroes are considered an inferior race. Where slavery has been abolished, the negro gradually takes his place beside his white brother; as has happened already, in spite of various difficulties, in the British colonies; and in Europe colour offers no bar either to political or social advancement.

It is this unmanly prejudice against free negroes which originated the well-known projects of colonization to Liberia and Cape Palmas. We confess that at one time, when we had not studied the subject so deeply, the institution of colonies in which free negroes might become familiar with the working

of liberal institutions, imbued with civilisation, and made acquainted with Christianity, seemed to be highly desirable ; and we still think that, with a view to the important object of the civilisation and conversion of Africa, the plan has its favourable side. But when, by more full information, we learned that this colonization scheme was merely intended as a kind of transportation for a portion of the inhabitants of the States, and that all sorts of persecution were used to induce the negroes to leave their native land, we were compelled to modify our opinion, and to regard the colonization scheme as another instance of the flagrant inconsistency of a people calling themselves free. In fact, as far as modern customs permit, it is much the same as the *krypteia* of the ancient Spartans, who occasionally thinned the superabundant population of *their* helots, by making their young men lie in wait for and slaughter them. This prejudice against free negroes is one of the direct results of slave labour.

It cannot be an antipathy to African blood as such ; else we should not find whites cohabiting with blacks, mulattoes, and quadroons, and raising up families by them. When a man eats a hearty dinner without saying grace, we may suspect him of want of religion, but not want of appetite, or disgust for the food. Nor again, would the gentry of the Southern States be surrounded by negro servants, who sometimes become pets with them, as dogs and birds do among us. We can understand the higher and more enlightened classes, everywhere, not associating with their inferiors, because neither their manners nor their education make them suitable companions ; but in the Free States, the lowest and most ignorant white considers himself superior to the most cultivated negro, and *American society approves of his sentiment*. Thus serfdom, while it is abolished in most despotic countries in Europe, flourishes in its worst form in a country boasting of its political and personal freedom, looking with contempt on monarchical governments, and receiving with open arms every charlatan who has the glory of having plotted against them !

But the substitution of free instead of slave-labour would imply, it is said, incalculable loss to individuals, and consequent injury to social prosperity in all the States. Now it is indeed certain, that some merchants in the Free States do find their interests promoted by their connexion with slave-holders, and their traffic in slave-produce ; and it is therefore natural—considering how prone men are to look to the present rather than to the future, and to delude themselves concerning the *morality* of their actions,—that *they* should be advocates or palliators of slavery. But we do not allow that connexion with the Slave States is of any real advantage, immediate or prospective, to the inhabitants of the Free States generally. The remarkable increase of

population, which under present circumstances is an element of strength to the Union, is taking place almost exclusively in the Free States: far from increasing in the Slave States, many of the white population there are actually emigrating from them to the far west. Our space forbids us to enter into details concerning agriculture, commerce, education, literature, and the other elements of civilisation; but let any Briton or American consult the published statistics of the Union, the decennial increase of the free and of the slave population, and compare the areas of the two divisions, and he will see where the advantage lies—in freedom or in slavery. The benefits of the connexion are *entirely on the side of the south*; and as the north will have nothing to lose by severing that connexion, the citizens of its States, having right and justice on their side, should fearlessly proceed on the clear path of duty marked out for them by the spirit of the Gospel and the natural love of liberty. Let them not be scared by the ill sound of sectarian abolitionism. They should remember that in every cause, good as well as bad, there are always some who, under the impulse of feeling, are apt to become enthusiasts and even fanatics. Let not the enlightened and the thoughtful public of Britain or America be turned from a philanthropic enterprise by the alleged fanaticism of “abolitionists;” let them view the professed object of these parties with a comprehensive eye, and elevated above the real or imagined follies with which they have surrounded it. In Great Britain also, before the abolition of colonial slavery, we had much irregular enthusiasm, which in fact has accompanied every great reformation in the world. With human nature as it is, no important political or social change can be accomplished if its leading advocates are destitute of enthusiasm.

And there is no time to be lost. We rejoice in any mitigation of the horrible system; but we believe that no cure, short of total abolition, will suffice to remove the degradation and suffering which inhere in an essentially vicious social institution. Let the slaveholder and the general Christian community once behold in the slave a brother, and he must be set free. Conscience will not permit an enlightened Christian people to sanction permanently the laws of slave labour. There cannot indeed be a more painful feeling for a man of humanity and religion than to be depending upon such labour. Slaves will not (as a general rule) work unless they are forced to do so; and thus he is placed in the alternative either of having his work done imperfectly, or of using means which are fit only for brutes. Nay, by the usages around him and by the laws, he is in one sense as little free as his slaves. He is coerced by the latter in a hundred ways which give him no choice but that of exercising *somewhat* less cruelty than his more corrupt neighbours.

The great *practical* point, in the meantime, is that all, or at least a large majority, in the United States, should be persuaded that slavery is essentially unjust and sinful. When once this point is gained, no sacrifice will be considered too great to secure the emancipation of the slaves. That sacrifice, we believe, will not after all be so considerable as many think. It is said indeed that none but negro *slaves* are fit to produce cotton and sugar; but even supposing this were true, surely slavery embraces many who are not engaged in these pursuits. Domestic servants and artisans, need not be slaves in the Southern States any more than elsewhere. The fact that they are so, degrades labour in the eyes of the free, and besides makes it difficult for them to find work. As to the *economy* of buying slaves, instead of hiring servants and tradesmen, experience shews this to be a mistake. The allurements of good wages is everywhere found to be a far greater inducement to work, than the fear of chastisement, especially to those who have become hardened to the latter. Chastisement may force men to work, but it cannot force them to work *well*. Good work can only be expected from those whose hearty good-will accompanies their labour; and this state of mind is best secured by making it men's interest to exert themselves, through the fear of losing their employment, and by giving them the hope of bettering their condition,—not to speak of the general beneficent effects of independence of character.

All this applies, of course, to *every* kind of work; but that of the plantations is sometimes represented as peculiarly requiring coerced labour. Yet, in fact, free labour has already been tried, and found to succeed in plantations of cotton and also of sugar. In the States themselves small proprietors have been hiring labourers for the former, and have found it profitable. Free labour cotton is at present exported in considerable quantities to England. The Colonies in Africa, Liberia, and Natal, are raising it, and so is Abbeokuta, on the south-west coast. India is making rapid progress in cotton produce; and when our hardy emigrants in Australia apply their hands to this department the slaveholders had better look about their English market.

With respect to sugar, the case is still stronger. Everywhere (with one exception) the production of sugar by free-hands is increasing. That one exception is Jamaica, where the local legislature seems to have done its best to ruin the planters. At the time of the emancipation, indeed, none of the West India islands appear to have taken wise measures corresponding to that important event. Gradually they have suited their institutions to the changed circumstances, and they are now, accordingly, rapidly improving, especially in Barbadoes. But in Jamaica, among

other short-sighted measures, they established and still maintain a system of protective duties on provisions, which raises the necessities of life to such prices, that the coloured population prefer tilling the ground instead of working for wages which would not enable them to live.\*

We therefore assert, in opposition to slavery advocates, that emancipation has *not* failed in the British West Indies nor in the French ones, although there that measure was complicated with great political excitement coming from the mother country.† Prudence, coupled with justice, would render the righteous act, we are certain, perfectly safe, even at present, in America. And as to its vast beneficial consequences in future years, none can sufficiently appreciate them. They are in a degree obvious in what has been achieved in all free countries. As yet, but little has been done in the application of the immense resources of machinery in the Slave States, and this must be attributed in a great measure to the numbing effect of the "institution." While new instruments of scientific agriculture, which astonish us here, are invented in the Free States, every process is still carried on in the south in the rudest manner. Machinery would lessen the mere *animal* labour of men, and would enhance the productiveness of the soil and of what it bears. Thus the planter, with his slave labour and defective implements, is able to extract only one-third of the saccharine which is contained in the sugar-cane. In France, for instance, when they first made beet-sugar, they obtained only one-tenth of the saccharine contained in the root; but by successive social and mechanical improvements they now succeed in extracting eight-tenths.

There are many other considerations which shew the advantages of Free over Slave labour; and even what we have said, has been more in hints than fully developed. Our principal object has been to combat the assertion, that American slaves are happier than many British free people; to refute the calumny, that our Government and our wealthy classes do not as much for their labourers of this country, as the slave-legislatures do for theirs; and to remind those in Europe and the States, who desire to see free labour substituted for American slavery, of the triumphs which, through God's blessing, were gained by popular opinion, when slave-labour was abolished by European governments in obedience to its voice.

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\* See a Pamphlet by Professor Handcock: *The Abolition of Slavery with reference to the State of the West Indies since Emancipation.*

† See a Pamphlet by James Haughton, Esq.: *Should the Holders of Slave Property receive Compensation on the Abolition of Slavery?*

- ART. VI.—1. *Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus. Translated from the Original Syriac, with an Introduction and Historical and Philological Notes.* By the Rev. HENRY BURGESS, Ph. D. of Göttingen, a Presbyter of the Church of England, Translator of the Festal Letters of Athanasius from an Ancient Syriac Version. London, 1853.
2. *Bardesanes Gnosticus, Syrorum primus Hymnologus. Commentatio Historico-Theologica quam scripsit* AUGUSTUS HAHN. Lipsiae, 1819.
3. *Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant.* By the Hon. ROBERT CURZON, Jun. Fourth Edition. London, 1853.
4. *The Nestorians and their Rituals.* By the Rev. G. P. BADGER, M.A., East India Company's Chaplain. 2 vols. London, 1852.

DR. ARNOLD has somewhere remarked that histories, instead of being too much prolonged, are too brief and superficial. The remark expresses, we are sure, the intense feeling of many in these times to whom the study of the past is a deep moral necessity, and who long for a history which shall be more than a mere syllabus of names, and dates, and external events,—which shall connect these with the human hearts and intellects whence they have received life. As regards a history of the Church the matter seems to stand thus. We have something more than its grand outlines in the well-known works of Mosheim, Gieseler, and Neander: yet even the amplest and richest of these books leaves behind it a feeling of dissatisfaction, if it be intelligently and earnestly read. Our conceptions are painfully dim, when we are eager to obtain a close and familiar knowledge of the every-day movements of the Christian community. Our reading has only awakened a keen craving for information more minute and life-like. We thus are grateful for supplemental books,—like Neander's Tertullian and Julian and Chrysostom, or, indeed, for any contributions which may in some measure help us to imagine the actual Christianity of the past and the distant—fitted as the picture often is to expand the sympathies and abate prejudices.

One marked characteristic of recent research into other forms of Christian life is the special attention now given to the venerable but sadly decrepit Christian communities of the East, whose formularies exist in languages cognate with the ancient Hebrew. For ages these have been considered, it may be, as objects of curiosity and mournful retrospect, but also as remote from the hopes and living interests of modern Christian civili-

sation. Happily this indifference is beginning to disappear. The works of Curzon, Layard, Badger, Fletcher, and many others, have made Englishmen in some measure familiar with the interesting communities on the mountains and in the valleys of Syria and Egypt. The generation which has disclosed the long-buried monuments of Nineveh, and in which the eyes of the politicians of the world are keenly directed to the East, has brought into high relief the present forms and feeble vitality of the Christian institutions of Ethiopia and Syria.

Among the Oriental Churches those of Syria should always hold a first place in the affections of Christendom. The New Testament, it is true, in wise adaptation to the wants of coming ages, was given to the world in Greek. But we remember that our Lord and his disciples spoke in the dialect of Syria;\* that although the Sacred penmen wrote in Greek, it was in Syriac that they heard their Master's utterances, and first preached the coming of the "Kingdom of Heaven." In Syria, too, Christianity obtained its earliest triumphs, and the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.

The works placed at the head of this article offer an occasion for presenting some information—new and curious even to the student—concerning the life and literature of this section of ancient Christendom. Syriac Literature, in its existing monuments, embraces the whole period from the date of the invaluable Syriac version of the Scriptures, known as the *Peschito*, until the present age. It bursts upon us at the earlier epoch in all the effulgence of a sanctified intellect, and then gradually declines to the misty and scarcely animated productions of modern ecclesiastics.† Then the language was spoken by nations of great political influence and refinement, and was made to express every shade of thought and passion; but *now* it has ceased to be an organ of a people, and only lives in Church formularies, and occasional controversial or diplomatic productions. A *patois*, in which fragments of Syriac are discoverable among the overlaying Arabic, may still be found in retired religious communities; but with these rare exceptions, the language has long been a dead one.‡ The

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\* From various causes, especially their captivity in Babylon, the Hebrews lost their dialect, and adopted the Aramæan or Syriac, thus becoming, in the decline of national greatness, more assimilated with the surrounding peoples. It was the language of Syria therefore, and not a corruption of Hebrew, as is sometimes supposed, that was vernacular to our Lord and his apostles. The Hebrew was still the sacred tongue; but the language of ordinary life was, provincialisms excepted, that used at Damascus, Antioch, and Edessa.

† Joseph, a Syrian patriarch, who died in 1714, wrote a treatise on the Nestorian Controversy respecting the person of Christ.

‡ Since writing the previous sentences, we have received from a gentleman, lately returned from Persia, a Number of a Magazine, printed and published by the American missionaries in Oroomiah, in that country. We have been agree-

era of its triumph and glory may be said to have declined soon after the death of EPHRAEM, in the year 372 ; but it continued to exert an important influence, especially in translations, down to the time of Bar Hebraeus, or Abulpharag, in the thirteenth century.

We might devote an article to the Syriac version of the Old and New Testaments alone, of which the excellences, though generally acknowledged, are far too little understood. The fact that Syriac is so closely allied to Hebrew, would, *primâ facie*, confer importance on a version of the Old Testament into the cognate tongue, apart from the acknowledged fidelity of the Peschito translation. How much more does the fact that our Lord and His apostles spoke in Syriac, confer value on the translation of the New Testament, made at a time when the language was vernacular to those who executed it? It is not improbable that in this Syriac version we have, in many cases, *the exact words employed in their public ministrations by our Lord and His apostles*. And yet this precious monument of ancient piety and learning was not known in Europe until the middle of the sixteenth century, when Ignatius, the patriarch of Antioch, sent Moses of Merdin to obtain the aid of the Roman Pontiff in printing it. Compared with the Greek original and the Latin Vulgate, its criticism is but recent, and therefore scanty and imperfect.\*

In order to convey to our readers some idea of the remains of the past, to which so high a value is justly attached, we may describe briefly a Syriac manuscript, which we had lately an opportunity of inspecting in the British Museum. After glancing at other objects in that grand national repository, we made our way to the manuscript department, where the written lore of past ages, which once slumbered in darkness and was the prey of worms, shakes itself from the dust, and puts on the garb of Russia binding, under the supervision of Sir Frederick Madden. The resurrection of these faded parchments has, in many cases,

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ably surprised to find, that although there is a great admixture of words of Persian and Arabic origin, the Syriac is sufficiently prominent to give to the language its character. The work is in quarto, and is entitled, "Rays of Light." It consists of missionary and miscellaneous articles on religious subjects. We rejoice in this happy symptom.

\* No want is more pressing in relation to Biblical learning, than a good critical edition of the Syriac Scriptures, formed by the aid of the numerous ancient MSS. which are now known to exist. We believe such a task is contemplated by the Rev. W. Cureton, and earnestly hope he may be able to complete it. To say nothing of the stores of the Vatican, there are materials in our own Museum of the highest value in relation to such a recension. Manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures have been brought from Egypt at the expense of our Government, and are waiting for some practised hand to unlock their treasures. Criticism, on the Greek side, has pretty nearly exhausted its stores, and it may therefore be hoped that attention will now be turned to this rich, but scarcely cultivated field.

raised human thought from the charnel-house, and given immortality to what was long considered dead. This is the temple of their fame, in whose niches that which remains of the poet, the philosopher, the historian, or the divine, is now enshrined. This is the palace of the former great ones of the world of mind, where, in silent state, each shall sit, probably until the day of doom, disturbed only by the curious student or desultory visitor. But let us spend a short time with these spectres of other years.

We begin with the venerable relics which have more than their antiquity to recommend them—the manuscripts which God has made the depositories of the documents on which our faith as Christians is built. This is a Syriac manuscript from the collection of Rich, named after that successful explorer of Oriental treasures. To preserve it from injury, it is enclosed in a case, which, when opened, presents a compact volume of the size which we moderns call *royal octavo*, and about two inches and a half in thickness. It is bound in Russia, its contents being lettered on the back. This is a copy of the version of the New Testament in Syriac, which we have already mentioned; it is described in the catalogue as exceedingly old, the inscription of its transcriber fixing its completion in the year of the Greeks 1079, or A.D. 768, making its present age nearly eleven centuries. A man may well feel awed when opening a production written by hands so long since shrouded in the tomb, in regions far away, and relating to topics so sublime. The material is the finest vellum, more or less discoloured by age; indeed, much more so than some of the Nitrian manuscripts a century or two earlier. The writing is in double columns, and, like most ancient documents, is exceedingly correct, clerical errors being comparatively rare. The ink is very thick in consistence, more like a pigment, making the letters stand out somewhat in relief; and, except where damp has injured it, the writing is quite intelligible, as though written but yesterday. The titles of the separate books, and the headings of the ecclesiastical divisions, are written in red and green ink, of so good a colour that they give the page a gay appearance. The beginning of the volume, as far as the third chapter of Matthew, is lost; but the deficiency has been supplied, in a larger character, by a more modern writer. A note informs us that the work was finished more than a thousand years ago by a certain Sabar Jesu, in the monastery of Beth Cocensi.

O Sabar Jesu! we mentally exclaimed, on whose handiwork we are now looking, who wert thou? what was thy history? what drove thee from the world to the company of monks, and what was the extent of thy literary labours? This age knows nothing of thee but thy name, thus inscribed by thyself in red

letters at the close of thy great undertaking. Thy course was silent and contemplative, for a work like this could only be wrought in the solitary cell, and with concentrated attention. We will not say, *On thy soul may God have mercy*, as thy fellow-scribes so often write at the close of their tasks; but we will hope that, while giving to after ages this monument of Christian truth, thou didst feed upon it in thine own spirit! Sabar Jesu, thou wast different in thy language, thy dress, and thy habits, from the men of this generation, but thou wast a Christian, and didst, we hope, drink of the same living waters as supply our wants, and we therefore gladly call thee brother. We trust thou art now at rest, and wilt stand in thy lot at the end of the days!

Edessa appears to have been renowned for its literature very early in the Christian era. Tradition ascribes its conversion to Thomas the Apostle. There are reasons for thinking that these translations of the Bible were made there; but it is certain that the place was celebrated for its schools of learning. Asseman states,\* that "in the city of Edessa there was a school of the Persian nation, established by some one unknown, in which Christian youths were taught sacred literature." Indubitable proofs are furnished by Dr. Burgess, of a very early literary vitality in this celebrated city. Here Bardesanes flourished in the second century, and here Ephraem preached and wrote in the fourth. Much curious information respecting Bardesanes, especially in relation to the Syriac Hymnology, is found in the scarce tract named at the head of this paper. He was a Gnostic Christian, who, by the charms of oratory, and by musical adaptations to hymns and other metrical compositions, bewitched the people with his heresies. His works have perished, except some fragments found in the writings of Ephraem; but, from the testimony borne by ancient writers, he must have been a man of rare genius, able greatly to influence the public mind.

It was in opposition to the influence exerted by the memory and the writings of Bardesanes, that Ephraem, the Deacon of Edessa, as the "champion of Christ, put on his arms, and proclaimed war against the forces of his enemies." Thus originated a noble monument of Christian literature, in the form of a set of polemical homilies, which have come down to us in the original Syriac. They are entitled, in the Roman edition, *Sermones Polemici adversus Haereses*. They contain an account of the heresies which disturbed the Eastern Church in the four first centuries, more copious, perhaps, than is extant in any other record.

It thus appears that from the time of the formation of the Peschito versions to Ephraem, the Syriac language was em-

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\* *Bibliotheca Orientalis*, tom. iv. p. 69.

ployed as an important instrument for affecting the public mind. We have no doubt that many works of genius appeared in the long interval, as well as those of Bardesanes. But we must look to EPHRAËM as the great master of Syriac literature, for in his time the language was in its complete manhood. How much he wrote it is impossible to say; but his surviving compositions are voluminous, and have yet, for the most part, to be introduced to the public. It is doubted by some whether he understood Greek: it is certain that he did not write in it; and, consequently, his works extant in that language are only translations. Yet it is by these versions that he is generally estimated as an author, his genuine Syriac writings having been neglected, in the too prevalent ignorance of that language. Great facility is given for the study of them by the magnificent edition published at Rome by the Asseman in the early part and about the middle of the last century. In six large folios, nearly all the confessed works of this celebrated Father of the Church have been collected, and edited with a critical sagacity and elaborate care which must ever confer honour on the editors. Three volumes contain the Greek translations, and three the Syriac originals—the latter being in nearly all cases productions different from the former. Of these three volumes, about one and a-half are occupied with a Commentary on the Old Testament, which deserves more attention than it has yet received. The other volume and a-half contain hymns and homilies on every variety of topic concerning Christian life and doctrine.\*

The Syriac writers after Ephraem are very numerous, but none possess his genius. They are all referred to, with notices of their lives and characteristic catalogues of their known writings, in that marvellous production of learned industry, the *Bibliotheca Orientalis* of J. S. Asseman. This work, like the edition of Ephraem just referred to, we owe to the patronage of the Popes, and the treasures of the Vatican—would that two such potent instruments were always as usefully employed!—both turned to account by the master minds of the Asseman and their co-adjutors. It may be confidently said that this work contains literary wealth not likely to be soon exhausted; and that Syriac Literature is more indebted to it than to any work besides, the editions of the Holy Scriptures excepted. As a catalogue, it indicates where materials for illustrating the Syrian Church, its language and literature, are to be found; but it does far more than this. It gives

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\* It is from this portion of Ephraem's writings that Dr. Burgess has selected the pieces translated in his volume. He has accompanied the translations with some valuable notes.

lengthened extracts from the writers enumerated; to such an extent indeed, that Syriac lexicography would be marvelously enriched if these stores alone were properly examined and applied. There is only one deduction to make from the praises we are able to bestow on both these works—the edition of Ephraem and the *Bibliotheca*—they are necessarily very expensive, and consequently not always available to those who might make good use of them.

We have said enough to shew that Syriac Literature is very extensive in its existing monuments, and that it supplies abundant materials for a laborious scholarship yet to work upon. But we must now turn to an aspect of it singularly interesting and remarkable, as exhibited to us in the volume of Dr. Burgess. We quote his words:—

“When the student comes in contact with the Syrian Church Literature, either in manuscript or printed books, he is attracted by the singular fact, that much of it is in a metrical form. We lay stress on the word *student*, because a superficial investigation will leave the phenomenon unnoticed, as has indeed happened to men of learning. Both in manuscripts and printed books the metrical verses of this literature are generally written as prose, only a point indicating the close of a rhythm, and that not always; so that such works may be consulted occasionally, as books of reference, without their artificial construction being perceived. But apart from all marks of distinction, as soon as these compositions are read and studied in their individual completeness, their rhythmical character becomes evident, sometimes from the poetical style of what is thus circumscribed by these prosodical measures, but always from the moulding and fashioning which the language has to undergo before it will yield up its freedom to the fetters of verse. This then is the sphere of our present undertaking, and it will be our duty to trace up this metrical literature to its origin as far as historical light will guide us; to say something on the laws by which its composition appears to be regulated; to glance at its existing monuments; and then, more especially, to treat of the works of Ephraem, the great master of this literature, a few of whose compositions are now brought before the English public.”—Pp. xxii., xxiii.

Now, when it is known that all the extant writings of Ephraem in Syriac, with the exception of his Commentary on the Old Testament, are composed in this *metrical* form, and that in the Roman edition they occupy a folio volume and a half, it may excite surprise that this extraordinary feature should not have had more attention, and engaged scholars in the diligent study of it.\* If this vast amount of composition had consisted merely

\* The editors of the Syriac works of Ephraem are not to blame for this, for they have, in their prefaces, pointed out all the metrical pieces, and expatiated on their various merits.

of hymns, its neglect would have been less surprising; but it includes every description of subject, from discourses of great length to the short hymn properly so designated. We have here polemical treatises on doctrine, religious poems, meditations, and prayers.

It would be considered an extraordinary circumstance in the case of any Greek or Latin author, whose works are printed, that the *metrical form* of his writings should not be recognised; and yet this is what has happened to Ephraem. It is a fact which speaks loudly of the little attention given to Syriac learning. Nor is this a matter of mere literary curiosity. It concerns the whole Christian and ministerial life of these communities of Syria and their pastors, and reveals views of early Christianity most interesting and curious. As far as we can judge from existing documents, *all Ephraem's pulpit efforts were metrical*, and his hearers were instructed from time to time with compositions of rare felicity of invention and strength of argument, clothed in a form highly poetic.

The metrical writings of Ephraem have, for the most part, far more than the external and adventitious form of poetical composition; they are essentially poetic in their conception and execution. We cannot now present proof of this; but our readers may judge for themselves, by the few pieces which Dr. Burgess has translated. We cannot compare him with any of his predecessors, from the want of any of their remains, but he is favourably contrasted with those who come after him. For the greater part, the latter are circumscribed by the few topics especially related to them as Churchmen, and can lay no claim to general literary knowledge and genius. But Ephraem, while confining himself very much to Biblical thoughts, is copious in his fancy, and has a considerable creative imagination.

The external form of Ephraem's versification is varied, but in all cases the rhythm is reckoned by syllables—not by feet, as is generally the case in the Greek and Roman verse. The Syriac metres are six in number, consisting respectively of four, five, six, seven, eight, and twelve syllables. Each of these is found in strophes or stanzas of various lengths, from three or four to twenty or thirty verses. Many pieces are composed of different verses. Ephraem appears to have exercised much ingenuity, in giving the charm of variety to his compositions in accommodation to the popular taste of Edessa. Sometimes his pieces have rhymes, but these are of rare occurrence; sometimes they have similar endings in the lines. It is a singular fact, that while the great number of forms and metres in our modern hymn-books is a ground of objection with some persons on the score of taste, the hymns of the Syrians of the fourth century go far

beyond them in their capricious and fanciful arrangements. If, as is to be presumed, these were all accommodations to musical times, we have presented to us a Christian service, endeavouring by every possible variety to keep up the attention and life of the worshippers.

But there is another notable feature of these compositions, which is thus referred to by Dr. Burgess:—

“Historical evidence is quite conclusive as to the popularity of the practice of *alternate* singing in the early Syrian Church, and as to the important use made of it both by Bardesanes and Ephraem, as an instrument for moulding and fashioning the public mind. And its influence is founded in nature, exciting as it does an interest in a public service, and keeping alive an enthusiasm in more private musical performances. . . . There are at least two distinct forms of this practice manifest in the works of Ephraem. The first has the character of the dialogue, or rather of the amœbæic poems of Theocritus and Virgil; when two persons, or more, carry on a conversation on a topic forming the subject of the composition. . . . But the second form of the responsive chant is more common; it consists of a chorus at the end of each strophe, formed either by a repetition of a portion of the poem, by a prayer, or by a doxology.”—P. liv.

When we ask the very natural question,—Who invented these metres, or first introduced metrical compositions into Christian worship? we get no reply, the whole matter being involved in obscurity in the first and second centuries. Tradition assigns the invention to Bardesanes. Harmonius, the son of Bardesanes, is said to have been educated in Greece, and afterwards to have improved upon his father's discovery, by the introduction of Greek metres. We incline to think that the Syrians very early introduced into their language the metrical forms of the Greek and Latin literature; but whether the Church originated the practice of metrical writing, or adopted it and improved upon it, is probably still an open question.

In the liturgies and service books of the Syrian Christians many hymns are interspersed, and it is from these shorter pieces that the current opinion respecting the character of the metrical writings has been formed. Certainly if Ephraem had only written these shorter pieces, they would have been worthy of attention; but the value of the metrical literature is greatly enhanced by its being the vehicle of *discourses on controversies, and doctrines, as well as matters of Christian practice*. A set of homilies, thirteen in number, on the Nativity, occupy forty folio columns of Syriac, and may be properly considered as a continuous work, although thus divided for convenience.

Our readers may perhaps expect a specimen of the Literature

we have been describing, and we select the first hymn from the volume before us. It is in Tetrasyllabic metre in the Syriac, and consequently terse and compressed in its composition.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

- “ Oh my Son, tenderly beloved !  
Whom grace fashioned  
In his mother's womb,  
And divine goodness completely formed.  
He appeared in the world  
Suffering like a flower ;  
And Death put forth a heat  
More fierce than the sun,  
And scattered its leaves  
And withered it, that it ceased to be.  
I fear to weep for thee,  
Because I am instructed  
That the Son of the King hath removed thee  
To His bright habitation.
- “ Nature in its fondness,  
Disposes me to tears,  
Because, my son, of thy departure.  
But when I remember the bright abode  
To which they have led thee,  
I fear lest I should defile  
The dwelling-place of the King  
By weeping, which is adverse to it ;  
And lest I should be blamed  
For coming to the region of bliss  
With tears which belong to sadness ;  
I will therefore rejoice,  
Approaching with my unmixed offering.
- “ The sound of thy sweet notes  
Once moved me and caught mine ear,  
And caused me much to wonder ;  
Again my memory listens to it,  
And is affected by the tones  
And harmonies of thy tenderness.  
But when my spirit groans aloud  
On account of these things,  
My judgment recalls me,  
And listens with admiration  
To the voices of those who live on high ;  
To the song of the spiritual ones  
Who cry aloud, Hosannah !  
At thy marriage festival.”

To appreciate the genius of this Syrian divine it is necessary to compare his hymns with those of the early Latin and Greek Churches. This may be conveniently done, as far as the latter are concerned, by consulting Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*.<sup>\*</sup> A great difference will, with a few exceptions, be at once perceptible in the freedom and general literary expansiveness of Ephraem, contrasted with the narrow and mere doctrinal productions of the Greek and Latin hymn writers. The Greek and Latin hymns are mostly only adapted for ecclesiastical use, while a great number of Ephraem's pieces have an interest as extensive as human nature. This characteristic is doubtless attributable in part to his freedom from the fetters of religious conventionalism and theological polemic. It is true the controversies respecting heresies had distracted the Church before his time, but they had not resulted in the hard stereotyping of the mind in the prescribed formulas which soon afterwards took the place of a free exposition of Scripture, and obstructed the development of religious life.

This remark suggests some examination of the relation of the early religious life and literature of Syria to the forms of Christianity which now prevail in that country. If our readers wish to pursue the sad comparison at greater length than our space will now permit, we refer them to the volume of Dr. Burgess and the Bardesanes of Hahn for the former period; and for the modern Churches, to the other works placed at the head of this article. By these aids very different are the pictures we get of the working of Christianity in nearly the same places, but at eras separated by fifteen centuries. How comes it that in the one epoch there is life,—ardent, impassioned, and practical; in the other, only a slight movement in the debilitated members, and a hectic flush upon the brow?

In ancient times, there were doubtless fixed ritual arrangements by which the Syriac Churches were governed, but, whatever they were, they were not so cumbrous or stringent as to destroy the freedom and paralyze the action of the religious life. The ecclesiastical system then existing allowed a latitude in the conception of new methods of Christian operation and in carrying these into action. While moving within the orbit of a Church system, Ephraem was not rigidly confined to any linear course in it, but could move right and left as his conscience might guide him, or as the profit of the people might seem to demand. The public service of that age seems to have admitted a variety of form; its boundary lines were sufficiently elastic to allow of novelties in the external accompaniments of wor-

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<sup>\*</sup> In three volumes. Halle & Leipsic, 1841-1846.

ship. For example, on the occasion of a death, Ephraem was wont to compose a piece appropriate to each special instance, and which, as the case might demand, lamented the premature decay of the flower of infancy and youth, the mysterious removal of the head of a household, or the descent into the tomb of ripe old age, each instance suggesting fitting Biblical topics and consolations. The great variety of this class of his writings shews us that every opportunity was embraced of turning the sorrows of the bereaved to the best account—his Syriac pieces on death, as far as published, amounting to eighty-five. Great public events were in a similar way suggestive of materials for public worship. Several homilies exist, written in the times of pestilence, from which Syria suffered so much. And this freedom to adopt new modes of teaching was not confined to occasional services, it evidently pervaded the ordinary performance of divine worship. Putting all these signs and motives of vigorous life together, we are at no loss for a reason why, in the fourth century, the Church at Edessa flourished.

But, as time rolled on, system and mechanical routine gradually took the place of spontaneous movement; age by age custom became stronger in its influence, and at length assumed the office of a supreme arbiter in the Church. Some centuries after Ephraem his successors were satisfied with *his* thoughts, and ceased to put forth *their own*. Imperceptibly, yet surely, like the gathering frosts of winter, conventionalisms and Church laws bound all free aspirations in their icy chains, until the Syrian Churches became what they now are. The times changed, but men did not change their modes of action with them. The language of Ephraem ceased to be a living one, and yet continued to be the vehicle of the hymns and liturgies of the Church. No active spirit appeared, to accommodate the utterances of Divine truth to new and different circumstances; and even if genius had conceived the design, it was immediately repressed by the doctrine that what was new could not be sanctioned because it was irregular. When we read the works written by modern travellers who have visited these Churches, we learn that they now pride themselves on their orthodoxy and zeal for ecclesiastical forms and traditions, or maintain the direct succession of their ministers from the apostles. A sorry substitute for the want of apostolic life and doctrine!

It seems that no restoration of earnest Christianity can be expected among these ancient Syriac Churches, until the barrier of conventionalism is thrown down, and their religious teachers labour among them as Ephraem did at Edessa, *adapting their teachings and operations to existing wants and circumstances*. Various efforts have been made by the Episcopal Churches of

the West to vivify their brethren in the East, but it is plain that too much attention has been given to their antiquities, and too little to their practical religious wants. If it is true that a *superstitious attachment to that which is old*, has led to the low state of these communities, it must be desirable to correct rather than cherish that feeling, and to move stagnant thought by opening up new channels. In this way the American missionaries among the Nestorians in Persia, referred to by Mr. Badger, have acted, and apparently with signal success. The Bible is translated into their modern tongue; modern religious books are distributed; schools established, and the gospel preached in the living language of the people. Mr. Badger's work, we may add, is deeply interesting throughout; but he is, in our opinion, much too hard on the American missionaries, and disposed too little to value their labours, because they are not Episcopalians. We presume the lively volume of Mr. Curzon has been seen by most of our readers. It contains valuable information concerning the Eastern forms of Christianity, and humorously, yet affectingly, describes the living death of the Syrian and other monasteries in these regions.

We conclude with an expression of hope, that the field to which we have introduced our readers, may soon be occupied by diligent labourers. Dr. Burgess, in particular, has devoted himself, apparently amid many difficulties, to a department of literature in which he has few companions. He is an enthusiastic Syriac scholar. His book is a real contribution to our knowledge of the Christian life and literature of the East in the fourth century; presented too in a manner well fitted even for popular reading. In these hymns and metrical homilies of the Edessan teacher—many of them fit utterances of the tenderest and liveliest emotions of a Christian,—we see vividly how Christianity, after its three centuries of tremendous struggle, had conquered its way to the world's heart, and became the moving principle of their life to thousands in the regions of Syria. We are grieved to think, with Dr. Burgess, that there are some good people among us who look with suspicion, at least, on literary labours like his,—fitted as these labours are to remove exclusiveness by an incursion among past and distant forms of religious thought and worship. Surely those who tremble at the resurrection of an Ephraem or a Chrysostom, cannot be easy among the more daring foes of these irreverent days. In truth, every historic light struck out between the time we live in and the time of the humiliation of the Son of God, throws some part of its radiance on the great objects presented in the New Testament, and may help us to grasp these more firmly as historic facts.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Grenville Papers, being the Correspondence of Richard Grenville Earl Temple, K.G., and the Right Honourable George Grenville, their Friends and Contemporaries, now first published from the Original MSS. formerly preserved at Stowe.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM JAMES SMITH, Esq., formerly Librarian at Stowe. 5 vols. 8vo, pp. 2325. London, 1852.
2. *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht.* By LORD MAHON.\* Vol. v. chap. x. *Who was Junius?* London, 1851.
3. *Quarterly Review*, December 1851. *Junius.*

THE valuable manuscripts so long known under the name of the *Grenville Papers*, and so anxiously looked for by the politician as well as the historian, have at length been published. They relate to a period of great interest in the history of England, that exciting and instructive period in which Junius wrote and America rebelled; but though they throw much light on many vexed questions which then agitated the public mind, they have left Junius in the same shroud of mystery with which he had been previously enveloped.

The correspondence contained in these volumes extends over a period of more than thirty years, commencing in 1742 and terminating in 1777. It consists chiefly of letters to and from Richard Grenville Earl Temple and his younger brother the Right Honourable George Grenville, the two eldest surviving sons of Richard Grenville, Esq. of Wotton, by Hester Temple, sister and co-heir of Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham of Stowe, to whose peerage she succeeded in September 1749. She was created Countess Temple a few weeks afterwards, and died in October 1752, being succeeded in the title and in the estates of Stowe and Wotton by her eldest son, Richard Grenville.

Besides these two distinguished individuals Richard Grenville had three sons, James, Henry, and Thomas Grenville, and one sister, Hester Grenville, who was married in 1754 to William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, and was the mother of the late William Pitt. The three younger brothers had all sat in Parliament. James and Henry, who held high offices in the State, died, the one in 1783 and the other in 1784, and Thomas,

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\* Lord Mahon, while composing the 5th and 6th volumes of *The History of England from the Peace of Utrecht*, published in 1851, was allowed, by Mr. John Murray, to whom they belong, to peruse and make use of these papers.

who was a captain in the navy, was killed in the action off Cape Finisterre, in May 1747, while in command of his Majesty's ship *Defiance*.

Earl Temple, the most distinguished of this family of politicians, and, as a claimant to the honour of Junius, now more than ever an object of public interest, was born September 26, 1711. He was educated at Eton, and after travelling for upwards of five years in France, Switzerland, and Italy, he returned to England at the time of the general election of 1734, when he was chosen representative of the burgh of Buckingham. In subsequent Parliaments, previous to his succession to his mother's title in 1752, he sat for the county of Buckingham. In 1736 he married Miss Anne Chambers, one of the daughters and co-heirs of Thomas Chambers, by whom he obtained a considerable accession of fortune. In 1755, when his brother-in-law, William Pitt, was dismissed from his office of Paymaster of the Forces, Earl Temple had an opportunity of shewing the generosity of his nature, by pressing upon him, through his sister Lady Hester Pitt, the acceptance of a gift of £1000. The letter in which this offer was made, and those of Lady Hester and Mr. Pitt which followed it, are written with much taste and feeling. This little incident, as Lord Mahon has stated, is the origin of the charge frequently made against the memory of Pitt, that "when expelled from office he consented to accept a pension of £1000 a-year from the Crown."<sup>a</sup>

When Mr. Pitt became Secretary, in November 1756, Lord Temple was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and in the following year he became Lord Privy Seal. At the close of 1758 he was made Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, and in 1760 a Knight of the Garter. During the greater part of Mr. Pitt's administration Lord Temple took an active part, and in the conduct of the war, by which Mr. Pitt was so much distinguished, he received from him the most powerful aid throughout the long and frequent illnesses with which he was afflicted.

When Mr. Pitt quitted office in 1761, on the question of war with Spain, Lord Temple resigned his office of Lord Privy Seal. His brother, George Grenville, however, adhering to the policy of Lord Bute, remained in his office of Treasurer of the Navy, and thus occasioned that unfortunate estrangement with Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, with the last of whom it continued for many years. Lord Temple now became an active and energetic opponent of the administration of Lord Bute; and in consequence of his having encouraged and patronized the celebrated dema-

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<sup>a</sup> *Lord Mahon's History of England*, vol. iv. p. 85.

gogue John Wilkes, by appointing him Lieutenant-Colonel of the Buckinghamshire Militia, he was dismissed from the Lord Lieutenancy of Buckinghamshire, in May 1763. When his brother George became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1763, he continued in opposition till 1765, when a reconciliation took place. The reconciliation was effected through the Honourable Augustus Hervey, in May 1765, and the two brothers ever afterwards continued upon the most affectionate terms.

Although Lord Temple was several times invited by the King to give his aid in forming a ministry, yet he never again accepted office. In 1766, when Mr. Pitt was summoned by the royal mandate from "farming, grazing, haymaking, and all the Lethe of Somersetshire," to form an administration according to his own pleasure, he summoned Lord Temple from Stowe, and offered him the headship of the Treasury. In his interview with the King on one day and with Mr. Pitt on the next, his manner was far from conciliatory. He suggested to the King "the exclusion of the present men," and he demanded from his brother-in-law an equal share of patronage and power. Pitt, however, resolved to exercise the supreme power, and Temple retired to Stowe, "indignant, as he himself wrote, at the idea of being stuck into the ministry as a great cypher, at the head of the Treasury, surrounded with other cyphers, all named by Mr. Pitt.\*" The ministry was formed "without the Grenvilles," and Pitt, now Earl of Chatham by his own request, was bitterly estranged from his distinguished relative, to whom he had been so deeply indebted when ill health prevented him from discharging the duties of his office. When Lord Chatham, on the ground of ill health, resigned, in 1768, a reconciliation took place between him and Lord Temple, and with the exception of the taxation of America, in which he supported the views of George Grenville, they acted together on all political questions while in opposition. During the latter years of his life Lord Temple retired from politics, and devoted himself to the embellishment of Stowe, where the remains of his taste for architecture and landscape gardening are still to be seen. Lady Temple died in 1777, and from that time he associated chiefly with his nephews and nieces, and more particularly George Grenville, junior, who succeeded to his title and estate, and who had recently married the daughter and heiress of Earl Nugent of Gosfield Hall. While driving in the park ridings at Stowe, he was thrown from his

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\* *Lord Mahon's History of England*, vol. v. p. 238.

pony carriage. His skull was fractured by the fall, and he continued insensible till his death, a few days afterwards, on the 10th of September 1779. Such is a brief notice of Lord Temple, now a claimant for the shadow of Junius. He was endowed with a nature bold and generous. As a politician he was honest and straightforward, and as an author and a public speaker he excelled many of his contemporaries. We shall presently see on what grounds he has been invested with the laurel of Junius.

George Grenville, the younger brother of Lord Temple, was born on the 14th October 1712. Though called to the bar after leaving Eton and Oxford, he devoted himself to politics, and represented Buckingham in Parliament from 1741 till his death in 1770. In December 1744, he was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, and in June 1747 a Lord of the Treasury. In 1754 he was made Treasurer of the Navy; and with little interruption he retained that office till May 1762, when he became Secretary of State under Lord Bute. In the following October he exchanged that office for that of First Lord of the Admiralty, and on the resignation of Lord Bute in 1762 he became Prime Minister, occupying the posts of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. After his dismissal in July 1765, when the Marquis of Rockingham became the leader of the Whig party, he never again occupied any position in the Government. Mr. Grenville did not possess the genius and talent of his brother. He was pre-eminently a man of business, deeply versed in the forms and business of the House of Commons, and anxious to gain by honourable means the reputation of a useful public servant. He was austere in his manners, though warm in his friendships, and being cautious and deliberate in passing his judgment, he was inflexible in his resolution. His plan of drawing a revenue from America by the Stamp Act, was an unfortunate measure, universally condemned from the fatal consequences which attended it. The diary of Mr. Grenville, which is an important part of the manuscripts he left behind him, contains an account of the principal political events with which his name was connected. It throws much light on the party conflicts of the day, and from its containing an account of his daily conversations with the King when he was First Minister of the Crown, it gives us a deep insight into the character of George the Third, and exhibits the great confidence which he placed in the character and talents of Mr. Grenville. Though long in office, Mr. Grenville made it an invariable rule "to live upon his own private fortune," which was small, laying up for his family the emoluments of office when he enjoyed them. "The being in

or out," he said to Mr. Knox, who had been Under Secretary of State to Lord Hillsborough, "makes no difference in my establishment or manner of life. Everything goes on at home in the same way. The only difference is, that my children's fortunes would be increased by my being in, beyond what they would be if I remained out; and that is being as little dependent upon office as any man who was not born to a great estate can possibly be." The following account of Mr. Grenville was published by an anonymous writer a few months after his dismissal from office in 1765, and is given by Mr. Smith as a just summing up of his character.

"Calm, deliberate, economical, and attentive; steadfast to business early and late; attached to no dissipations or trifling amusements; always master of himself, and never seen either at White's with the gamesters, or at Newmarket with the jockies. Regular and exact in his family, and discharging, in the most exemplary manner, every social and religious duty. What is a labour and a fatigue to other men was his greatest pleasure, and those who knew him best in the management of affairs acknowledge that his discernment, capacity, and application, were quick, enlarged, and indefatigable. No Minister was ever more easy of access, or gave a more patient or attentive hearing to such as applied to him; and though he entered upon the management of affairs at the most critical conjuncture, with many and great prejudices on certain accounts against him, yet his steady, upright, and able conduct, had conciliated the minds of men to him; and nothing, perhaps, would give the wiser and more rational part of mankind better hopes and better expectations, than to see a man of these distinguished abilities, of this unwearied attention, and of this unblemished integrity, again serving his country in one of the highest and most important offices of State."—*Preface*, p. xv.

Mr. Grenville was married in 1749 to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Wyndham. She died in December 1769, and her husband survived her only till the 13th of November 1770. By this marriage Mr. Grenville had three sons and four daughters. His eldest son George, who succeeded to the Earldom of Temple, was afterwards created Marquis of Buckingham, and was the grandfather of the present Duke. His second son was the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville, whom we have met in society, and who died recently at a very advanced age, having bequeathed to the British Museum the fine library which he had taken much pains to collect. His third and youngest son was William Wyndham, afterwards raised to the peerage in 1790 as Baron Grenville. He succeeded Mr. Pitt as First Minister of the Crown, and filled that exalted office from February 11, 1806, to March 31, 1807.

Such is a brief notice of the two leading statesmen who flour-

ished during the period to which the Grenville Papers refer, and during which Junius launched his thunderbolts against the highest authorities in the state. Independently of the general political interest which necessarily attaches to the correspondence and manuscripts of men of rank and talent who have filled the highest offices of government, the Grenville Papers were for a long time supposed to contain documents which disclosed the secret of Junius. It was confidently stated that there had been discovered at Stowe "*a box with three seals,*" containing the original letter of Junius to the King, bearing the real name of the author, and also the "*original letter to Lord Mansfield.*" It was likewise asserted that a letter was found which placed the claim of Charles Lloyd, the private secretary of George Grenville, *beyond the possibility of a doubt*, and that there were other letters found "*in concealed places behind the shelves of the library.*" Mr. Smith assures us that these reports are entirely fabulous. The only letters addressed to Mr. Grenville by Junius are *three* in number. They are undoubtedly in Junius's hand-writing, one of them without a signature, and the other two with his well-known initial C. These letters neither disclose the name of their author nor afford the slightest clue to its discovery; Mr. Smith is of opinion that they may even be considered as "*creating additional difficulties,*" and that they may possibly have been intended by their author to render his concealment the more effectual. Mr. Grenville does not appear to have had any particular regard for them. They were carefully indorsed like his other letters, and tied up in packets alphabetically arranged. When Mr. Smith was, in 1827, assisting the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Connor, his predecessor as librarian at Stowe, in arranging the portion of Mr. Grenville's correspondence that had been brought from Wotton to Stowe many years before, they discovered the packet containing the letters of Junius. Dr. O'Connor at first believed that the author of them was the Hon. Augustus Hervey, from similarity of hand-writing, but this idea became untenable when it was found that Mr. Hervey was at Lisbon for the recovery of his health in December 1769, when Junius was most actively at work.

Previous to the publication of the Grenville Papers statements were in circulation, that certain members of the Grenville family had made remarks on the subject of Junius, which are not justified by any documents found at Stowe. Pinkerton, for example, has stated in his *Walpoliana* that Mr. Grenville himself once told Sir John Irwin that he had that morning received a letter from Junius, saying that he esteemed Mr. Grenville, and might soon make himself known to him. Mr. Taylor, the author of *Junius Identified*, asserts also, that "*there is preserved at*

Stowe a private unpublished letter written by Junius to Mr. George Grenville, wherein he desires him to refrain from making any attempt to discover the author, as it might do him harm, but could produce no satisfactory result, adding, that in proper time he would declare himself." It was also reported that Mr. Thomas Grenville "had some peculiar knowledge respecting the authorship of Junius;" but in addition to the reasons given by Mr. Smith, we may state, that we have now before us a letter addressed to the writer of this article, and dated 26th January 1837, from which it appears he had no such knowledge. There can be no doubt, however, that persons intimately connected with the Duke of Buckingham's family did propagate the opinion that the Grenville papers would disclose the secret of Junius. Several years after the discovery of the letters of Junius to George Grenville, the writer of this article had opportunities of conversing twice on the subject with the late Lord Nugent, who not only led him to believe that the secret was contained in the records of his family, but who made this statement in a way incapable of being misunderstood. Lord Nugent was made acquainted with the theory,\* then unpublished, that the Letters of Junius were written by Lachlan Maclean; and he was distinctly asked if it would be prudent to publish that theory when there was a probability that it might be contradicted by the letters at Stowe. He gave it as his opinion, that it would not be prudent to make such a publication; and the proposer of the theory was for many years influenced by his opinion. Combining all these facts, we venture to regard it as not very improbable that there may have been in the archives of Stowe letters or documents which it may have been considered imprudent to preserve. The ghost of Junius, which, according to vulgar rumour, seems to have at one time haunted the Grenville roof, may have been Lord Temple himself, the Junius of Mr. Smith; and we think there are few members of that loyal and distinguished house that would not have been willing to exorcise it. It is indeed strange that the librarian at Stowe and the personal friend of so many members of the Buckingham line, should have had the boldness, without some encouragement from those most deeply interested in the discussion, to associate the name of Grenville with that of an author who, had he been discovered in the time of George III., would have been hung at Tyburn and embowelled as a traitor.

Next in improbability to the theories that Chatham, Chesterfield, and Sackville were the authors of Junius, are the two more recent ones that Lord Lyttelton and Lord Temple are entitled to that unenviable distinction—unenviable, doubtless, if attached

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\* See this *Review*, vol. x. p. 97, November 1848.

to aristocratic names,—to individuals whom it debases and dishonours, yet greatly to be envied if achieved for political adventurers, who, amid the intrigues of faction, may have been driven from office, and who may thus have regarded themselves as martyrs to kingly power, or as victims of political persecution. We do not believe that there is a noble family in the British empire who would claim for an ancestor the literary fame of Junius, when blackened by personalities that would have convicted him of slander, or by deeds that would have brought him to the scaffold. It is among men like Francis, Barré, Maclean, Wilkes, and Horne Tooke, that the reality of Junius will be found, when the dark shadow of his name shall have received the rite and the purification of baptism. If a nobleman occupying a high official position, and thus personally connected with the sovereign,—Junius can no longer be regarded as a patriot. If a commoner, with liberal opinions—a functionary driven from office—a secretary insulted by his chief, or a *protégé* of statesmen who encouraged and aided him in his exposure of the profligacy of public men, in his denunciation of political corruption, or in his attacks upon unconstitutional government, we may overlook his failings in consideration of the impulses which he obeyed; and in the soundness of his principles and the sacredness of his cause, we may forgive the virulence with which it was advocated.

These views do not seem to be those of Mr. Smith, or of the members of the Grenville family. The late Duke of Buckingham was not unwilling to be of the same lineage with Junius, and he neither discouraged the theory of his friend nor thought it improbable that Lord Temple was Junius. Our readers will therefore be gratified with a notice of the facts and arguments by which Mr. Smith has advocated the claims of Lord Temple, and we cannot but confess that, however unsuccessfully, he has done this with much ingenuity and talent. The elaborate article on this subject forms the first part of the third volume of the "Grenville Papers." It occupies 216 closely printed pages, and is entitled, "*Introductory Notes relating to Lord Temple and the Authorship of Junius.*"

Mr. Smith commences his argument by an examination of the claims of Sir Philip Francis, which had been advocated by Mr. Macaulay and Lord Campbell, and more recently, with very great ability, by Lord Mahon.\* The claims of Sir Philip have rested principally upon the similarity or even coincidence of certain parallel passages and phrases which have been used by him and by Junius; but Mr. Smith justly pronounces them "to be entirely worthless as regards the question of the author-

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\* *Hist. of England*, vol. v. p. 230, &c.

ship, as they prove nothing more than that Francis, like many others, had been a diligent reader of Junius, an admirer and an extensive imitator of his writings." But if the phraseology of Francis was similar to that of Junius, his opinions on the great political questions of the day were diametrically opposite. Junius supported the cause of authority against America with George Grenville, the author of the Stamp Act, while, with the same statesman, he maintained the highest popular principles on the Middlesex election. The Grenvilles alone, of all the parties of the day, combined these opinions, and an able writer in the *Edinburgh Review*\* has made this combination of opinions a simple test for ascertaining the political connexion of Junius. Sir Philip Francis did not combine these two opinions, and was not a Grenvillite. His opinions on the taxation of America were strictly coincident with those of Lord Chatham. He rejoiced that America resisted with success, "because it was a triumph of unquestionable right over outrageous wrong, of courage and virtue over tyranny and force." In reference to the Game Laws, Junius declared them to be "oppressive to the subject, and incompatible with legal liberty," while Mr. Francis argued in their favour, and voted against their repeal. Without following our author any farther in this part of his subject, we may refer the reader for many powerful arguments against the claims of Sir Philip to a series of able articles which appeared in the *Athenæum*, and to the article on Junius in this work, which we have already mentioned.

In the general character and temper of Lord Temple, Mr. Smith finds one of the most striking points of similarity to Junius.† Smollett, though in the pay of his political enemies, describes him as a nobleman of distinguished abilities, zealously attached to the interest and honour of his country, while Horace Walpole calls him "a malignant man, who wrought in the mines of successive factions for thirty years together," and in another place as a person "accustomed to run and meet faction in the highways." According to Macaulay, "his talents for administration and debate were of no high order, and his character was turbulent and unscrupulous." "It was supposed," he continues, "that Lord Temple secretly encouraged the most scurrilous assailants of the Government. . . . Pamphlets made up of calumny and scurrility filled the shops of all the booksellers, and of these pamphlets the most galling were written under the direction of the malignant Temple."

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\* Vol. xlv., June 1826.

† It is a curious fact, that a work was published in America in 1831, by a Mr. Newhall, in which Lord Temple is identified as Junius, in a series of letters addressed to a friend at Salem.

The attachment of Lord Temple to Wilkes is another strong feature in his supposed identity with Junius. This attachment is sufficiently evinced in the different letters from Earl Temple to Wilkes, published in the "*Grenville Papers*." They are written with all the warmth of real friendship. They are such as Junius might have been supposed to write, and often evince the point, antithesis, and vivacity of that writer. He gives advice to Wilkes precisely as Junius did,—“I beg you to weigh your own conduct very maturely. You have to deal with a very strange world.” “I hear with pleasure various testimonies concerning the great credit you have gained; and there is no note that sounds more sweetly in the ear of your affectionate friend.” In other letters Temple addresses him as “his Dear Marcus Cato,” and as “his Dear Senator,” and their correspondence is marked with the utmost sincerity and warmth. Lord Temple supplies him with money as well as advice, and Wilkes submits himself to his guidance with the docility of a child. In so far, therefore, Mr. Smith’s theory is entitled to our consideration.

In every attempt to find out Junius, it has been thought necessary to discover the personal or the public grounds upon which he assailed his enemies. His marked hostility to the Scotch is a fact so striking, that every theorist has struggled to find its explanation. On this point Mr. Smith has entirely failed. In one of Temple’s letters to Wilkes, published in the *North Briton*, he even condemns the wholesale abuse of the Scotch nation in which that Journal had indulged. In the House of Lords, too, he declared that he had always condemned the attacks upon the Scotch and upon the Tories in that paper; and the only instance of antipathy to Scotchmen which Mr. Smith can find in his idol, is erroneously inferred from an expression which does not authorize the inference. When Wilkes, as Lieut.-Colonel of the Bucks Militia, had written to him respecting the appointment of a surgeon to the Regiment, Temple ironically replied, “I hope he is a Scotchman,”—an expression rather intended to chide his correspondent for his known hostility to the Scotch than to express any feeling of his own.

The bitter animosity of Junius against the king receives a satisfactory solution upon Mr. Smith’s theory. The dismissal of Lord Temple from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Bucks, in terms evidently contemptuous, could not fail to excite his wrath against the king; and it is well known that he felt in the keenest manner the provoking silence with which his resignation was received in 1761, as well as the treatment he experienced on the occasion when the king, in 1766, sent for him to form a ministry with Mr. Pitt. The relation in which Lord Temple

stood to Mr. Wilkes and the *North Briton*—the patron and friend of the former, and a contributor to, and defender of, the latter—necessarily placed him in the attitude of hostility to the king; and when taken in connexion with the personal feelings which we have mentioned, justify Mr. Smith, in so far as this point is concerned, in identifying Temple and Junius. No other claimant had such reason for systematically abusing his sovereign, and if Temple was not Junius, he may well be regarded as his patron or his ally.

The knowledge evinced by Junius of the technical forms of the Secretary of State's Office, and with the business of the War Office, have been repeatedly, and with some reason, urged in favour of Sir Philip Francis. Between the seventeenth and twenty-third year of his age, he spent a number of months at intervals in the Secretary of State's Office, and having been eight years in the War Office, and aspired to be Deputy-Secretary of War,\* he could not fail to possess the knowledge exhibited by Junius. Admitting these facts, Mr. Smith endeavours to shew "that Lord Temple was much more intimately acquainted with the Secretary of State's Office than Mr. Francis could be, and that he had also the opportunity of knowing very particularly every thing that passed in the War Office." When Mr. Pitt was Secretary of State, he confided, when in ill health, the duties of the office to Lord Temple, invariably consulted him, and "much of the success of the war has been attributed to Lord Temple's management of it." At this time Lord Barrington was Secretary at War, and therefore Lord Temple, while transacting business with that office, must have had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with its details. Lord Temple, too, had been an early friend of Lord Barrington's, as members of "the Band of Youthful *Patriots*, who assisted in destroying the administration of Sir Robert Walpole." Hence the statement of Junius, that "he and Lord Barrington had been old acquaintances." The bitter hostility of Junius to the Secretary of War, which tells so favourably for Francis when he was expelled from office, is used with equal force by Mr. Smith. The continuance of Barrington in office after Temple had resigned, his adhesion to the Rockingham administration, his motion to expel Wilkes from the House of Commons, and his speech on that occasion, which Lord Temple himself heard, were sufficient reasons for bringing down upon him his anonymous vengeance. Mr. Smith justly remarks, that through Mr. Calcraft, his intimate friend and the patron of Francis, Temple had

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\* When this appointment was refused to him, he resigned his clerkship. Junius says that Barrington *expelled* him—an expression, as Mr. Smith remarks, very unlikely to be employed by Francis in speaking of himself.

an easy access to all those intrigues in the War Office "which enabled Junius, under a variety of signatures, to gratify his personal pique against Lord Barrington." Mr. Smith has pursued this line of argument with great success; and in applying it to the cases of Lord Hillsborough, Lord Suffolk, Mr. Wedderburn, Mr. Whately, and others, he has placed it beyond a doubt that, generally speaking, the friends and enemies of Junius were the friends and enemies of Temple.

Dr. Waterhouse, in his "Essay" on Junius, has given it as his opinion, in which Mr. Smith entirely concurs, "that the writings of Junius emanated *from one mind, and yet not without assistance.*" Some person, he adds, must have been privy to them; but this aid must have been confined to the *writer's own household—to his nearest family connexions*—subordinate to one great over-ruling mind. "Such a friend," says Mr. Smith, "Lord Temple found in his wife—the partner of his joys, his sorrows, and his labours—who *was not only his amanuensis*, but who had talent enough to assist him in the composition of his writings, whose praise was sufficient to support his vanity." The statement of Junius that he was the sole depository of his own secret, is considered by Mr. Smith as quite compatible with the theory of Lady Temple being his amanuensis. Junius's statements about his incognito are not very consistent. In his letter to Mr. Grenville, of 6th February 1768, he states, that he may hereafter, perhaps, claim the honour of making himself known to him. He elsewhere states, that he is the depository of his own secret, and that it should die with him; and yet, in one of his private notes to Woodfall, he says, "*The truth is, there are people about me whom I would wish not to contradict, and who would rather see Junius in the Papers, ever so improperly, than not at all.*" Now this statement, if it be *truth*, we cannot believe it to be *falsehood*, has always appeared to us to place it beyond a doubt that there was a *principal* and a *subordinate* engaged in the letters of Junius, and that there was an eminent political writer associated with one or more men of rank and influence, from whom he derived his information, and who prompted and urged him on in his career. The theory of Lady Temple being the confidant and amanuensis of her husband is the lowest possible justification of the statement of Junius. Mr. Smith goes so far as to regard her as the person, or one of the people who would rather see Junius in the Papers improperly than not at all, and he justifies this supposition by the following facts:—

"In some of the letters to the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford may certainly be found expressions very characteristic of the playful and spiteful mischief of Lady Temple's pen, particularly with reference to

the Duke of Grafton and the 'Lovely Thais' at the Opera-house; to the Duke of Bedford and the alleged sale of Lord Tavistock's wardrobe; or the 'Venerable Gertrude'—her route at Bedford House a fortnight after Lord Tavistock's death, and her disposal of the gowns and trinkets of the Marchioness of Tavistock—the peculiar and dreadful nature of the malady with which the Princess Dowager was afflicted, and the supposed extraordinary treatment of it, as further described in an additional note, still suppressed by Mr. Woodfall. These are matters, to a knowledge of which, his information could scarcely have extended without the gossiping assistance of Lady Temple."

In connexion with this discussion it is a remarkable fact, that there is a decided resemblance between the handwriting of Junius and that of Lady Temple. Having had occasion to examine with special care the fac-simile of Junius's handwriting in Woodfall's edition of his works, and having examined all the originals in Mr. Woodfall's possession, we willingly give to Mr. Smith's theory the benefit of this resemblance. Mr. Smith, however, has deprived his argument of much of the value of this admission, by asserting that the handwriting is entirely in an acquired hand, and sufficiently distinct from Lady Temple's usual hand to escape detection, without the most close and careful examination. It is, however, but justice to Mr. Smith to quote, in support of his argument, the following remarkable passage:—

"Mr. Charles Butler, in his *Reminiscences*,\* speaking of the authorship of Junius, relates, that having been intimately acquainted with Wilkes, upon some occasion of their meeting, the conversation accidentally turned upon the subject of Junius, and that Wilkes totally disclaimed the authorship for himself, and treated the supposition with ridicule. Upon Mr. Butler expressing a wish to see the originals of the letters which Junius had addressed to Wilkes, they were produced, *together with a card of invitation to dinner, from old Lady Temple, written in her own hand, and upon comparing it with Junius's letters, they thought there was some resemblance between them.* Mr. Butler does not assert that any conversation passed with respect to the possibility of Lord Temple being the author; but it may be considered rather a significant fact, that *the handwriting of Lady Temple, and the original letters of Junius, should happen to be found together, and that they should have been so readily produced by Wilkes for comparison.*"

Mr. Smith obtains a considerable support to his theory from the repeated assertions of Junius, that he was a man of "rank and fortune,"—that he was a man of leisure, "standing clear of all business and intrigue,"—that he was "above a common bribe,"—that he was, in his writings, "far above all pecuniary

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\* Third Edition 1822, p. 81.

views,"—and that in point of money, Woodfall "would some way or other be reimbursed." Although the able writer in the *Athenæum* has very justly remarked that we must often judge of Junius by his opposites, we are not willing to believe that these statements were made to deceive Woodfall, and that he claimed the privileges of wealth and of rank in order to protect him from being discovered. We confess, however, that we cannot reconcile with these statements other assertions which seem to prove that Junius was a *political adventurer*, anticipating wealth and station from his labours, and looking forward "to that solid independence, without which no man can be happy or even honest." In his three letters to Mr. Grenville, written in 1768, before he had committed himself under the signature of *Junius*, and before any danger could arise from the discovery of his name, he approaches that distinguished statesman as an author anxious for his approbation, and looking forward to some advantages from his patronage. The object of his first letter to Mr. Grenville is to enclose a Paper, pointing out the injustice of a tax of 3d. in the pound upon all articles sold by auction, which it was supposed Lord North was to introduce into his budget. The motive of the author is not very manifest, but we think it may be discovered from a careful study of the letter itself.

"London, 6th February, 1768.

"SIR,—The observations contained in the enclosed paper are thrown together and sent to you, upon a supposition that the Tax therein referred to will make part of the Budget. If Lord North should have fallen on any other scheme they will be useless; but if the case happens, and they should appear to have any weight, the author is satisfied that no man in this country can make so able an use of them, and place them in so advantageous a light as Mr. Grenville.

"It is not, Sir, either necessary or proper to make myself known to you at present. Hereafter I may perhaps claim that honour. In the meantime be assured, that it is a voluntary disinterested attachment to your person, founded on an esteem for your spirit and understanding, which has and will for ever engage me in your cause. A number of late publications, (falsely attributed to men of far greater talent,) may convince you of my zeal, if not of my capacity to serve you.

"The only condition which I presume to make with you, is, that you will not only not shew these papers to anybody, but that you will never mention having received them.—C."\*

Few of our readers will believe that such a letter upon such a

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\* Had we not seen the original of this letter in the handwriting of Junius, we should have doubted its genuineness from its strange punctuation and bad grammar.

subject—founded too upon a rumour merely that Lord North was to propose an obnoxious tax, could have been written by his elder brother, Lord Temple, or by Lord Lyttelton, men of *rank* and station. Few of our readers will deny that it is the letter of a political writer, recommending himself to Mr. Grenville on the testimony of a *number of his late publications*, which may convince him of the author's *zeal and capacity to serve him*. If the object of Junius was simply to prevent the imposition of the obnoxious tax, why did he not send his *enclosed paper* to the public, and put it in the power of all the members of the Opposition, as well as Mr. Grenville, to avail themselves of his observations? The truth of these views will be placed beyond a doubt by a perusal of the second letter of Junius to Mr. Grenville, written seven months afterwards, and long before there could be any reason for carrying on a system of deception to prevent the discovery of his name.

“ London, 3d September 1768.

“ SIR,—It may not be improper you should know that the public is entirely mistaken with respect to the author of several late publications in the newspapers. BE ASSURED THAT HE IS A MAN QUITE UNKNOWN AND UNCONNECTED. He has attached himself to *your cause*, and to *you alone*,\* upon motives which, IF HE WERE OF CONSEQUENCE ENOUGH TO GIVE WEIGHT TO HIS JUDGMENT, would be thought as honourable to you, as they are satisfactory to himself. At a proper time HE WILL SOLICIT THE HONOUR of being known; he has present important reasons for wishing to be concealed.

“ Some late papers in which the cause of the country, and the defence of your character and measures have been thought not ill-maintained; others signed Lucius, and one or two upon the New Commission of Trade, with a multitude of others, came from this hand. They have been taken notice of by the public.

“ May I plead it as a merit with you, Sir, that no motive of vanity shall ever discover the author of this letter. If an earnest wish to serve you gives me any claim, let me intreat you not to suffer a hint of this communication to escape you to *anybody*.—C.”

In his observations upon this letter, which we consider a very valuable one in the Junius controversy, Mr. Smith admits that it distinctly informs Mr. Grenville, “*that the writer was a person of obscure condition and unknown to fame* ;” and he admits, also, that he knows this “to be even now the opinion of those for whose information on this subject, and for whose extensive knowledge and critical acumen he has the greatest respect and admiration,” “but after long reflection,” he adds, “I cannot arrive at the conclusion that Junius was otherwise than the

\* The italics in this letter, not the capitals, are Junius's.

exact reverse of that which, in the present instance, and for his present purposes, he professed to be."

Now we ask Mr. Smith, or rather a disinterested reader, for Mr. Smith has a theory to support, what could be *the present purposes* of Junius?—his purposes in 1768. Is it not clear that he was recommending himself to the notice and patronage of Mr. Grenville, by making him acquainted with the number of his contributions to the newspapers, and with the value attached to them by the public. He even specifies letters signed *Lucius*, of which *three* had appeared in the *Public Advertiser* previous to the date of the letter to Mr. Grenville; and it was therefore in Mr. Grenville's power to communicate with *Lucius* through the medium of the newspapers. That he had not then communicated with him is obvious from the third letter of Junius, which is equally valuable with the second in throwing light on the station of its author.

"London, 20th October 1768.

"SIR,—I beg leave to offer you a letter, reprinted in the enclosed paper, under the signature of Atticus,\* as finished with more care than I have usually time to give to these productions. The town is curious to know the author. Everybody guesses, some are quite certain, and all are mistaken. Some who bear your character, give it to the Rockinghams; (a policy I do not understand;) and Mr. Bourke (Burke) denies it as he would a fact which he wished to have believed.

"It may be proper to assure you that no man living knows or even suspects the author. I HAVE NO CONNEXION WITH ANY PARTY, except a voluntary attachment to *your* cause and house. It began with amusement, grew into habit, was confirmed by a closer attention to your principles and conduct, and is now heated into passion. The *Grand Council*† was mine, and I may say with truth, *almost everything that, for two years past, has attracted the attention of the publick*. I am conscious these papers have been very unequal; but you will be candid enough to make allowances for a man who writes absolutely *without materials or instruction*. For want of hints of this kind, I fear I frequently mistake your views, as well as the true point, wherein you would choose to rest the questions in which your name is concerned. But this is an inconvenience without a remedy. I must continue to argue for you as I would for myself in the same circumstances, as far as I understand yours. Until you are Minister I must not permit myself to think of the honour of being known to you. When that happens you will not find me a needy or a troublesome dependant. In the

\* Originally published in the *Public Advertiser* of the 19th October 1768. In a previous letter signed Atticus, he states that the greater part of his property is invested in the funds, but that rumours of events likely to affect his fortune made him change the investment.

† This clever satire upon the ministry, dated 22d October 1767, is published in Woodfall's Junius. Edit. 1812, vol. ii. p. 482.

meantime I must *console* myself with reflecting, that by resisting every temptation of vanity, and even *the great desire I have of being honoured with your notice*, I give you some assurance that you may depend upon my firmness and fidelity hereafter."

This obsequious letter removes all reasonable doubt respecting the object which its author (not yet Junius) had in view in corresponding with George Grenville. He sends him testimonials of his capacity as a political writer, and anticipating his return to power, he promises to make himself known to him when Minister, restraining himself in the meantime from thinking even of the *honour of being noticed by him*, of which he has *so great a desire*. A more decided offer of political service was never made to a British Minister. Lucius, and Atticus, and C., now one individual, complains that he is obliged to write *absolutely without materials or instruction*,—apologizes on this ground for not doing justice to the *views* of Grenville and the questions in which *his name is concerned*; and though he considers the *inconvenience without remedy*, he obviously desires to be placed in communication with the ex-Minister, and to receive from him *materials, hints, and instructions*, for the dexterous use of which he seeks to be rewarded when that ex-Minister *is in power*. He is then to be a *dependent*, but not a *needy or troublesome one*, and till that event takes place, he is to *console* himself by the *reflection*, that by maintaining his *incognito* he is giving a pledge to the patron whose favour he is bespeaking, that he will, in the *future*, be a *firm and faithful ally*.

If we have not given the correct interpretation of the motives under which these letters were written, it is not because we are misled by any preconceived notions of our own respecting their author. Throwing aside all such notions, we are simply discussing as a juryman the leading question in the Junius controversy. Was Junius a man of rank and fortune, that is, a nobleman, such as Lord Temple and Lord Lyttelton, or was he a political adventurer like Sir Philip Francis and Colonel Maclean? We maintain that these *three* letters, written *before* Lucius and Atticus assumed the name of Junius, and before Junius had made himself amenable to the laws of his country, and placed his person and his property in danger, *decide this question*. Whatever Junius wrote *afterwards* was written to deceive the public, and conceal his name, and like all deceivers, he overshot the mark at which he aimed. In a letter dated 12th April 1769, signed Junius, and written after he had attacked Sir William Draper and the Duke of Grafton, he distinctly acknowledges that "he had refused offers which a more prudent or a more interested man would have accepted," and in order to put down this charge which had been preferred against him by Sir John Macpherson,

and at the same time to meet the other charge of Silurus, that he was a man of obscure origin and low bred, he states for the first time that *his rank and fortune* place him above a *common* bribe.\* In support of these views we may refer to Junius's first letter to Wilkes, dated 21st August 1771, where he warns him "not to be too hasty in concluding from the *apparent tendency of this letter*, to any *possible interests* or connexions of my own," and at the same time distinctly states that "he does not disclaim the *idea of some personal views to future honour and advantage*," and that "these views are not little in themselves."

While perusing the *three* letters to George Grenville, we have frequently asked ourselves the question,—In what spirit were these letters received? Did George Grenville seek the acquaintance of his devoted admirer the eloquent Lucius and Atticus? Did he long for the society of the gay and witty author of the "Grand Council upon the Affairs of Ireland?" Did he convey to his liberal auxiliary the *hints, materials, and instructions*, which were needed to defend aright the patriot's cause? Was he so dead to feeling as to decline, by silence, the glowing friendship so generously offered him? Was he so callous to the claims of genius as to spurn the rising Junius from his threshold? Was he so regardless of the interests of his party and of his family as to undervalue the proffered alliance of an auxiliary whose eloquence shook the throne and the empire? Or did he rest satisfied with docqueting the letters of his

\* This letter was not in Junius's own collection of his letters published in 1772. It is a sort of reply to the Monody written by the late Sir John Macpherson, Governor-General of India, and entitled "The Tears of Sedition on the Death of Junius." The author of the Monody charges Junius with being a partisan of Wilkes, and bought off by the Ministry.

"Poisoned was Junius! No; 'Alas, he fell  
Midst arrows dipped in Ministerial gold."

To which Junius replies that his "Letter of Monday will convince the author that I am neither a partisan of Wilkes, nor bought off by the Ministry."

In the same poem the author refers to *Silurus*, a writer in the *Public Advertiser*, as the successful opponent of Junius.

"Accursed *Silurus*! blasted be thy wing!  
That grey *Scotch* wing which led the unerring dart!  
In virtue's cause could all that's satire sting  
A bosom with corruption's poison fraught!"

Woodfall in his edition of Junius, vol. iii. p. 201, note, has quoted a portion of *Silurus*' attack upon Junius, remarking that *Silurus* "assumes a personal knowledge of Junius."

"I know Junius," says *Silurus*, "and I am not surprised that he calls aloud for blood. Bred among the dregs of mankind, he imbibed their vices, and acquired that hardness of heart which is usually produced by crime. Possessed of some ambition, versed in the low arts of adulation, he wrought himself into the confidence of the vain by unmanly flattery, and rose from *obscurity* by means which dishonoured his patrons." *Silurus* was the signature of James Macpherson, the cousin of Sir John, and the translator of *Ossian*, and it is well known that he was personally acquainted with Sir Philip Francis and Maclean.

worshipper, and strangling them with red tape for the benefit of posterity? It was put in George Grenville's power at any time to communicate with Junius: and though *nine* months after the date of the last letter we find Junius saying that he was not personally known to Mr. Grenville, (a prudent assertion at the time,) we cannot doubt that communications must have taken place between them,—that Junius might have derived all his knowledge of the Court and the Cabinet from George Grenville and his party; and that Lord Temple and his friends might have been “the people about him whom he did not wish to contradict, and who had rather see Junius in the papers ever so improperly than not at all.”

The next topic in the Junius controversy, and a most instructive one it is, taken up by Mr. Smith, is that of the *Letter to an Honourable Brigadier-General, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Forces*, published in London in 1760, and reprinted and edited in 1841 by Mr. Simons of the British Museum. In the opinion of Mr. Simons, and we believe of every person who has carefully perused it, it was written by Junius. We have already, in our former article on Junius, given a full account of this remarkable pamphlet, and as Mr. Smith freely admits that it was written by Junius, it is unnecessary to say anything more on this point than is contained in the following paragraph from Mr. Simons' Introduction:—

“Some months since, in the performance of his duties in the Library of the British Museum, the writer met with a pamphlet which, in his judgment, bore a close resemblance to the style and composition of Junius. It was referred, as well to some friends, as to other gentlemen of impartiality and judgment; and the unhesitating opinion of all being, that the pamphlet and the letters of Junius were by the same hand, it is now submitted to the public. . . .

“This letter was written, *if not by a soldier, at all events by a person well skilled in military affairs*. In style, phraseology, and matter; in sarcastic irony, bold interrogatories, stinging sarcasm, and severe personalities; in frequent taunts of treachery, desertion, and cowardice, it so closely resembles the compositions of Junius, that the identity of their authorship scarcely admits of a doubt. Allusions to Lord Townshend's skill in caricature, and to the remarkable passages in his dispatch of September 20, 1759, announcing the surrender of Quebec, ‘This was the situation of things when I was told that I commanded,’ and ‘the Highlanders took to their broadswords,’ frequently occur both in Junius and in this letter. Several passages in it evince also that strong prejudice against the Scotch, which is another characteristic of Junius.”

Now it is very curious to see how Mr. Smith deals with the great fact that this letter was written by Junius, and how he

struggles to make it the production of Lord Temple. He of course does not notice the preliminary difficulty that Mr. Simons considers it as the work of a *soldier*, or of a person *well skilled in military affairs*, because neither of these characters are applicable to Lord Temple; but he endeavours to draw an argument from the following anecdote, which was related by Thomas Grenville to Lord Mahon, to whom we owe its publication.\*

"A slight incident connected with these times is recorded by tradition, and affords a striking proof how much a fault of manner may obscure and disparage high excellence of mind. After Wolfe's appointment, and on the day preceding his embarkation for America, Pitt, desirous of giving his last verbal instructions, invited him to dinner, Lord Temple being the only other guest. As the evening advanced, Wolfe, heated perhaps by his own aspiring thoughts, and the unwonted society of statesmen, broke forth into a strain of gasconade and bravado. He drew his sword, he rapped the table with it, he flourished it round the room, he talked of the mighty things which that sword was to achieve. The two ministers sat aghast at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and real spirit. And when at last Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt seemed for the moment shaken in the high opinion which his deliberate judgment had formed of Wolfe: he lifted up his eyes and arms, and exclaimed to Lord Temple, 'Good God! that I should have entrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands.'"†

In order to connect Lord Temple with Wolfe, so as to assign a motive for attacking Townshend, he says that Wolfe owed his appointment to Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, *principally, it is believed, at the recommendation of the latter*; and he adds, that *the great interest taken in the fate of Wolfe by Lord Temple is*

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\* *Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 228.

† As a counterpart to this disagreeable, though interesting story, we are constrained to lay before our readers another anecdote of this illustrious General, with which they will more deeply sympathize. We give it in the words of Professor Playfair, who had it from Professor Robison himself, who was tutor to Lieutenant Knowles, the Admiral's son, though afterwards rated as a Midshipman in the Royal William. "Professor Robison happened to be on duty in the boat in which General Wolfe went to visit some of his posts, the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine, and the scene, considering the work they were engaged in, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along, the General, with much feeling, repeated nearly the whole of Gray's *Elegy* (which had appeared not long before, and was yet but little known) to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat; adding as he concluded, that '*he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow.*'"—Biographical Account of the late Professor Robison, in the *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. vii. p. 499. Edinburgh, 1815. This anecdote is told less correctly, though more beautifully, by Lord Mahon, who seems to have taken it from Grahame's *History of the United States*. See his *Hist. of England*, vol. iv. pp. 243, 244.

*traditionally known by the preceding anecdote.* Without deigning to notice the impotence of this last observation, we may ask Mr. Smith on what authority it is that he states that Wolfe's appointment was made by Lord Temple in conjunction with Mr. Pitt, and who the individual or the individuals are who believe that the appointment was made *principally* on the recommendation of the former? We presume that Mr. Smith has no authority for the first statement, and that he is the *individual* who believes the second. That Wolfe owed his appointment to Mr. Pitt alone, is obvious from the anecdote so well related by Lord Mahon; but if this is not sufficient evidence of the fact, we can place it beyond a doubt by the following quotation from Walpole's Memoirs of George II.—“Considering that our ancient officers had grown old on a very small portion of experience, which by no means compensated for the decay of fire and vigour, it was *Mr. Pitt's practice* to trust his plans to the alertness and hopes of younger men. This appeared particularly in the nomination of Wolfe for the enterprise on Quebec. Ambition, industry, passion for the service, were conspicuous in him. He seemed to breathe for nothing but fame, and lost no moment in qualifying himself to compass his object. He had studied for this purpose, and wrote well. Presumption in himself was necessary to such a character, and he had it. *He was formed to execute the designs of such a master as Pitt.*”

Feeling his inability to connect the name of Temple with the authorship of the attack upon Lord Townshend, Mr. Smith may be considered as abandoning this hopeless task, when, in the absence of reason, he thus appeals to his imagination:—

“The want of appreciation, on the part of General Townshend, of the merits of Wolfe, and that peculiar feature of Lord Temple's character, which always induced him to adopt and resent the quarrels of those whom he had loved or protected, would account for the attack upon Townshend, in the letter to a brigadier-general, added, perhaps, to some other real or fancied provocation, of which it would now be a hopeless task to endeavour to ascertain the cause. It is not a very improbable conjecture that Townshend's well-known character for caricature *might have been* exercised at the expense of Lord Temple, whose tall and awkward figure would have afforded him ample opportunity for ridicule.”

After this discussion, we have no doubt that our readers will concur in the opinion that Lord Temple was not the author of the Letter to a Brigadier-General. He was, in no sense of the words, the friend or patron of Wolfe, to induce him to become his defender. He was not a soldier or a military student, to qualify him to write such a letter; and, like Junius, he had not

served under one of the Townshends, and had not been 40 times promised to be served by the other. In excluding Temple from the honour of writing the letter under our consideration, we exclude, on the same grounds, Sir Philip Francis, who was at the time only 20 years of age, and could have no motive whatever for writing it, even if he had possessed the talent and maturity of intellect which such a production demanded.\* Maclean, who was the friend of Wolfe,—who shared his glory at the siege of Quebec,—and who had served under Townshend, is the only person that has yet been named who was in the position to have written the Letter to a Brigadier-General,—the first production, doubtless, of Junius.

Mr. Smith proceeds to connect Temple with Junius, by means of an angry quarrel which Junius had with *Scævola*, (James Macpherson,) a strenuous defender of the ministry. As Lord Chief Justice, Lord Camden had declared, in the affair of general warrants, *that an hour's loss of liberty to an Englishman was inestimable*; while, in speaking of the suspension of the law in 1766, for preventing the exportation of corn, he alleged that *the suspension was only a forty days' tyranny at the outside*. Lord Temple irritated Lord Camden by placing these two statements in contrast, and in revenge for the insult, Lord Camden "drew a character of Lord Temple hypothetically," and concluded, that if the character he described applied to any person, "it must be to one of the narrowest, most vindictive, and most perfidious of human beings." Under the signature of *Bifrons*, Junius, in a letter dated 23d April 1768, thus attacks the ministry and Lord Camden:—

"If I were to characterize the present ministry from any single virtue which shines predominant in their administration, I should fix upon *duplicity* as the proper word to express it. I would not here be misunderstood. I do not by this mean only the little sneaking quality, commonly called double-dealing, which every pettifogging rascal may attain to, but that real *duplicity* of character which our ministers have assumed to themselves, by which every member of their body acts in two distinct capacities, and, Janus like, bears two faces and two tongues, each of which may give the lie to the other without danger to his reputation. This is the present Catholic political faith, which, unless a man believes, he shall not get a place; and if people would attend to this, they would be able to account for many of our great men's actions, which are unaccountable any other way.

"By this rule, a man may say, as a Judge, that the loss of an Eng-

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\* It is a curious fact, that the officer who wrote the *refutation* of this letter, which was published also in 1760, declares that the author of the letter "surely must not have been in England." Maclean had not returned from America.

*lishman's liberty for 24 hours only* is grievous beyond estimation; and then, as a minister, declare that *forty days' tyranny is a trifling burthen, which any Englishman may bear.*"

Many months afterwards, as Mr. Smith remarks, these words were repeated by a writer in the *Public Advertiser*, under the signature of *Scævola*, who undertook the defence of Lord Camden in opposition to Junius. Junius was unusually excited by this attempt to represent him as Lord Camden's enemy, and in a private note to Woodfall\* he thus deals with his anonymous opponent:—

"Scævola I see is determined to make me an enemy to Lord Camden. If it be not wilful malice, I beg you will signify to him, that when I originally mentioned Lord Camden's declaration about the corn-bill, it was without any view of discussing that doctrine, and only as an instance of a singular opinion maintained by a man of great learning and integrity. Such an instance was necessary to the plan of my letter. I think he has in effect injured the man whom he meant to defend."

In a recent note to Woodfall, written five days afterwards, accompanying the letter of Philo-Junius to Scævola, he adds,—

"I should not trouble you or myself about that blockhead Scævola, but that his *absurd fiction of my being Lord Camden's enemy* has done harm. Every fool can do mischief, therefore signify to him what I said."

And in a third note, dated December 17th, he says to Woodfall,—

"Say to-morrow, 'We are desired to inform Scævola that his private note was received with the most profound indifference and contempt.' I see his design. The Duke of Grafton has been long labouring to detach Camden. This Scævola is the wretchedest of all fools and dirty knaves!"

It is obvious from these quotations that Junius felt deeply the attack of Scævola, and felt it the more deeply because he himself was in the wrong, and acting in bad faith. In the letter of Bifrons, of which we have given literatim the first paragraph, he charges Lord Camden with duplicity, by quoting Lord Temple's *contrast* of the two opinions given by Lord Camden—a duplicity which he characterizes at the end of his letter as a "stale legerdemain by which a man dexterous at the art may play his two characters like cups and balls—speak, write, read, lie, promise, swear, and you can never catch him till the box drop out of his hand." Scævola justly and ably takes advantage of this virtual attack upon Camden; and Junius finding that his cause has thus been injured, exhausts his epithets of scur-

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\* *Woodfall's Junius*, vol. i. p. 239, December 5, 1771.

rility upon Scævola, and basely attempts, by the merest quibble, to shew that he did not attack Lord Camden. In this opinion we have the concurrence of Mr. Smith:—"There is certainly," says he, "not anything very *foolish* or very *knavish* in the letters of Scævola, and nothing which apparently could warrant the very harsh terms applied to him by Junius in his private note to Woodfall, unless, indeed, as I believe, that the assertions of Scævola approached too near the real truth of the case, and that Junius was not, at any time, so near being unmasked as by this *wretched fool* and *dirty knave*, SCÆVOLA, who had the unpardonable temerity to accuse Lord Temple of being the *Patron* of Junius, and William Gerard Hamilton the writer." The opinion of Scævola that Temple was the *Patron* of Junius was maintained by Sir John Macpherson under the signature of *Poetikastos*, and by another anonymous writer in a letter addressed to THE BROTHERHOOD OF STOWE.

In the years 1769, 1770, and 1771, a very intimate correspondence and interchange of communication was kept up between Mr. Calcraft, Lord and Lady Chatham, and Lord Temple, but not one of Mr. Calcraft's letters, at this period, to Lord Temple has been preserved among the Grenville Papers. Mr. Smith has ingeniously availed himself of this correspondence in support of his theory. Contrary to the advice of Lord Chatham, Lord Granby had voted for the expulsion of Wilkes in May 1769, and it is well known regretted the vote which he gave, and was disposed to resign. Previous to the expulsion of Wilkes, Junius knew all that was going on between these parties. He wrote to Woodfall that *Lord Granby was already staggered*, and he enclosed, for instant publication, a letter to Lord Granby, under the signature of YOUR REAL FRIEND, and dated 6th May, in which he calls upon him in the most earnest manner to embrace the present opportunity of "recovering the public esteem." Although this remonstrance produced no effect upon Lord Granby, yet he was so far shaken by it as to listen to the frequent attempts of Lord Chatham and Lord Temple to detach him from the government, and induce him to resign his employments and join the opposition. On the 8th May 1770, Lord Chatham says to Calcraft, that "the expectation of the public was never more fixed upon two great men than upon the Marquis of Granby and Lord Camden." In Calcraft's reply he informs Lord Chatham that Lord Granby seems very properly disposed. On the 17th January Lord Temple tells Lord Chatham that he had that instant returned from Calcraft's—that Lord Granby was there—that the King and the Duke of Grafton had been on their knees to Lord Granby not to resign—that he was inflexible as to that, but yielded for 24 hours—and that it was

with Calcraft's and his (Lord T.'s) wish that Lord Chatham should take the trouble of writing, either to Lord Granby himself or to Calcraft, his opinion and warm desire "that his Lordship (Lord G.) may, to-morrow morning, go to the Queen's house, desire to see the King, and carry into execution what had been so much better done yesterday." Temple adds, "The ministry live upon moments. . . . Heaven and earth are in motion."

Lord Chatham replies on the same day, in language and sentiment so singularly like those in Junius's letter of "YOUR REAL FRIEND," that we must give our readers an opportunity of comparing and admiring them.

"I write," says Lord Chatham, "without a mind, to tell you that my solicitude is extreme and full of the most real pain till I hear that the Marquis of Granby has carried into execution a resolution worthy of himself, and that will fix for ever the dignity of his future public life, and go further than any other thing to awaken the king into a just sense of this perilous moment. I honour to veneration the unshaken determination of the Marquis's mind; but I own, I grieve that generosity of nature has melted him enough to grant twenty-four hours' respite to a minister's entreaties, to be numbered with whom (though but for a day longer) may be essentially useful to him, but must be irksome, and may be dangerous, in various constructions, to the Marquis, on whom every eye is fixed.

"I feel how infinitely too much I presume on his Lordship's indulgence to me, when I venture to request him, with the most earnest and faithful entreaties, not to suffer his noble nature to be led into the snares of delay, or give to his enemies (if he can have one) a handle to lessen the lustre of his proceeding, and ascribe (though unjustly) a reluctant hesitation to an act of the most manly and noble decision. Full as my heart is of the kingdom's extreme danger and of Lord Granby's true honour and dignity, I will, through you, venture to advise and almost to conjure his Lordship to cut at once the cobweb-pleas for time, urged by a hard-pressed minister, to whom moments may be safety. My most respectful and warmly affectionate advice therefore is, that Lord Granby should demand an audience at the Queen's House to-morrow, and there and then absolutely and finally resign the ordnance and the command of the army."\*

Before Mr. Calcraft had received this letter, he writes to Lord Chatham another,† telling him that Lord Granby has been with him, and "that, at the most pressing request of the Duke of Grafton, who used every argument to persuade him against resignation, he has postponed waiting on the king till

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\* "Chatham Correspondence." Vol. iii. pp. 392, 393.

† These three letters are all written between eight and twelve o'clock at night of the 15th.

Wednesday, when he *remains determined to resign the army and ordnance.*" Lord Granby accordingly resigned these offices on the 17th of January 1770.

We have dwelt thus long upon this affair of Lord Granby's, as it connects Junius in a very decided manner with the Grenville brotherhood. Junius in his secret sphere, and the Grenvillites with Lord Chatham in their more open combination, are in obvious communication, confessing the same object, using the same arguments if not the very same language, and breaking up the ministry by detaching from it Lord Granby. Mr. Smith has done good service on this occasion in marshalling all the incidents of this combination; but admitting all his facts, we cannot admit his conclusion, that Temple was Junius. He has proved only what we think a valuable truth, that Junius, the political adventurer, was the auxiliary if not the tool of the Grenville party, receiving all his information from them, and giving them all his wit and eloquence in return.

The same conclusion may be drawn from the united proceedings of Junius and the Grenvillites on the *Remonstrance and Petition of the Lord Mayor and City of London to the King*, calling upon him to dissolve parliament and remove the evil ministers for ever from his councils. The triumvirate write on the subject in the same style as Junius. The proposal of Lord Chatham to go to the Hall to support the Westminster Remonstrance, is mentioned in Calcraft's letter to Temple, dated Sunday, March 18th, 1770; and, in Junius's private letter to Woodfall, of the very same date, similarly written, he announces the same fact! It is impossible that there could have been an immediate communication between these opponents of the government. Upon the subject of the Remonstrance Junius writes two public letters, dated 19th March and 3d April. Mr. Smith informs us that he has found among Lord Temple's papers a document which he thinks certainly connected with the composition of these two letters. This document is a printed copy of the *Remonstrance and Censure*, cut from the newspapers of the day, carefully pasted upon a quarter of a sheet of foolscap paper, and indorsed with its title in Lord Temple's handwriting. Many of the leading passages are underlined as *capitals and italics* by Lord Temple, and "these particular passages contain the points and some of the same expressions to be found in the two letters of Junius," already mentioned. Within the same paper were extracts from Locke's *Essay on Civil Government*, which appear to Mr. Smith to contain the germs of some passages in Junius's letter of the 19th March. Mr. Smith mentions other two remarkable coincidences between the opinions and information of the triumvirate and of Junius. All these

parties are decidedly in favour of Press Warrants; and no sooner does Calcraft, on the 11th November, announce to Lord Temple the fact, that *great consternation was occasioned among the ministers* by Lord Mansfield's suddenly resigning the office of Speaker in the House of Lords, than Junius on the very next day, November 12, communicates to Woodfall the same fact, that by this resignation *Lord Mansfield has thrown the ministry into confusion!*

It is a fact of some weight in this controversy, that George Grenville, who had long been in delicate health, and for some time in a dangerous state, died on the 13th November. There had been a strong attachment, both personal and political, between him and Lord Temple, who is said to have felt severely the death of his brother. Now it is a remarkable circumstance, that Junius was never more active than in November and December 1770. "He published," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "a letter the very day after George Grenville's death, the 14th; and then on the 19th and 24th of November; and on the 8th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 20th, and 24th December. So says Dr. Good—to which Mr. Smith adds the letters of Phileutherus Anglicanus on the 15th, 22d, and 29th of December, and 5th of January;" and from these facts he draws the conclusion, that Lord Temple, under such circumstances of family distress, could not have time or heart to compose these various productions. Mr. Smith has candidly admitted, that "on these dates may be grounded an objection to the theory of Lord Temple's authorship," and he has endeavoured by various arguments, the force of which we cannot admit, to weaken the force of this objection. In this opinion we follow the writer in the *Athenæum*,\* and we are persuaded that there are few students of the Junius controversy who will adopt the sentiments to which the necessity of Mr. Smith's theory have compelled him to give utterance.

Our limits will not permit us to follow Mr. Smith throughout the numerous comparisons which he has so admirably instituted between the sentiments and expressions of Junius, and those of the three statesmen to whom we have so frequently referred. The connexion between Junius and these parties cannot be questioned, and we are firmly persuaded that every reader who has no theory to support will adopt our opinion that Lord Temple was not the representative but the patron of Junius.

In support of this conclusion, Mr. Smith has himself furnished us with some very valuable facts. Mr. Daniel Wray, a deputy-teller of the Exchequer, and in a position to obtain authentic information on the political topics of the day, informs Lord

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\* June 18, 1853, No. 1338, p. 735.

Hardwicke, "that the divisions are great in the besiegers' camp, particularly between Lord Temple and Camden, *about the author of Junius's Letters.*" Upon this passage, quoted in a Memoir of Mrs. Wray,\* Mr. George Hardinge, senior Justice of the counties of Brecon, &c., and the author of the Memoir, makes the following remarks :—

"These words are of no trivial import, and they wonderfully confirm a passage in a conversation between Lord Camden and me. He told me that many things in *Junius* convinced him that the materials were prompted by Earl Temple, and he mentioned in particular a confidential statement which had been made in private between Lord Chatham, Lord Temple, and Lord Camden, which, from the nature of it, could only have been disclosed by Lord Temple, through *Junius*, to the public."

And in another place† Mr. Hardinge further says :—

"I know enough of *Junius* to know that he was of Lord Temple's school, and that he wrote that paper from hints or materials prompted by him. So far he was betrayed in one of the letters to the first Lord Camden, for in that letter he touched upon a fact, known only to three persons, Lords Chatham, Camden, and Temple. The latter, during almost the whole period of the *Juniuses*, was bitter against the two former; and so was *Junius*, though with an air of guard and candour.

"Lord Temple had not eloquence or parts enough to have written *Junius*; but I have no doubt that he knew the author."

In support of Mr. Justice Hardinge's opinion, we may fairly quote the saying of *Junius* to Wilkes, in his letter of the 7th September 1773, "that he would be glad to mortify these contemptible creatures who call themselves noblemen, whose worthless importance depends entirely upon their influence over boroughs."

In the subsequent part of his dissertation, Mr. Smith proceeds to institute an elaborate comparison between the letters of *Junius* and the speeches, pamphlets, and other writings of Lord Temple; but in the performance of this task he has ascribed to Lord Temple productions of various kinds to which his name was not attached, and which, as has been well shewn by the writer in the *Athenæum*, there is every reason to believe were not written by himself. Conceding, however, to our author all the advantages which he may derive from such an extended comparison, we cannot see that there is such a resemblance as to justify the

\* In a letter, dated Nov. 22, 1772. See "Nichol's Illustrations of Literary History," vol. i. p. 146.

† "Hardinge's Miscellaneous Works." 3 vols. 8vo. Nichol's, 1818.

conclusion that Temple was Junius. United in sentiment and in purpose, pleading the same cause and denouncing the same adversaries, and perchance in mutual communication, nothing was more likely than that the expressions of the one should resemble those of the other. Junius might borrow from Temple, and Temple from Junius, in the same manner as expressions have been indicated in the letters of Chatham, Chesterfield, and others, which induced ingenious men to regard them as the representatives of Junius. But even if such expressions and sentiments had been more numerous and striking than they are, we never could have admitted them as proofs of equal genius and intellect. Nowhere do we find in the works of Temple the mental power of Junius—nowhere his eloquence—nowhere his acrimonious invectives—nowhere that versatility of talent in which the grave is combined with the gay, and the frivolity of the banter with the severity of the syllogism. We are not so unreasonable as to expect in the ordinary writings of any claimant to be Junius, that force of eloquence and dialectic power which burst forth with volcanic energy from the depth of a soul stirred up by the greatness of its cause, and that sharp yet polished invective in which an anonymous writer alone can indulge, and which carries the arrows which it tips deep into the bosom of its victim. Lord Temple was by no means a great writer, and we cannot find in his works anything like a continuous paragraph at all similar to any in Junius. But even if such paragraphs were found they might remove an objection to a theory without adding to its probability. We are not entitled to demand more from a claimant to be Junius than that mental power and sharpened wit, and vigour of expression, which appear more or less in all his writings; and perhaps even this is too great a demand, for there are letters certainly written by *Junius* which are not *Junian*, and which exhibit so little of his peculiar talent that able critics have denied that they were his.

Mr. Smith has written many pages on the subject of the handwriting of Junius, in order to shew that the letters were written by Lady Temple. He considers it quite certain that the style of writing was "not the undisguised and ordinary hand of the writer," and therefore that "it can scarcely be expected that the handwriting of any individual should now be discovered that will correspond *exactly* with that adopted by Junius." He believes it to have been a style of writing *acquired for the express purpose of these and other anonymous papers*. As Junius distinctly tells Woodfall, on two occasions, that the letter had been copied, Mr. Smith naturally infers that there must have been an amanuensis, and that this amanuensis must have been Lady Temple, because, with any other amanuensis, Junius would not

have been the depositary of his own secret. Admitting that the hand is one acquired for the purpose of disguise, we are constrained for various reasons to believe it to be the handwriting of Junius himself. We cannot conceive it possible that an author placed in the position of Junius, and suddenly called upon to write to his printer, could have his wife always at his command; nor can we conceive how urgent business could be carried on, when the hand of the master is paralyzed by the fear of detection. Why should Junius have taken such means of concealment when he wrote his first letter to the *Public Advertiser*? At a much later period he contemplated making himself known to George Grenville, and we cannot allow ourselves to believe that from 1760 to 1774, a period of fourteen years, he had restrained his hand from its duties, and inflicted upon his wife the obligation to discharge them. But even if we admitted the complicity of Lady Temple with Junius, we must protest against the attempt of Mr. Smith, to strengthen his argument by involving her in the disgrace of being the author of an indecent poem. In carrying out his hostility to the Duke of Grafton, Junius was not satisfied with the bitter and witty attack upon him, which appeared without a signature in the *Public Advertiser* of the 23d April 1761. The Duke, whose name was *Henry*, had gone to the opera-house with Miss *Nancy Parsons*,\* a lady of doubtful character,—sat the whole night by her side,—called for her carriage himself, and “led her to it through a crowd of the first men and women in the kingdom.” In the letter above mentioned, Junius denounced this proceeding as an outrage to his wife (who was present)—a triumph over decency, and an insult to the company; and he seems about the same time to have written the poem of *HARRY and NAN*, an elegy in the manner of *Tibullus*, in which the character of the Prime Minister and his “*Thais*” are sufficiently emblazoned. We have read this poem in the original MS. in the possession of Mr. Woodfall, who seems to have refused to publish it. It is a clever production, which few men would write, and which no woman would read; and yet Mr. Smith gravely sets himself to shew that “*Harry and Nan*” may have been written either by Lord or Lady Temple! If we admit the justness of his reasoning, we confess that Lady Temple has a better claim than her husband to be its author; but we are persuaded that it is far above the poetical capacity either of Lord Temple or his wife. Like the letter signed Junia, which Junius wrote in an evil

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\* She married Viscount Maynard in 1776. The disgust occasioned by the Duke's conduct on this occasion, is communicated to George Grenville by Mr. Whately, in a letter dated 22d April.

hour, and was anxious to suppress, it is full of wit and talent of no common kind.\*

Mr. Smith concludes his able and learned essay with the following candid observations:—

“It will I fear be said, that I have been too prone to dwell on trifles, and to magnify them; that in the many and various instances of similarity of phrases, locutions, and peculiar meanings affixed to words, between Junius and Lord Temple, I may seem to have exhibited some which are not only trivial and popular, but irrelevant and inconclusive. Without, however, attaching undue importance to those coincidences which were perhaps often accidental, I have nevertheless considered it my duty to produce every particle of evidence *valeat quantum*; and the more so, because other theories upon the same subject have been supported in a similar manner; and because such evidence, slight as indeed it is, and even worthless in a few cases, might from its frequency or other peculiarities add some little weight to the aggregate of circumstantial proof. I may also plead in excuse that all the more important topics connected with the authorship are generally known, or have been well-nigh exhausted; and besides that I am strongly impressed with the notion that if ever Junius is satisfactorily identified, it will be from the discovery of some very trifling circumstance, which the author himself, in his anxiety for concealment, had possibly overlooked.

“If I have not succeeded in establishing my theory to my own satisfaction, it is chiefly from the absence of actual mathematical demonstration—for I must frankly confess that I should not be quite content with anything short of that decided proof; but it is my firm and deliberate conviction, that if Lord Temple were not the author of Junius, then the author has never yet been publicly named, and that he will still remain that mysterious *UMBRA SINE NOMINE*, to exercise the ingenuity of some more successful inquirer.”

Although we have on various points expressed a difference of opinion with Mr. Smith, we consider his Dissertation as a most valuable work, and calculated to throw much light on the Junius controversy. He has, we think, placed it beyond a doubt that Lord Temple and the Grenvillite party were the patrons and allies of Junius, and in this aspect we regard the *three* letters published for the first time in the Grenville Papers, as the most important and instructive documents which bear upon the identification of their author. We cannot agree with the writer in the *Athenæum*, that Mr. Smith's “adduced proofs of personal and political agreements, sympathies, and so forth, are just so much waste paper,” and “that there was as general an agreement and

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\* Sir Philip Francis was utterly incapable of writing either of these clever productions. All who knew him personally have declared that he was a man entirely destitute of wit.

sympathy between Junius and other fierce opposition men, as between Junius and Temple." What agreement and sympathy Junius had with "other fierce opposition men," besides that of belonging to the same political party, we do not know; but we know this, that if Lord Temple had been a political writer in place of being a peer, and had exhibited in his writings that talent, eloquence, and wit, which belong to Junius, we should have been disposed to adopt the theory of Mr. Smith. The researches of Mr. Smith have thrown much light on the history of the time of Junius;—he has removed difficulties by which other inquirers have been embarrassed, and we are persuaded that if Junius is ever unearthed, it will be with the aid of some of the valuable tools with which Mr. Smith has supplied us.

As it is not probable that we shall be called upon to a renewed discussion of the Junius question, our readers will naturally expect from us some information on the new and startling claim to the honours of Junius which has lately been made by an anonymous contributor to the *Quarterly Review*.\* This able writer has, with much ingenuity, but very little success, transferred the laurel of Junius to the brow of Thomas Lord Lyttelton, a dissolute youth of whom we know almost nothing, and whom society seems to have been very willing to forget. In an article of upwards of seventy pages, our author has exhausted the records of the times, as well as his own ingenuity, in discovering something about this forgotten individual; and almost all the information on which he relies has been obtained from the pages of a work universally condemned as a shameless forgery.

George Lord Lyttelton, who was raised to the peerage, was a man of high character,—an eminent politician,—a poet himself, and a distinguished patron of poets. His only son, Thomas Lyttelton, born on the 30th January 1744, was educated at Eton, and was considered a boy of *great parts* and *great ambition*. He was at Eton in 1758, and from the progress which he had made in his studies, his father "hoped all that a parent's heart could desire, if God gave him life, and he continued to improve as he had done hitherto." In 1759, Lord Lyttelton was delighted with the promise of the opening talents of his son, who in the summer of 1759 accompanied him in a tour in Scotland. In a letter to his brother William he gives the following notice of this tour:—"I passed the last summer most agreeably in a tour through the north of England and Scotland, as far as Inverary. The weather was the finest

I ever saw in my life, and I had as great honours done me by the nobility and the principal cities in Scotland, as if I had been a First Minister or the head of a faction.\* But much the greatest pleasure I had in my tour was from the company of my son, whom I carried along with me, and from the approbation (I might say the admiration) which his figure, behaviour, and parts, drew from all sorts of people wherever we went. Indeed his mother has given him her *don de plaisir*, and he joins to an excellent understanding the best of hearts, and more discretion and judgment than ever I observed in any young man, except in you."†

Young Lyttelton continued to receive the commendations of his father, and of all who knew him. The celebrated Mrs. Montague, of whom he was a correspondent, spoke of him in the warmest terms. She describes him as "a charming painter," his views of Scotland appearing as the scenes of Salvator Rosa would do were they copied by Claude; and in mentioning her intention to visit Scotland, she says that she does not expect more pleasure from nature's pencil than she has had from his pen.‡

Thomas Lyttelton was now about 19, and a marriage was at this time arranged for him with Miss Warburton, a lady both of family and fortune; but as the difficulty of making settlements till he was of age made it impossible to marry before that time, it was therefore proposed by his uncle that he should go abroad for a twelvemonth, and Sir Richard Lyttelton liberally provided the expense of the tour. He therefore left England in the summer of 1763, and his father writes from Hagley in September of that year, that he was just "setting out from France to go to Italy, and I hope next summer to come to him at Florence, and make with him the tour of the Milanese part of Germany, and all Switzerland, by the end of October."

Young Lyttelton seems to have remained abroad during the whole of the year 1764, leading a life of dissipation and extravagance, and waiting, we presume, till the 30th January 1765, when he was to come of age and fulfil his engagement with Miss Warburton.§ The match, however, was broken off, as appears

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\* Did the Quarterly Reviewer omit this passage from his quotation lest it should prove that Thomas Lyttelton, or Junius, could have no motive for abusing the Scotch?

† *Memoirs, &c., of George Lord Lyttelton*, vol. ii. p. 628.

‡ *Mrs. Montague's Letters*, vol. iv. p. 231.

§ We find among his poems an *Invitation to Miss Warburton* written probably before he left England.

"O come thou fairest flower, by nature's hand,  
Made not to bloom unseen, where ardent love

from a letter of his father's written on the 1st January 1765. "My son is in France, where, I believe, he will stay till the beginning of April. His match is off. If you will ask the reason, I can give it you in no better words than those of Rochefoucault, who says that *une femme est un bénéfice qui oblige à la résidence*." In another letter dated March 11, addressed to his brother, Lord Lyttelton, in wishing him joy on the birth of a son, laments the dissipation, extravagance, and gaming of his own son in Italy, consoling himself, however, with the remark, "that as it appears by his letters that there is a great energy and force in his understanding; and as his faults are only those of most of our young travellers, he hopes his return to England, and cool reflection on the mischief of his past follies, will enable his reason to get the better of any recent ill habits contracted by him abroad, and that the natural goodness of his heart will give a right turn to the vivacity of his passions. But I must not tell you, adds Lord Lyttelton, that anxiety, for fear it should happen otherwise, has taken away much of the pleasure of my life."

In the Memoirs of his father, from which these facts are taken, we do not find any farther allusion to his son, but it appears from his own poems that, at a juvenile party given at Stowe in the year 1765, he wrote some verses which were spoken by a child in the character of Queen Mab, who presented them, with a basket of flowers, to Earl Temple. The Quarterly Reviewer observes that these verses "pay a very elegant compliment to the political abilities of the last Earl Temple, exhorting his Lordship in conclusion to

'Haste be great,  
Rule and uphold our sinking state.'

But in the copy of the poem now before us, called an unfinished fragment, there are no such lines. The politics of the author, however, are sufficiently marked in the following lines:—

"By magic wheels through air conveyed,  
I come from Kew's mysterious shade,

Invites; and midst the love-inspiring gloom  
Of HAGLEY's shades, deign tread the rural haunts  
Of universal love; for there he dwells.

Nor Flora, nor the nymphs whom gloomy Dis  
Beheld in Enna's grove, and instant loved  
With *Thee* could be compared, nor could their charms  
So touch the heart, or raise so pure a flame."

In the same collection we find another poem entitled *THYRSIS and MINA*, an ode to Miss War—t—n, in the year 1768, written before he left England, and before the projected match with that lady was broken off. It is written in a very different strain from the preceding one, and proves that it was not among the "excesses of continental life" that young Lyttelton acquired his licentious habits.

Where in his much-loved olive grove  
 The *Thans of Buts* lies sick with love !  
 And with him lurks in close disguise  
 The goddess with a thousand eyes,  
 Imperial policy of late  
 Ycleped the demon of debate,  
 Of loud debate, of lawless might,  
 Of tyrant rule, of sovereign right."

From this period it is difficult to follow the movements of Thomas Lyttelton. Though sometimes living in seclusion, he was occasionally found in select societies, particularly at the parties of Mrs. Carter, who is said to have "admired his talents and elegant manners as much as she detested his vices." In her Memoirs, written by Mr. Pennington, we find the following account of him :—

"With great abilities generally very ill applied ; with a strong sense of religion, which he never suffered to influence his conduct, his days were mostly passed in splendid misery ; and in the painful change of the most extravagant gaiety, with the deepest despair. The delight, when he pleased, of the first and most select societies, he chose to pass his time, for the most part, with the most profligate and abandoned of both sexes. Solitude was to him the most insupportable torment ; and to banish reflection he flew to company whom he despised and ridiculed. This conduct was a subject of bitter regret both to his father and all his friends."

The only means of restoring such a man to decency and reason, was to obtain a suitable occupation for his mind, and a position which would connect him with the busy world. His friends therefore exerted themselves to return him to Parliament for the burgh of Bewdley, but having secured his election by illegal means, he was unseated on the 28th January 1769. On the 18th May 1768, however, he delivered his maiden speech, on the outlawry of Wilkes, which, in the opinion of Walpole, exhibited "*parts and knowledge*, and conciliated much favour," though, as Walpole adds, "his character was uncommonly odious and profligate, and his life a grievous course of mortification to his father."\*

Having thus brought down the history of Mr. Lyttelton to the 21st January 1769, the date of Junius's first letter to the Public Advertiser, we are anxious, now that he is a claimant to be Junius, to read his history in the next *four* years during which Junius was most actively engaged in those intellectual and engrossing studies in which he must necessarily have been engaged. The ingenious writer in the *Quarterly Review*, with all

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\* Memoirs of George III., vol. iii. p. 216.

his means of information, candidly confesses that "*for a period of three years after Mr. Lyttelton lost his seat—that period during which Junius wrote his acknowledged compositions—we hardly find a trace of him in any of the contemporary letters or memoirs that have fallen under our observation,*" and he subsequently adds, "*we do not know on what terms Thomas Lyttelton stood with his family while Junius was most actively engaged in correspondence with the Public Advertiser; but just as Junius concluded his great work\* Thomas Lyttelton returned to his father's house.*"

On this event Lord Chatham thus congratulates Lord Lyttelton, in a letter dated February 16, 1772:—

"The sincere satisfaction I feel on what I hear of Mr. Lyttelton's return, with all the dispositions you could wish, will not allow me to be silent on so interesting an event. Accept, my dear Lord, my felicitations on *these happy beginnings*, together with every wish that *this opening of light may ripen into the perfect day*. I know what it is (thank God) to be happy hitherto in my children; and I grieve for those who meet with essential disappointments in that vital part of domestic happiness. May you never again know anguish from such a wound to your comfort, but the remaining period of your days derive as much felicity from the return, as you suffered pain from the duration."

To this letter Lord Lyttelton made the following reply:—

"I give you a thousand thanks for your very kind felicitations on the return of my son, who *appears* to be returned not only to me but to a rational way of thinking, and a dutiful conduct, in which, *if he perseveres*, it will gild with some joy the evening of my life."

It is quite evident from Lord Chatham's letter that the word *return* means Mr. Lyttelton's return from the continent, where he certainly was, as we shall by and by prove, during the *three* years in which Junius wrote his acknowledged compositions, and at certain times too when, as Junius, he ought to have been in London. But we must go on with our narrative. Immediately after his reconciliation with his father, Thomas Lyttelton was married, an event which is thus noticed by Mr. Phillimore the biographer of his father. "On the 26th of June Lyttelton's returned son married Aphia,† daughter of Mr. Broom Witta, of Chipping Norton, and widow of Joseph Peach, who had been governor of Calcutta: It was an ill-omened marriage, and was followed by a separation; but was hailed at the time by Lord Lyttelton himself and all his friends, in the hope that it would effect a permanent change in the habits of Mr. Lyttelton."‡

\* January 21, 1772, by his long and elaborate letter to Lord Mansfield.

† She lived to a great age, dying on the 9th April 1840. In Phillimore's *Memoir* she is called Watta.

‡ *Memoir*, &c., vol. ii. p. 773.

Some time after this event took place, Lord Chatham congratulated Lord Lyttelton in the following playful terms\* :—" I have a most longing wish to be able to be the bearer of warm felicitations to your Lordship and the happy pair on the completion of an union which knits you all together for life in the sweet triple bands of paternal, filial, conjugal love and domestic happiness. May the virtues of your race guard the pious work, and fix the felicity of your family, that *fortuna domus et avi numerentur avorum*. I could not but smile to hear that Cupid knew his Hagley for true Paphian ground, and had taught his slow brother Hymen to mend his pace in so delightful a race, and am sure your Lordship more than forgave your flesh and blood this amiable impatience. From all I hear of Mrs. Lyttelton, I have not the least doubt that Hymen now will have his turn, and lead love for his inseparable companion."

Lord Lyttelton's reply to this letter† possesses a double interest. The newly married pair were then at Hagley, and he appears even then to have foreseen that their union was not one of very deep affection :—" My son stole a march upon me," he says, " which I shall not complain of, if he continues as sensible of the value of the prize he was in such haste to take as he was when he took it, and I do not despair that he will. For my own part, the more I see of the lady, the more I esteem and love her." After expressing his disappointment that Lord Chatham and his family could not then make out their visit to Hagley, he adds—" This grieves me the more, because my Park is this year in a higher degree of beauty than I ever beheld it. . . . You give me, indeed, a prospect of the favour of your company at some future time; but alas! my dear Lord, before another summer comes, a high wind may blow down some of my finest old trees within the view of my house, or a cold wind may blow down me." Before another summer passed away, the cold wind did come, and Lord Lyttelton, an oak of noble growth, lay prostrate amid the beauties of his park, while the sapling which sprung from him, and shot up so rankly under his care, was casting its yellow leaf in the warmth of summer, and exhibiting every symptom of a premature and rapid decay. His Lordship died on the 22d of August 1773—Hagley had ceased to be "true Paphian ground"—the "sweet triple bands of paternal, filial, and conjugal love" were broken, and Thomas, now Lord Lyttelton, had refused to let "Hymen have his turn," and had escaped from the marriage roof after a residence of "not more than a few months." The writer in the *Quarterly Review* conjectures that Mr. Lyttelton went to the Continent, when he

\* July 22, 1772.

† July 27.

left his wife, as he was abroad when his father died in August 1773.

After his return on the death of his father, he wrote to his relative, Lord Temple, and expressed to him his feelings on that mournful event. In a beautiful letter, dated Stowe, October 7th, 1773, Lord Temple tells him "that the great figure he may yet make depends upon himself." "Henry the Fifth," he continues, "had been Prince of Wales. He knew how, with change of situation, to shake off the Falstaffs of the age, and all those forlorn accomplishments which had so long stifled and depressed his abilities." "Forgive," he adds, "an old man, and by affection a kind of parent, the *hint* he takes the liberty of giving, and be assured he evidently wishes to see what your Lordship calls his partiality *justified by a conduct* which will make him happy in calling himself your most affectionate and obedient servant."

Influenced, we hope, by this *hint*, and anxious, we trust, to justify Lord Temple's partiality by a *conduct* which would make him happy, Lord Lyttelton took his seat in the House of Lords at the opening of Parliament on the 13th January 1774. During the remaining five years of his life, he took an active part in the political transactions of the period, and distinguished himself as an accomplished speaker. His speeches, like those of Sir Philip Francis, and every other pleader for popular rights, contain sentiments and expressions like those of Junius; but we might as well maintain, were it not for its anachronism, that the plagiarists and imitators of Homer or Milton were themselves Homer and Milton, or that every pilferer from Junius was the reckless and fearless demagogue who bearded the sovereign, and dared to avow that, as "one of the people," "he loved and esteemed the mob." As well might a few bristles be held to represent the "mighty boar of the forest," and the dreaded tusks which "he whetted to wound and gnaw" his enemies.

Unlike what might have been expected from Junius, Lord Lyttelton's political conduct was versatile and inconsistent. At first the follower of the Grenvillites, and the ardent panegyrist of Chatham, we afterwards find him opposed to the principles of the great man whom he had wished to be Dictator. Again, we meet with him in vigorous opposition, and in November 1775, he reposes in the arms of the Government, with the bribe of a seat in the Privy Council, and the Chief Justiceship in Eyre! In 1779, —that disastrous year in which the military glory of England was in abeyance— he became dissatisfied with the ministry. On the first day of the following session of Parliament, he went into open opposition, and in a speech of great severity and bitterness, he denounced the measures of the Cabinet.

This speech, which was the last he ever delivered, has ac-

quired an importance, not only from a prophetic allusion which it contained, but from the sudden and inexplicable event by which it was followed. On the night of Wednesday, November 24, 1779, Lord Lyttelton was warned, we know not by what agency, that *his death would take place within three days from that date*. He mentioned the warning to some of his more intimate friends, but, as if incredulous of its truth, or indifferent to the result, he went to the House of Lords on the evening of the 25th, and delivered the remarkable speech to which we have referred,—a speech rendered doubly remarkable by the prophetic declaration, that “though he held a place in the government *he perhaps should not hold it long*.” As if anticipating this event, he had a few weeks before made a settlement of his affairs, and added in his own hand five codicils to his will. It appears, too, from a statement in the *Public Advertiser*, that, a short time before his death, he had been tormented with distressing dreams, and that one morning, when the party at his house had noticed his unusual depression of spirits, he accounted for it by relating a dream which he had had the night before:—“I dreamt,” said he, “that I was dead, and was hurried away into the infernal regions, which appeared as a large dark room, at the end of which was seated Mrs. Brownrigg, who told me it was appointed for her to pour red-hot bullets down my throat for a thousand years. The resistance I endeavoured to make to her awakened me, but the agitation of my mind when I awoke is not to be described, nor can I get the better of it.” As we have not the means of investigating the truth of the strange story which relates to his death, we shall give it in the words of the *Quarterly Review*, without pledging ourselves either for its general truth or any of its particular details.

“On the 26th, Lord Lyttelton repaired to Pitt Place, his Villa at Epsom, and there he remained the day after, with a party of friends, consisting of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Fortescue, Admiral Wolsley, Mrs. Flood, (wife of the celebrated Irish orator,) and the Misses Amphlett. Throughout Saturday evening he appeared in high spirits, but he took especial care to keep the ghostly warning in the mind of his guests, and to prepare them for the possibility of its fulfilment. At ten o'clock, taking out his watch, he named the hour, and added, ‘Should I live two hours longer I shall jockey the ghost.’ With this impression on his mind it would have seemed more natural for him to have waited the event with his gay company. He retired, however, to his bed-chamber, shortly before midnight, attended by his valet, who, according to the most credible report, handed him a preparation of rhubarb he was in the habit of taking. He sent the man away to bring him a spoon: on his return Lord Lyttelton was on the point of dissolution. His death was almost instantaneous; and it is not surprising that, in popular opinion, it became connected with the

warning he had himself taken so much pains to publish. We do not find that there was any examination of the body; according to one of the papers it was conjectured that the cause of death was disease of the heart. But when death results from any such affection, it is, we believe, so instantaneous, peaceful, and even imperceptible, that the patient seems only to fall into a quiet slumber, while, in Lyttelton's case, a brief convulsion is distinctly mentioned. His family maintained a guarded, and, perhaps, a judicious silence on the subject. The warning and its accomplishment were received as one of the best authenticated ghost-stories on record: and as years rolled on, Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, was chiefly remembered for the profligacy of his life, and for the supernatural summons which had called him to an untimely tomb.\*

We are unwilling to occupy our pages with discussions of this kind; but at a time when a belief in spiritual manifestations has been taking possession of the public mind, we are unwilling that a dream, and a death like that of Lord Lyttelton's, should be viewed in any other light than as a contemplated or a casual coincidence. We have ourselves no doubt whatever that Lord Lyttelton's apparition was a dream, and that his death at the time indicated in his dream, was a *coincidence* of which there are numerous examples. Had he been a man in perfect health, the coincidence would have been more extraordinary; but even in that case it would not have belonged to the supernatural. As he was subject to a disease in the head which might have proved fatal at any instant—his death ceases to surprise us. Another explanation of the coincidence is less honourable to the memory of his Lordship. It was believed that he had determined to take poison, and he therefore had it in his power to make the event accord with the prediction. "It was no doubt singular," as Sir Walter Scott

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\* As the *Quarterly Reviewer* has not mentioned the particulars of the dream which announced to Lord Lyttelton the day and hour of his death, we shall supply the defect. Lord Lyttelton had, in the month preceding his death, been particularly subject to "a sort of suffocating fits," accompanied with severe pain in the region of the stomach. On the evening of Wednesday, the 24th of November, he was worse than usual, and went to bed at an early hour, after having taken his customary medicine. Soon after his servant had left him, conceiving himself awake, he heard a fluttering of wings and the sound of footsteps advancing towards his bed. Raising himself up, he saw a lovely female, dressed in white, with a small bird perched upon her hand. The apparition commanded him to prepare himself, as he would shortly die. His lordship inquired how long he had to live. The vision replied, "Not three days, and you'll depart at the hour of twelve." At the breakfast table he told this dream to Mrs. Flood, and there is reason to believe that he himself considered it a dream, as he accounted for the appearance of the bird by relating that a few days before he had taken some pains to restore a robin which had been shut up in the green-house at Pitt Place.

The details respecting his death on the 26th are given very differently in Burke's *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*, vol. ii. p. 441. His disease is stated to have been "a polypus of the heart, consisting of a quantity of coagulated blood in a cyst or bag," and it is believed that his death was occasioned by the bursting of this bag.

observes, "that a man who meditated his exit from the world should have chosen to play such a trick upon his friends; but it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead (accompanied, we may add, with the ghost of a cock robin) to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire."

Such was the life and end of a man for whom the title of Junius is to be claimed. We regret that this honoured name should be thus associated. We lament for the sake of Thomas Lyttelton himself, that he should be thus hung in chains, that the gibbet might be hallowed by the inscription JUNIUS. Still more deeply do we regret that a name which George Lord Lyttelton adorned should be degraded in discussions where it is necessary to contrast genius with vice, and patriotism with crime; and did we believe that the new theory of Junius would gain any credit with the wise or the good, we should regret that historical truth had been compromised by statements subversive of its decisions—by speculations without argument, and by reasonings without facts.

With this opinion on the subject we might have left the theorist in the *Quarterly* to the just and indignant remonstrance of the clever writer in the *Athenæum*;\* but having made some little inquiry about the case, we think we can bring him under a more summary jurisdiction.

1. "The position of Thomas Lyttelton," says the *Quarterly* Reviewer, "in the five years from 1767 to 1772, is *exactly* such an one as it is reasonable to suppose that Junius occupied during the period of his writings!" In direct contradiction to this allegation, the same writer had already told us that in "the period during which Junius wrote his acknowledged compositions, *we hardly find a trace* of him (Lyttelton) among contemporary letters or memoirs." How then was he in the position to have been Junius? The writer in the *Athenæum* has justly said, that "the whereabouts of Mr. Lyttelton might have been settled after half an hour's search by the Lyttelton family," had the reviewer applied for it; but without this help we can tell him that Thomas Lyttelton was at Ghent on the 23d March 1767, writing profligate poetry, when Junius was, on the 18th March, writing his first celebrated letter to the Duke of Grafton; and if Junius had been at Ghent on the 23d, he was again in London on the 10th and 12th April writing a second letter to the Duke of Grafton, and the letter signed a *Real Friend*. But what is decisive of the question, we find Lyttelton in Italy in 1770, Junius's busiest year, writing poetry in Venice, in June or July—writing another poem

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\* January 17, 1852. No. 1264, pp. 76, 80.

from Venice on the 20th of July of the same year, and finally inditing a long *irregular ode from Vicenza on the 20th August 1770*, when Junius must have been writing the *letter to Lord North, dated August 22d, 1770* !

2. Assuming, what cannot admit of a doubt, that the letter to a Brigadier-General was the work of Junius, it is obvious that Lyttelton could not have written it, as he was then only sixteen years of age ; and it is equally impossible that at the age of twenty-three the profligate and idle youth could have been the writer of the early letters of Junius.

3. As a specimen of the reasoning of the *Quarterly Reviewer*, we may give the following example :—In Junius's letter of 12th May 1772, six weeks previous to Lyttelton's marriage, he says that he has "just returned from a visit in a *certain part of Berkshire*." "The family of Mrs. Peach," says the Reviewer, "was settled at *Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire*, the county adjoining Berks, and nothing *could be more likely* than that Mr. Lyttelton should have paid a visit to his relatives." Very likely indeed if Mrs. Peach or her friends had been there ; but Oxfordshire is not Berks, and Chipping Norton is near Warwickshire, and far from Berkshire.

4. The principal arguments adduced by the writer in the *Quarterly* are drawn from a series of letters published in 1780, and entitled "Letters of Thomas Lord Lyttelton." But it is well known, and the Reviewer seems to have suspected it, that these letters were shameless forgeries, written (as the author himself confessed) by a Mr. Combe, the well known Dr. Syntax.

5. "The dislike," says the Reviewer, "of Junius to the Scotch is notorious. Lyttelton does not expressly state his antipathy to that people, but he writes thus, (to give but one instance)." This is judicious enough, as he had no other instance to give ; and the instance given, which we cannot take the trouble of copying, is a real compliment to the Scotch character ! Who could believe that Thomas Lyttelton had any antipathy to the Scotch after his father had been received in 1759 "with as great honours by the nobility and the principal cities in Scotland, as if he had been a first minister or the head of a faction," and after his own "figure, behaviour, and parts, had been admired by all sorts of people."

Such are the grounds upon which we consider it as placed beyond a doubt that Thomas Lord Lyttelton was not Junius ; and though we have nearly the same opinion of the claims of Lord Temple, we cannot but admire the ingenuity and learning with which they have been advocated by Mr. Smith. In failing, however, to convince us of his theory, Mr. Smith has, we think, made it highly probable that the real Junius acted in concert

with Lord Temple and the Grenville party. If not a member of the peerage, Junius must have had men of rank and station as his allies, and, as he himself confesses, persons about him who supplied him with the information he required, and whose importunities he was bound to obey.

Among the political writers who may be considered as having played the principal part in this combination, Sir Philip Francis and Colonel Lachlan Macleane have the highest claims. We leave it to a jury of our readers to decide between them from the evidence which is now within their reach.

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IN our former article on Junius,\* we made the following statement, which requires correction :—

“ 5. The Rev. Mr. Parish informed the writer of this article that his father, who was chaplain to Lord Townshend, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had heard Lord Townshend express his belief that Macleane was Junius; and he saw, at Dublin Castle, a print called the Tripartite Junius, in which Macleane was represented with other two individuals as his coadjutors.”

The letter from Mr. Parish here alluded to having been lost, the preceding paragraph was written from an imperfect recollection of its contents. It was not addressed to us by the Rev. Mr. Parish, but by the late Mr. Woodbine Parish, Chairman of the Board of Excise in Scotland, who communicated to us a copy of the following letter which he discovered while looking over some old family letters from his father :—

“ *Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Henry Parish to his Brother, dated Dublin Castle, 19th April 1770.*

“ The Earl of Shelburne made a very strong application for my Kerry Livings, but unfortunately for his friend *Junius* he was not successful.

“ He applied for Macleane, his chaplain, of whom you have seen a picture in the Tripartite Print of Junius.”

The Rev. Henry Parish was at this time living with Lord Townshend on the most intimate footing. He had gone over with him to Ireland, when he was made Lord-Lieutenant,—was his family chaplain, and often acted as his private secretary. There can be little doubt, therefore, that Mr. Parish had the means of knowing the fact to which he alludes, that Lord Shel-

burne had asked from Lord Townshend for Maclean the Kerry Livings, which were worth £1000 a-year; and that this was a fact in which Mr. Parish was more interested than any one else. We may also reasonably assume, that in mentioning *Maclean* as *Junius*, he may have taken the idea either from the general impression at the time, or what is more probable, from Lord Townshend himself, who must have felt a very great interest in the question, Who was Junius?

Sir Woodbine Parish, grandson of the Rev. Henry Parish, who held the Kerry Livings, succeeded in obtaining a copy of the Tripartite Print, referred to in the preceding letter, and has kindly communicated it to us. It represents Burke and Lord Sackville, with Junius in a clergyman's dress, seated between them;\* and we cannot doubt that, in the opinion of Lord Townshend, as well as of Mr. Parish, the clerical figure represented Maclean. It is probable that these Livings may have been asked for Maclean's father, who, as a Non-juring clergyman, had been driven out of Scotland,† and as there was not then a single Protestant in these livings, so as to require residence, it is just possible that Lachlan Maclean may have thought of qualifying himself to hold them, which was then a very easy matter. But in whatever way we may surmount these difficulties, the direct association of the name of Maclean with Junius, in the household of Lord Townshend, is a fact of considerable interest and importance.

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\* The left hand figure is represented leaning upon a volume marked *Sublime and Beautiful*, and is in the act of addressing the figure in the middle dressed in a gown and bands, who is listening to him with a pen in his right hand, and a sheet of paper in his left, at the head of which is written *To the King*. The right hand figure is pointing to a letter lying on the table, addressed to Ld. G. Sack—Be. The general title of the picture is JUNIUS, placed immediately below the middle figure, but embracing by a long bracket the other two figures.—The engraver's name is *T. Bonnor*.

† See this Journal, vol. x. p. 131, 132.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Das Leben des Minister Freiherrn von Stein.* Von G. H. PERZ. 4 vols. Berlin, 1851.  
2. *Passages from my Life, &c.* By BARON MÜFFLING. Translated from the German. London, 1853.  
3. *Panslavism and Germanism.* By COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI. London, 1848.  
4. *The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk; Comprising Travels in the region of the Lower Danube, in 1850 and 1851.* By a BRITISH RESIDENT of twenty years in the East. 2 vols. London, 1853.

THE events of the last five years of European history form an episode almost unparalleled in modern times. The world has been astonished by the extreme rapidity with which the hopes of liberty have been raised and disappointed. The short reign of freedom has been replaced by a military despotism, united to a priestly reaction, the excesses of which have thrown into the shade those of which any defenders of liberty were guilty during that period of political saturnalia. Of all the countries which have been convulsed by these revolutions, none probably has raised fairer hopes, and produced bitterer disappointment in the minds of the true friends of liberty than Germany. It is melancholy to observe that a nation which in philosophy, literature, and art is second to none, has, notwithstanding its great theoretical knowledge of political science, shown itself in the hour of trial utterly incompetent to make a practical application of those principles which it often admirably discussed in academic chairs and literary productions. And it must be added, that no nation occupies a more important position than Germany in the political relations of Europe. In none should Great Britain especially be more deeply interested than in the central country of the Teutonic race—the continental power which may keep the balance between France and Russia.

Our surprise, though not our regret, on account of the retrograde political history of Germany is, however, considerably diminished when we examine the circumstances under which that country has developed itself from the outbreak of the first French Revolution to our own time. Nothing better explains the political character of a nation than its history. This character, formed by the institutions under which a community has long remained, cannot be rapidly altered, and often continues to bear unmistakable traces of the circumstances by which it was formed for generations after these circumstances have ceased to exist.

We mean in the course of this article to give our readers some account of the events which have effected the transition from the feudal constitution of Germany, as it was settled by the treaty of Westphalia, to its present political organization as established by the treaty of Vienna, and to conclude with a view of the present external and internal relations of the German Confederation. In our progress we shall take note of some of the principal characters who bore a prominent part in the various stages of this history. We have chosen as an appropriate peg on which to hang our historical picture, the recently published *Life of BARON STEIN*, that eminent statesman who belonged, by his birth and the early part of his public life, to the feudal period of Germany, and, by his efforts in the latter part of his career to renovate the political and social constitution of that country, to the present order of things, and who may thus be regarded as the connecting link between the earlier and the later stage of German development.

At the period of the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1789, notwithstanding some changes which had been brought about chiefly by the usurpations of the more powerful of its members on the rights of their weaker colleagues, the German Empire continued in the same constitution and legal relations which it had received from the treaty of Westphalia in 1648. It possessed a complicated and ill-working state machinery; but it enjoyed a constitutional form of government, in which the rights of the smallest and weakest member of the Empire were defined and secured by law, as clearly and positively as those of the most powerful of the confederated princes. There was then (especially in the imperial cities) more legal and even practical liberty in Germany than under the governments which have since been established upon its ruins. The supreme authority of the Empire, in which all its members were represented, was vested in the Imperial Diet which met at Ratisbon. The differences between the members were decided by two imperial tribunals, viz., the Aulic Council of the Empire, which had always its seat at the residence of the Emperor, and the Cameral Tribunal (*Reichs Kammer Gericht*) which sat at Wetzlar. They were composed of members delegated by the different states, and presided over by an imperial deputy. The members were composed of temporal and spiritual princes, ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the *immediate* nobility of the Empire.

It was to this last class of delegates that the family of Stein belonged, and a right noble and chivalrous race they were. Inheriting, since the year 1238, the castle and the lands of Nassau on the Lahn, they were distinguished by their valour, displayed both in the armies of the empire and in their private

feuds. When peace was reigning at home they went abroad in quest of military adventure. They fought against France during the fourteenth century in the armies of Edward III. of England, and during the fifteenth in those of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. In the sixteenth century they embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and this involved them in many troubles, particularly during the Thirty Years' War. The chivalrous dispositions of this ancient family not being tempered by the homely but more useful qualities of prudence and economy, their vast possessions became involved in difficulties; and it was in this condition that they descended to Philip von Stein, privy-councillor of the Elector of Mayence, and father of the statesman we now commemorate.

In the paternal home young Stein received an excellent physical, intellectual, and moral education. Being destined by his parents to serve in the Imperial Chamber of Justice, he was sent, in 1773, in his fifteenth year, to study law in the University of Göttingen, which he left in 1777. Though he was the youngest son of his father, it was decided by a family compact, on account of the reckless prodigality of his elder brothers, that he should be the future head of his family, and consequently inherit the bulk of the family estates. This gave him the prospect of an independent position. But a life of ease and comparative idleness did not suit his active and energetic character, and he soon found a proper field for the exercise of his talents in the service of Frederick II. of Prussia, which he entered in 1780. The last years of the reign of Frederick were employed in jealously watching and counteracting the ambitious projects of the Emperor Joseph II. to extend the dominion of Austria at the expense of the minor States of Germany. It was in that cause that he had taken up arms in 1778, in the affair of the succession of Bavaria, which, however, terminated without bloodshed, in a few months, by the treaty of Teschen. But Joseph did not abandon his schemes of aggrandizement. He secured the non-interference of Russia by supporting the projects of the Empress Catherine against Turkey. The friendship of France was obtained by the influence of his sister, the Queen of Louis XVI. And England, especially interested as she was in maintaining the independence of the German empire, on account of Hanover, was then too much occupied with the American war to give any serious attention to the distant danger which threatened the independence of her monarch's German possessions. Frederick was therefore obliged to seek within the Empire itself for the means of correcting the ambitious schemes of its head. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he applied himself with great energy to the formation of a league of German princes for the preservation of their mutual

rights, and concluded a treaty to that effect with Saxony and Hanover. It was of course important to gain over to the same alliance other German princes, secular as well as spiritual, and among the latter particularly the Elector of Mayence. As Arch-Chancellor of the empire he had great influence over the other princes. It was, however, not so easy to obtain the accession of the Elector to the treaty in question, as Austria had at his court a strong party, supported by the Russian and French ministers. It was on this occasion that, in 1785, Stein, who was then only twenty-seven years old, and had no experience in diplomacy, but many connexions at the court of Mayence, was sent there in order to assist the Prussian minister in obtaining the accession of the Elector. The difficulties of this mission were considerable. The little court of Mayence presented an entangled web of intrigues, in which diplomatists, jurists, priests, and women, actuated by public or private interest, took a more or less prominent part, affording a curious picture, which our limits do not permit us to introduce here, of the manners and prevalent opinions of that time. After several months of negotiation Stein and his colleague succeeded in their object, and the Elector signed the treaty of the confederated princes on the 10th October 1785. The accession of the principal ecclesiastical elector to a league devised by a Protestant prince proved to Joseph that he must expect a general opposition of the members of the empire to his projects against their independence. He was thus led, on due consideration, to desist from these schemes.

Only a few years afterwards an external storm shook to its very foundations the whole fabric of that empire, which was thus saved by the diplomacy of Stein from an internal convulsion. We refer to the French Revolution, which broke out four years after the affair of Mayence, but of the imminence of which, as well as its momentous consequences for Germany, probably none of the politicians engaged in that affair had the remotest idea. The rivalry between the courts of Vienna and Berlin, though favourable to the preservation of the internal constitution of the empire, by no means contributed to its safety from external dangers. The monarchs and statesmen who then governed the principal German principalities were by no means equal to the political emergency occasioned by the revolution in France. Educated in the routine traditions which served as a rule of conduct to the cabinets of Europe, they could not measure the unexpected force of the revolutionary element. They were thus ill qualified to cope with dangers of an entirely novel kind, and compared to which those which a century before had threatened their country from the same quarter under Louis XIV. were insignificant.

Frederick II. of Prussia died on the 16th August 1786, only

three years before the commencement of the French Revolution, and was succeeded on the throne by his nephew, Frederick William II. The principal traits of the new monarch's character were sensuality, love of the marvellous, and want of perseverance. He showed his utter disregard of principle by an act of political dishonesty and treachery to Poland, which is almost without parallel in history. Having, in the early part of his reign, encouraged the internal political reforms of that country, and concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with the Poles, he ended by joining Russia in subverting those liberties he had solemnly promised to defend.

The new monarch inherited a State which his predecessor had constructed by his great talents and successful usurpations, but without creating a genuine national spirit. Frederick's *beau idéal* of a State, as well as of an army, was a well-regulated machine. Commerce, industry, and everything which could be subjected to some administrative regulation, were efficiently superintended by the Government, through means of its numerous *employés*, and as little room as possible was left to the free action of individuals. Such a system of over-governing was not fitted to form independent characters, nor to generate feelings of self-reliance. It must also be remarked, that Frederick II., in constructing his State-machine, had by no means given to it that perfect unity of action characteristic of the centralization established by the Imperial *régime* in France. The French system constitutes an administrative engine, that regularly performs its functions, whoever the individual that superintends its movements may be—a circumstance, by the way, to which, perhaps more than to anything else, may be ascribed the facility with which the successive revolutions in that country have been accomplished in our own days. Frederick's Government, moreover, had no ministerial cabinet, the members of which, deliberating in common upon the affairs of the country, could thus become thoroughly acquainted with all its interests. Every minister was confined exclusively to his own department, and received orders direct from the king, without any communication with his colleagues. The Prussian machine of government was thus ill calculated to form statesmen with enlarged views, and it could work well only so long as it was kept in motion by the firm and skilful hand which had constructed it.

The first years of the reign of Frederick William were promising. The minister, Baron Herzberg, who enjoyed his confidence, was a man of great ability and high character. In his foreign policy, he sought to establish an intimate alliance between Prussia and the German middle as well as minor States, and thus to create a power which might counterbalance that of Austria and Russia. It was in consequence of this plan that

the Prince of Orange was re-established as Statholder of Holland by a Prussian army—that the projects of the Emperor Joseph in Germany were counteracted, and that an alliance with Poland was concluded. But the French Revolution, as we shall see, produced an entire change in the foreign policy of Prussia, and Herzberg was replaced by another minister.

Austria, though repeatedly defeated by Frederick II., and deprived by him of Silesia, was superior to Prussia by the extent of her territory, the number of her population, and her material resources. These advantages enabled Austria repeatedly to repair the defeats which she had sustained from the arms of republican and imperial France, whilst a single unfortunate campaign against the same power, laid Prussia entirely prostrate. The Emperor Joseph II. was a zealous reformer, and introduced some valuable improvements; among others, the Austrian law of religious toleration, and those salutary checks on the Romish Church, which restrained her from meddling with the liberty of other religious denominations, and which, after having been retained by the successors of that monarch, have been abandoned by the present Emperor. Joseph, however, undertook to carry into execution many of his reforms, without due regard to the class interests, and what was worse, to the national feelings of the various populations of his empire, which raised so much opposition to his plans, that he was obliged to abandon them shortly before his death. He was succeeded in 1790 by his brother, Leopold II., who had obtained great reputation by his reign in Tuscany. Leopold died two years after his accession, leaving the throne to his son, Francis II., who, in 1792, was crowned at Frankfort as Emperor of Germany. It was during his long reign that the great events in the history of Europe, which intervened between the outbreak of the French Revolution and the fall of Napoleon, took place. These events, as well as the history of Germany in its internal and foreign relations, were, in no small measure, influenced by the personal character of Francis.

The new sovereign of the holy Roman Empire was at his accession 25 years old. Of a delicate constitution, and with little self-reliance, he felt a strong aversion to the burden of a crown. At the sudden death of his father, he at first refused to accept his succession, and it was only on the second day after that his confessor succeeded in overcoming his opposition, by representing to him that government was a responsibility imposed upon him by God, and that he might fulfil all its duties, free from remorse of conscience, by following on every occasion the advice of the majority of his council. It was in this disposition of mind that he ascended the throne of the House

of Hapsburg, upon which he sat during three and forty years. His abilities were moderate. He had a quick, but narrow perception, a sound judgment, great tenacity of will, the gift of expressing himself in a simple and appropriate manner, an extraordinary local and personal memory, a remarkable tact in treating commonplace people, whom he gained over by the expression of his great good nature, as well as by the readiness with which he paid attention to all the demands addressed to him. In the affairs of government, he applied himself only to details. His views were neither deep nor comprehensive, nor was he possessed of that magnanimous spirit which is ready to encounter any obstacle in the public service, and which can inspire others by the force of example. He considered a strict adherence to the established order of things, and the advancement of the material welfare of his subjects, as the chief objects of his reign. Born at Florence, and educated at Vienna as the favourite of his uncle the Emperor Joseph, he united Italian mistrust and suspicion, particularly towards the members of his own family, with a steadfast, unrelenting maintenance of the rights of his crown, and preserved the limitations imposed by his uncle upon the Church of Rome in his dominions, with such firmness, that the Court of Rome considered Austria as a schismatic country. The struggle which he had to sustain, during many years, against the French—his vast empire all the while rapidly declining in the hands of incapables, knaves, and fools, was not calculated to soften the severity of his disposition, or to render it accessible to the movements of pity. He became suspicious of all intellectual development, and of every tendency towards political and ecclesiastical change. He discouraged all sciences except the physical ones. He was jealous of history on account of its near connexion with politics. Political and metaphysical studies were subject to the most rigid surveillance. Education and administration were conducted according to the old traditional forms; the first consisting in a kind of mechanical training, the second in the performance of certain routine regulations. But he studied, *con amore*, the development of the Italian secret police, which was divided into different branches for the sake of mutual surveillance, all its threads uniting in the hands of the Emperor himself.

The natural consequence of this short-sighted policy, which, fearing every intellectual and moral superiority, cramps the noblest tendencies of a nation, was that general disposition to sensual enjoyment and corruption of manners which saps the foundation of social order in a more dangerous manner than any political commotion. The monarch, whose own manners were unimpeachable, was surrounded by individuals of the

worst reputation, preferring them to men of principle on account of their subserviency. Demoralization spread without any restraint among the aristocracy of Austria, and even the appearance of decorum was thrown away at Vienna. Every sense of propriety was outraged when ladies of doubtful fame, accompanied by their wealthy protectors, might be seen in the Imperial Theatre, occupying seats in the same row as the emperor and the empress; and when individuals in high situations of trust were suspected of being concerned in the forgery of the Austrian state papers. On the whole, the world has praised and blamed Francis more than he deserves. The wits of Vienna were wont to say that he was great in little things and little in great things. In Austria, during his life-time, he was applauded without measure, and almost worshipped; whilst abroad, with as little justice, he was considered utterly insignificant and narrow-minded.

The coalition between Austria, Prussia, and the other German states against France, was concluded in 1792. The condition of Germany at that time is well described by the biographer of Stein. The reign of Frederick the Great, which lasted forty-six years, had rendered the rivalry between Austria and Prussia a hinge upon which the politics of Europe, but particularly of Germany, were turning. This idea had so deeply penetrated not only the cabinets and governments of both those countries, but also their armies and populations, that it could not be suddenly changed even by the utmost effort of their monarchs. On the contrary, it became a most effectual cause of mutual weakness to both these powers. It was only after twenty-three years of bitter experience that it was exchanged for a mutual good understanding and a common effort on behalf of Germany.\* The minor States of Germany rather feared than trusted an alliance with Vienna or Berlin. The universal tendency was to loosen the bonds of the Empire and to escape the duties which they imposed upon its members. The army was unwieldy and ill compacted. The diet was wearing out a tedious old age; and a narrow, unenlightened spirit pervaded all the arrangements of government. The political life of the German nation seemed well-nigh extinct: no one regarded himself as the member of a great social organization for which he lived and was ready to die.

It was natural enough that a German coalition formed of such elements should be ill suited to cope with the savage energy dis-

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\* The events of 1850, when a war between Austria and Prussia was on the point of breaking out, prove that the spirit of emulation between these two powers was removed only *externally*. A close alliance between the same powers seems now to be produced by their fear of Russia and France.

played by the revolutionary government of France, which, disposing of the lives and property of the nation with an absolute power, and a recklessness unparalleled even in the annals of the most despotic countries, at the same time inspired its armies with a republican enthusiasm. It is, of course, not our object to recount here the events of the war which commenced in 1792 with an invasion of France by a Prussian army under the Duke of Brunswick and the king himself, and whose disastrous retreat Goethe, and after him Carlyle, have so graphically described. The Prussians were soon wearied of the contest. Their treasury was exhausted. The old soldiers were enfeebled by thirty years of peace, and many of the younger ones sympathized with the revolutionary ideas. The minor States of Germany were kept in the service with difficulty. At length, in 1795, the treaty of Basle terminated the war as far as Prussia was concerned, and the left bank of the Rhine was surrendered to the French.

Frederick William II. died in 1797, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick William III., then in his twenty-seventh year. The new king had many excellent personal qualities, but was deficient in the firmness of will indispensable for a monarch, particularly in such troubled times as those in which the first part of his reign was passed. In Prussia there was no council of state or *ministerial* cabinet, but every minister was exclusively confined to his own department, in which he received his orders from the king. After Frederick's death, when the monarch no longer maintained a constant personal intercourse with his ministers, the members of the *royal* cabinet obtained many opportunities of giving their opinions about the ministerial reports which were addressed to that department, so that it gradually assumed a position of paramount influence. The chief members of the royal cabinet were Mencke, Beyme, and Lombard. The first of these was an honest and able man, but his repugnance to war did much harm at a time when it was necessary to act with decision. He retired on account of ill health, and his colleague Beyme thus gained great influence. He was industrious and expert in affairs of detail, but incapable of enlarged views, and though not dishonest, devoid of elevated feelings. He injured his reputation by his intimacy with another member of the cabinet, Lombard, a native of the French colony of Berlin—a man of considerable accomplishments and dexterity in affairs, but of loose principles and corresponding practice. This man acquired an entire influence over the minister of foreign affairs, Count Haugwitz, who had occupied that post in the preceding reign.

These three persons had the principal share in the contemptible foreign policy followed by Prussia from the accession of

Frederick William III. until the catastrophe of 1806. The material condition of the country was eminently prosperous during that period. The high prices of corn in England raised the income of the land-owners, and the system of territorial credit afforded facilities for a trade in land by which many large fortunes were realized. These circumstances, however, with the long peace, rendered the inhabitants too fond of material enjoyment, and too insensible to the higher considerations of national honour, so that the majority were for the continuance of peace at any price, forgetting that ultimate ruin overtakes nations which strive to obtain this object at so great a sacrifice.\*

After Prussia had concluded peace with France in 1795, Austria continued the war alone with great energy, and obtained under the Archduke Charles considerable advantages in Germany. But in Italy she sustained a series of defeats, and was compelled in 1798, by young Buonaparte, to conclude the treaty of Campo-Formio.

This peace was not of long duration. The continual encroachments of the French Government provoked a new war. An alliance was concluded between England, Austria, and Russia. These powers were joined by Turkey, whose province of Egypt had been invaded by the French without any declaration of war, or the shadow of provocation. Had Prussia, under these circumstances, joined the allies, the French would undoubtedly have been expelled from the left bank of the Rhine, as well as from Belgium, and France reduced to its frontiers before the Revolution. But the King of Prussia, fearing the danger to which he might be exposed from the side of Austria and Russia if the power of France were annihilated or greatly reduced, declined an invitation to join the coalition, and his views were supported to a large extent by public opinion at Berlin.

The conduct of Prussia excited strong disapprobation among all the patriotic and thinking men of Germany. The prestige of the French Revolution, which had been hailed by many as the advent of liberty, had in a great measure passed away. The most favourable opportunity for preventing the dissolution of the German empire, and its subjugation by France was thrown away, by a short-sighted policy, which forgot the great political truth, confirmed by all history, that peace with a more powerful state is secure only so long as the interests or the ambition of the rulers of that state permit it to last. In that position towards France Prus-

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\* Prussia contained at that time a population of 9,000,000 souls, and had an army of 250,000 men. Her finances were in a prosperous condition, the revenue amounted to 36,000,000 Prussian dollars, (a dollar three shillings,) and the treasury, which had been exhausted under the preceding reign, was gradually replenished, and contained in 1805 a reserve-fund of seventeen millions dollars.

sia was now placing herself as well as the rest of Germany. Austria, soon after defeated by the armies of Buonaparte, concluded a treaty of peace at Luneville, by which the whole left bank of the Rhine was ceded to Napoleon.

We cannot here present the deplorable history of the unprincipled exactions of the French Emperor, the vacillations and treachery of Prussia, and the diplomacy of Haugwitz, which issued in the disgraceful treaty of Schoenbrunn, by which Hanover was ceded to Prussia. Napoleon soon declared even that adjustment null, and required Talleyrand to prepare another treaty still more disgraceful to Prussia. The degrading terms were received by Haugwitz, and the treaty was signed on the 15th February 1806.\* This treaty could not but completely isolate Prussia, deprive her of the confidence and support of her allies and all other powers, and place her in an entire dependence on France. It excited among the patriots of Germany the most violent irritation against the blindness, the thoughtlessness, and the corruption of the Prussian statesmen.

Stein had strongly advocated war with France during the Anglo-Russo-Austrian coalition in 1805. But, though he greatly disapproved of the miserable policy of the Prussian government, it seems that the acquisition of Hanover was considered by him so advantageous that it made him forgetful of the manner in which it was obtained; and he tried, in a letter to his friend Vincke, to justify this measure by arguments not in harmony with his high principle.† The progress of events, however, soon opened his eyes to the imminent danger in which Prussia was placed. In May 1806, he presented a memorial to the king, in which he exposed the perilous situation of the State, and depicted in gloomy terms the incapacity of the ministers by whom its affairs were directed. This representation on behalf of the liberties of Germany was rejected by the king, and the royal cabinet remained as it was; but the Duke of Brunswick was despatched to St. Petersburg to vindicate the foreign policy of Prussia, and to request the assistance of the Emperor Alexander in urging the retirement of the armies of France beyond the Rhine.

Meanwhile Napoleon's influence was completely established in

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\* Mr. Fox stigmatized the conduct of Prussia in the following manner:—"The conduct of Prussia in this transaction is a compound of everything that is contemptible in servility, with everything that is odious in rapacity. Other nations have ceded to the ascendant of military power: Austria was forced by the fortune of war to cede many of her provinces; Prussia alone, without any external disaster, has descended at once to the lowest point of degradation, that of becoming the minister of the injustice and rapacity of a master."—*Annual Register*, 1806. Napoleon himself conceived the deepest contempt for Prussia, and treated her accordingly.

+ See *Life of Stein*, vol. i. p. 327.

the south-west of Germany by the formation of the Rhenish confederation. This measure virtually dissolved the ancient Empire of Germany, and Francis II. exchanged the title of German or Roman emperor, which his predecessors had held since the coronation of Charlemagne, for that of Emperor of Austria. New acts of violence were soon perpetrated by Napoleon against Prussia. War was resumed. The feeble and ill-organized Prussian army was in a few days dissolved. The nation was reduced to the lowest state when the war was concluded in 1807 by the treaty of Tilsit, at which Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander arranged, at a personal interview, a plan for their mutual aggrandizement.

Important changes followed in the administration and policy of Prussia. The king dismissed his cabinet and recalled Hardenberg, who had been firm in his hostility to France. That statesman could not remain long in office, on account of the opposition of Napoleon. He therefore resigned, and advised the king to summon Stein. It was, indeed, a herculean task which the new minister was required to undertake. Prussia had been deprived, by the treaty of Tilsit, of her richest provinces, and war had desolated the remaining ones. Her seaports were closed to England; and with an exhausted commerce she was bound to pay a heavy contribution to France, and meantime to maintain a large French army. In the face of these difficulties, advanced in life as he was, and in indifferent health, Stein unconditionally surrendered his services to his country, and displayed his great administrative talents in his new position at the head of the Prussian government. As soon as his health permitted, he left Nassau to join the king, who was then residing at Memel, close to the Russian frontier. At Berlin, as well as in other parts of Prussia, he found the country in a wretched condition.\* In order to obtain the means for discharging the French obligations, the salaries of all the employes were reduced—those of the highest by a half. The king himself limited the expenses of his court. The princes of the royal family gave up a third of their incomes. The golden plate of Frederic II. was sent to the mint. A great part of the army received furlough. Taxes were increased, notwithstanding the ruined state of the country; and the inhabitants were obliged to feed the soldiers quartered in their houses. But the crown lands, on the security of which considerable sums were

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\* We commend to the advocates of peace at any price the pictures of the French occupation of Prussia, the degradation of the inhabitants, and the processes for exacting the stipulated tribute money which are presented in this life of Stein. The exaction-money alone, which passed through the hands of Daru, amounted to above twenty-five millions of English pounds sterling—about five times the whole annual revenue of Prussia in the time of its greatest prosperity.

raised, particularly by means of the territorial bank associations,\* supplied Stein with the most important of his financial resources.

The liberation of the country from the French yoke was undoubtedly the most pressing and indispensable measure, with a view to its internal restoration; but a gradual introduction of self-government was, in Stein's view, the principal means towards that result. If the principles by which he was regulated had been honestly acted on in Prussia and the other States of Germany, the political condition of that country now would be very different from what we find it to be. We extract the following passage in illustration of his sentiments:—

“The legislation of a nation is defective so long as it is founded only on the views and ideas of its officials and of scholars. The first of these classes are so much occupied with details that they become unable to take a comprehensive view of affairs, and they are so attached to routine and matter of fact that they are opposed to every kind of progress;—the second are so much removed from practical life that they are unable to fulfil the necessities of common business. When a nation has risen above the condition of barbarism, when it has acquired a considerable mass of information, and enjoys a moderate degree of the liberty of thought, it should naturally turn its attention towards its own internal and local affairs. A share in the management of these affairs will produce the most beneficial manifestations of patriotism and public spirit, but if every participation in them is refused to it, discontent will spread, which must either break out in dangerous manifestations, or else be suppressed by violent and discouraging measures. The character of the working and middle classes must become lowered, as their activity is exclusively devoted towards gain and enjoyment; and the upper classes must sink in public esteem by their idle and dissipated manner of life. Speculative sciences will acquire an undue value, and subjects of public utility will be neglected. What is mystical and remote from common affairs will engage the exclusive attention of the minds of men.”

We cannot here describe the various internal and administrative reforms which were promoted by Stein in this crisis of the history of Prussia and of Germany. The ancient right of choosing their own magistrates, and of administering their local affairs, was restored to the towns. Public education was also promoted. Notwithstanding the great difficulties of the time, a new university was established at Berlin, and important improvements were introduced into the universities of Königsberg and Frankfort on the Oder, and also into the primary schools.

A most important measure for the restoration of Prussia to her former position, was, of course, the re-organization of her

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\* The territorial bank, or credit associations, were originally invented in Prussia, afterwards adopted in many countries of the Continent, and recently introduced into France under the appellation of the *Banque de crédit foncier*.

disabled army. The whole nation was summoned to arms. The military profession was honoured. The entire population received military discipline. The officers obtained a knowledge of the science of their profession; advance from the ranks to the highest command was open to all; corporal punishments and the degrading *martinet* system were in a great measure abolished; and the entire military organization of the kingdom was based, as far as possible, on the feelings of patriotism and personal honour. It was by the persevering application of these principles that the Prussian army was raised from the degraded condition, through which the nation became an easy prey to France in 1806, to the state of efficiency which has rendered it so distinguished in Europe.

Stein was soon exposed, however, to the hostility of Napoleon, who issued an Imperial Decree, dated at Madrid, in which the Prussian Minister was specially denounced as the enemy of France, and by which his estates were confiscated and his person laid open to arrest. He resigned office and quitted Prussia, but became at once a political power. The eyes of all the German patriots were turned with hope to the man whom the greatest conqueror of the age condescended to signalize as his enemy. Stein was regarded as the most fitting leader of any movement for emancipating Germany from French rule. He was received with distinction in the Austrian dominions, into which he had retired, having taken up his residence in Bohemia. The King of Prussia, who was at St. Petersburg, sent a most gracious letter to him in his retreat, containing a message from the Emperor Alexander, inviting him to make the Russian dominions his temporary asylum. Amid the reverses which followed, the exiled Stein almost alone remained unshaken in his faith in the restoration of German liberty.\*

Meantime a complication of external circumstances which occurred was placing Prussia in an extremely difficult position. The good understanding between France and Russia, which

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\* He was supported in his opinion by the famous Corsican, Pozzo di Borgo, with whom Stein formed an intimate friendship when he was in the Austrian dominions. Pozzo di Borgo was born, 1764, in one of the most distinguished families of Corsica. He was educated at Pisa, and gained, though very young, the friendship of the celebrated Paoli. He was elected a Deputy to the French *Assemblée Législative*, and afterwards joined the national party, which, headed by Paoli, tried to establish the independence of Corsica under the protection of England. He retired with the English from Corsica and came to this country, but afterwards entered the service of Russia, where he was employed in very important diplomatic missions. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons he was appointed ambassador in France, and then in England. He died at Paris in 1842. His enmity to Napoleon dated from the time when he was opposed to him in Corsica on political grounds, and he continued his hostility till Napoleon's downfall.

seemed to be so firmly established by the treaty of Tilsit, and the interview between Napoleon and Alexander at Erfurt, began in 1810 to give way to a mutual jealousy, and both the powers were making preparations for a conflict which was becoming every day more inevitable. The position of Prussia, situated between these two Powers, was very critical. Neutrality was out of the question, as she had not a sufficient force to maintain it. There was little prospect of Russia being victorious in the impending struggle. On the whole it seemed most politic to conciliate France. But Napoleon indicated his designs more clearly than ever. Although the arrears of contribution were now paid, he refused to fulfil the condition of evacuating the Prussian fortresses, and instead, even doubled the garrisons, and imposed new contributions on an already impoverished country. Friendly overtures were rejected. The King lost heart, and submitted to the most arbitrary propositions of France. The most patriotic officers quitted his service, and some of them even joined the Russian army. Stein himself now began to despair of Prussia and of Germany. The alliance of Austria with France rendered his position more and more difficult, and he was about to retreat to England, when, in March 1812, he received from the Emperor Alexander the remarkable letter which is recorded by his biographer.

The enlightened sentiments expressed by the Russian Autocrat, in his letter to Stein, may surprise some who read them. This, however, was not the only manifestation of liberal principles made by that monarch.\* Justice must be rendered to the memory of a sovereign who was liberal not only in words but also in his actions. Educated by the Swiss Laharpe, who afterwards took a prominent part in the democratic movements of his own country in 1798, he was imbued from his youth with the generous principles by which his conduct was directed in many respects after his accession to the throne. His first imperial act was to recall numerous individuals whom his father had banished to Siberia. But it was particularly in his efforts to promote the education of his subjects that his enlightened tendencies were conspicuous. The Universities of Moscow and Vilna were reformed, and new ones at Dorpat, Kazan, and Khar-koff, were founded under his rule. In every Russian county there was formed at least one gymnasium, which prepared pupils

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\* We may mention as a curious instance his answer on one occasion to Madame de Stael. With this celebrated person the Emperor was arguing the necessity of a Constitutional Government, when she remarked, that under the rule of a monarch like himself, that necessity could not be felt. "If what you are pleased to say of me be true," replied Alexander, "I should be at best only but a happy accident."

for the University, and in each district into which the counties were divided, a school of preparation for the gymnasium was instituted. Instruction in all the educational establishments was gratuitous, and the academical degrees conferred by the Universities were rendered advantageous to candidates for the civil service of the Empire.\* The efforts of Alexander to promote the intellectual development of his subjects were not confined to national education. Literature and the public press were not neglected. The *censure* was rendered very liberal, and books not only of a scientific and educational character, but also in several branches of political science, were published at the expense of Government. This comprehensive scheme for national development was without doubt an honest measure, and constituted an efficient preparation for every other improvement.† Alexander had a sincere desire to emancipate and elevate the serfs in his empire. But he met with great difficulties in the execution of his projects. The first part of his reign was spent in wars, which absorbed the resources of the country, and engaged the whole attention of its ruler. At a later period some evil influences seem to have clouded his better judgment. The feeling excited in Germany by the Revolutionary movements of 1820, together with the discontent occasioned by the non-fulfilment of the promises of constitutional government which the monarchs of that country made to their subjects during the struggle of 1813-14, produced a ferment which penetrated into Russia, and which seems to have caused an unfavourable change in the mind of Alexander, disquieting him so much, that at the time of his death in 1825, he is said to have meditated an abdication. Yet whatever may have been the feelings and opinions of the Russian Emperor afterwards, he was we believe an honest liberal at the time he wrote his letter to Stein.

But to return : Stein left Bohemia and joined the emperor at Vilna, in June 1812, twelve days before the passage of the French armies across the Russian frontier. He soon undertook to guide the action of Russia upon Germany in opposition to France. The task was a difficult one in the embarrassed circumstances of the Russian empire. Stein developed his plans in the memoirs which he presented to Alexander a few days after his arrival at Vilna. He recommended, among other means, that

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\* It is well known that in Russia the grades of the civil service are assimilated to those of the army. The degree of Doctor gave admission into that service with a grade equivalent to that of a Major, of Master to that of a Captain, and of Candidate to that of a Lieutenant.

† It is melancholy to think that this system has since been entirely changed in Russia, and that the progress of intellect is now as jealously watched as it had been promoted and stimulated under the Emperor Alexander.

public opinion should be stimulated, by means of documents to be printed in Russia, and scattered over Germany through the agency of smugglers, whose trade was then active on account of the prohibitory system which Napoleon was establishing wherever his power extended. His projects were approved by Alexander; a proclamation, drawn up by Stein, was addressed, in the name of the emperor, to the Germans, and ten thousand copies of it were printed and spread by various emissaries among the German troops in the invading army. A complete system of patriotic but revolutionary propaganda was devised, under the protection of that Russian government which has since made such efforts to suppress in Germany the spirit which it was then exciting.

Meanwhile the French continued their advance on Moscow, which they entered on the 14th September 1812. The news of that event spread consternation in the capital. The emperor himself remained firm; and Stein, only four days after the occupation of Moscow, arranged with Alexander a plan for the administration of the provinces of Germany which he proposed to recover from France. A few months afterwards he was himself employed in executing that plan.

The retreat from Moscow excited the expectations of the patriots of Germany. There were, however, many circumstances which tended to damp their hope of help from Russia. The resources of the empire were much exhausted by recent efforts, and many influential persons wished to take advantage of the unexpected success in order to conclude peace with France. This would have entirely thwarted the patriotic plans of Stein at the most critical moment, and it is believed, on good grounds, that he was the chief agent in inducing Alexander to continue the war. An alliance between Russia and Prussia was accordingly concluded, notwithstanding the temporizing policy of the king of Prussia, and a great part of Germany was soon liberated from France. There were, however, many obstacles to be overcome before the hopes of the patriots could be fully realized; and many influential men in Germany were of opinion that Napoleon would still maintain his ground.\*

Though Napoleon at first obtained some successes over the allies, he soon saw that he had now an enemy to deal with, very different from the inefficient army of Prussia which he had so easily overcome in 1806. It was no longer the *cabinets and*

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\* Goethe was of this number, and it is told that, when Körner, the father of the well-known warrior-poet, expressed to him his hope of the liberation of Germany, Goethe angrily said, "You may shake your fetters as much as you please, you can never break them, but may render them more galling. When this was related to Stein, he quietly said, "Let him alone, he is grown too old."

*their troops* that he had to combat, but the *German nation* roused against the dominion of a foreign conqueror. The battle of Leipsic prostrated Napoleon's power in Germany. Stein, who was then intrusted with the supreme direction, insisted upon an energetic prosecution of the war, and a complete overthrow of Napoleon; whilst Metternich, who represented Austria, (whose position at the time was not a little embarrassing,) fearing the increase of Russian power, was striving for a peace with France. *A proposition to make the Rhine the boundary of France was actually made by the influence of Metternich*; but as Napoleon hesitated to accept this proposition, Stein ultimately influenced the Emperor Alexander to continue the war. The whole of Germany was gradually liberated. The French were expelled from Holland, and the south of France was invaded by Wellington. Notwithstanding the hesitation of Austria, Alexander, supported by Stein and Pozzo di Borgo, firmly maintained the war policy, which issued in the surrender of Paris to the allied armies and the abdication of Napoleon.

Germany was now liberated from the dominion of a foreign conqueror. It remained to secure for her, in the first place, an interior organisation which should provide for the mutual rights of all the German States, thus rendering them sufficiently strong to repel foreign aggression; and, in the next place, to fix the frontier line needed for an efficient defence of the German Confederation against its powerful neighbours.

No one could propose to re-construct the empire exactly as it had been before the French Revolution, though there were many eminent statesmen who strongly advocated the necessity of restoring the dignity of the German Emperor. But this project, supported by Stein, and favoured by the free towns and minor principalities of Germany, could not be put into execution, on account of the jealousy with which the greater States of the Empire maintained their sovereign rights. It was therefore necessary to be satisfied with the establishment of the German Confederation, which constitutes the political organisation of the country at the present day.\*

As regards the settlement of the *boundaries* of Germany, Stein endeavoured, at the Treaty of Paris, (against the wishes

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\* The chief purpose for which this Confederation was established, was to afford a mutual guarantee of the rights and possessions of the contracting parties against internal usurpation and foreign aggression. It is composed of thirty-eight members, with an area of 11,510 German square miles, and a population of above forty-one millions. The military service (furnished by each State according to the number of its population) amounts to 303,493, and forms the federal army of Germany. The federal Diet, which is permanently assembled at Frankfort-on-the-

of England and Russia,) to obtain the cession of Strasbourg and some other important military positions. Notwithstanding his efforts, France not only retained her frontier of 1792, but even some subsequently acquired territory. After the battle of Waterloo, Stein and Hardenberg sought to recover several important fortresses which had been wrested from Germany by Louis XIV.; but they found an insurmountable obstacle in the Emperor Alexander. As the Russian minister, Capo d'Istria, plainly stated to Stein, it was not the interest of Russia to weaken France for the sake of Germany. But the establishment of the German boundaries *on the side of Russia* presented far greater difficulty than the adjustment of the frontier *on the side of France*, and Stein had soon an opportunity to perceive that the chief danger to his country was not from the west, but from that very quarter where he had placed all his hopes for the deliverance of Germany. He flattered himself that Alexander would be so generous as to give up the advantages which he had acquired, and rest satisfied with a small portion of the Duchy of Warsaw—thus giving Germany a good military frontier on the east. In his ultra-Teutonic zeal, he seems to have forgotten that Alexander was the Emperor of Russia, and therefore bound to consider the advantage of his own country more than that of Germany. The Russian Emperor required, as the price of his services rendered against Napoleon, the whole of the Duchy of Warsaw, which he proposed to erect into a separate kingdom of Poland, with a representative constitution. This was by no means the interest of Europe in general, or of Germany in particular. It gave Russia not only an increase of territory, and four millions of subjects, but also a military frontier of the greatest importance, inserting a Russian wedge between the Austrian and Prussian dominions, and exposing the capitals of these two powers, in case of a war, to a Russian invasion. Alexander urged his claim strenuously, and was ready to support it by force of arms; he even made an appeal to the Poles to prepare to combat for their national rights. His conduct led to a secret agreement between Austria, France, and England, which was signed on the 3d January 1815 by Metternich, Castlereagh, and Talleyrand, and which was directed against Prussian\* as

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Maine, is composed of the representatives of the confederated States. Its authority is exercised in the double form of a General Assembly, called *plenum*, and a Minor Council. The *plenum* includes seventy votes, of which Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and Hanover, have each four, and the remaining States three, two, or one respectively. This Assembly meets when an organic change is to be introduced. The Minor Council is composed of seventeen votes, of which eleven States have each a vote, and the remaining ones six conjointly. Austria presides in both Assemblies.

\* Prussia desired to gain possession of Saxony.

much as Russian ambition. The return of Napoleon from Elba soon modified the sentiments of the statesmen assembled at Vienna; and though the secret treaty alluded to was found in the French archives, and communicated by Napoleon to Alexander, he did not separate from his allies. Russia ultimately received the Duchy of Warsaw, with the exception of the small part ceded to Prussia.

The most important condition for the welfare of Germany was the establishment of *constitutional government* in all her States. This was required by public opinion, and promised, though in a very indefinite manner, in the tenth article of the Confederation. Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse Darmstadt, and Nassau, accordingly granted representative constitutions, more or less modelled according to the French charter of Louis XVIII.; but the King of Prussia, who, in an ordinance published at Vienna on the 22d May 1815, promised that he was forthwith to establish a national deliberative assembly, granted tardily, in 1823, a convocation of the provincial States, which can deliberate only on local affairs.\*

The hopes of the German patriots, who in the war of 1813-14, had made such sacrifices, in order to render their country powerful and free, being disappointed by the result of the Congress of Vienna,† a general discontent spread over Germany. The excitement was increased by the revolution in Spain in 1820, soon followed by revolutions in Naples and Sardinia. Secret societies, composed chiefly of the academical youth, spread in all parts of Germany; and the Diet of the Confederation, whose object is to maintain the internal as well as the external security of the several States, considered that it was its duty to suppress any attempt by the subjects of these States to innovate upon the established order of things. It was in consequence of this principle that a central commission of inquiry against revolutionary machinations was established at Mayence from 1819 to 1828, but which, instead of allaying, tended to increase the general irritation.

The French Revolution of 1830 produced an immense ferment in the whole of Germany. Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse Cassel, as well as some minor principalities, introduced representative constitutions. But as soon as the ultra-conservative policy of Louis-Philippe became known, a reaction commenced; and, on the 28th June 1832, the Federal Diet issued a series of

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\* It was the present monarch who, in 1847, convoked a kind of national representation, delegated by these States, with the right of voting new taxes, but having no control over old ones. It is well known that a constitution was granted after the events of 1848.

† After the Congress of Vienna, Stein retired from public life to his estate in Nassau, where he remained till his death in 1851, chiefly occupied in collecting and publishing old documents relating to the history of Germany.

resolutions, meant to restrain *popular* influence in the several States of the Confederation, and to strengthen the *central and monarchical* authorities. These resolutions, however, seemed not to give sufficient security to the reactionary party, and the Diet proclaimed, on 5th July 1833, a new law establishing a *censure* on works printed in Germany, or introduced there from abroad, and prohibiting all political associations; whilst the surveillance of the Universities, established in 1819, was rendered more severe. The governments of the federal States pledged themselves to watch over their respective subjects, and over foreigners residing in these States; to surrender all persons who might be guilty of political offences; and to give military assistance mutually in case of disturbance. Thus the German Confederation, instead of directing its efforts towards a gradual development of a constitutional *régime*, which should secure the rights of the German people, and establish a cordial union between them and their respective sovereigns—imparting to the Confederation strength against foreign aggressions—adopted a course which could not fail to produce mutual distrust between the governments and the subjects of the confederated States, and to open a wide field for the intrigues of foreign powers interested in keeping Germany weak and disunited. The only really useful measure that has been introduced into Germany since her liberation from French dominion, is the Zollverein, or commercial union of several States, and that was established, not by the Federal Diet, but by the persevering efforts of Prussia.

It was in this state of discord between peoples and governments in the various states of Germany that the events of 1848 arrived. They found the people and their sovereigns equally unprepared for that tremendous crisis, which appeared for a time to threaten with a general overthrow, not only existing political institutions, but even social order. The populations of the confederated States, having been excluded from a practical exercise of self-government, could not possess that salutary experience which is the best safe-guard of a nation in such critical times; and their activity being spent chiefly in speculation, many wild and impracticable doctrines about the nature of government and social organization were promulgated. The governments, confounded by the unexpected storm, granted without opposition all that was demanded by their revolted subjects, and then withdrew their concessions as soon as they could do so with impunity.\*

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\* We must make an honourable exception in the case of the late king of Hanover, who, at the time of the greatest pressure, withstood many unreasonable demands of his subjects, but religiously remembered all which he had promised to concede. This conduct of a prince, who, as Duke of Cumberland, was always viewed as an enemy of liberal principles, illustrates the blessing of being educated under a constitutional régime.

The chief object of the German patriots, assembled in 1848 at Frankfort, in a national parliament—the members of which were no longer, like those of the Federal Diet, envoys of the confederated sovereigns, but representatives elected by the populations of their states,—was to establish the unity of Germany by converting it from a *Confederation of States* (Staatenbund,) into a *Confederated State* (Bundesstaat.) The impracticability of this project was pretty evident to every attentive observer, conversant with the previous history and local relations of Germany. The author of one of the works placed at the head of this article, was able to predict its failure in the early part of 1848, when the hopes of the German innovators were at their zenith. We quote his words as published at the time:—

“Germany is now undergoing a momentous crisis. The resolution of the Diet of Frankfort to abolish the sovereignty of the thirty-eight independent states which have composed the Germanic Confederation, in order to establish a German empire, is a bold undertaking indeed. It is, however, much more easy to pass such a resolution than to put it into execution, because it is difficult to admit that all these states, particularly the larger ones, should voluntarily resign their independent existence and merge into one whole, which cannot be done without a great sacrifice of local and individual interests. The commercial interests of Northern Germany, which have prevented its joining the Zollverein, must be sacrificed to those of the manufacturing countries of the South; Vienna, Berlin, and other capitals, must sink into a kind of provincial towns, and a great number of individuals who fill now high and superior situations in the ministries, foreign embassies, &c., of the different states will be thrown out of employ; nay, the monarchs themselves must become nothing better than hereditary governors of their respective states, and cannot reasonably hope to retain long even this subordinate position, as their office will be soon found unnecessary and replaced by much less expensive magistrates.”\*

It is the existence of those innumerable “local and individual interests,” which renders the establishment of a German unity impossible, unless by dissolving all the independent states into which Germany is now divided. It is doubtful whether the acceptance of the imperial crown of Germany, which was offered to the King of Prussia by the German parliament but refused by that monarch, would have accomplished the object proposed, as the measure must have encountered strong opposition from Austria, and it is the interest neither of Russia nor of France that a new German union, of the kind proposed, should be created. The mutual jealousy of Austria and Prussia brought them, in 1850, to the verge of a war, which would have been

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\* *Panslavism and Germanism*, p. 331.

suicidal, not only for these two powers, but for the whole of Germany. Fortunately for them, all this jealousy seems now to have given place to a cordial understanding; and a treaty of commerce which they have recently concluded, gives a new and strong guarantee for the permanence of their friendship.

Germany may be considered as being now in nearly the same political condition in which it was before the events of 1848. The disappointment occasioned by the almost negative results of that crisis, seems to have produced a general lassitude, which, for some time to come, may preserve an internal tranquillity, notwithstanding the universal discontent which prevails through the German populations. But we are at present concerned with the internal condition of Germany, only in so far as it bears upon her *foreign* relations. Here our connexion is of the most vital nature.

We have already indicated that the want of a proper union among the members of the German states, rendered Germany not only an easy prey to the arms of republican and imperial France, but enabled that power to convert one part of the Empire into a most efficient tool for enslaving the other part; the forces of the Rhenish Confederation greatly contributed to the defeat of Prussia in 1806 and 1807, and of Austria in 1809. Germany being delivered from the French dominion by the war of 1813-1814, all the efforts of her statesmen, as well as those of foreign cabinets interested in her safety, were directed to render her frontier secure from a *French* invasion. But no precautions whatever were taken against the much greater possible danger which threatens Germany on the side of *Russia*,—though, as we have said, this subject did not escape the political foresight of Metternich, who, in order to guard against the progress of Russian influence, sought not so much to crush as to restrain the power of Napoleon.

The political relations between Germany and Russia, date from the early part of the sixteenth century. In 1514, the Emperor Maximilian first sent an ambassador to Moscow, in order to conclude an alliance with the Czar, which he thought might be useful to him against Poland and Turkey.\* This embassy did not, however, produce any important consequences. In 1586, the Czar of Moscow, Fedor Ivanevich, presented himself as a candidate for the vacant throne of Poland, proposing to unite his vast dominions with those of that country. He had many partizans, but his election was prevented by accidental

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\* Maximilian on that occasion addressed the Czar by the title of Emperor, and Peter the Great made use of this document as a vindication for assuming the imperial title.

causes, and Europe was thus saved at that time from the danger to which it would have been exposed, by the establishment of an empire extending from Silesia and the Baltic, to the Black and Caspian Seas, and the frontiers of China. The Court of Moscow, baffled in this attempt, made great efforts to support the election of the Arch-Duke Maximilian, against Sigismund Vasa Prince-Royal of Sweden, and to induce the Emperor Rudolf to maintain the claims of his brother by force of arms. A regular and important political connexion between Russia and Germany was not, however, established until the time of Peter the Great, who sought to obtain possession of some small German principality, in order to have a vote in the diet of the empire, and thus to establish his political influence in Germany. He married his son Alexius (whom he afterwards executed) to a princess of Brunswick, and his daughter Anna to the Duke of Holstein; and thus laid the foundation of those family connexions with the princes of Germany, by which Russia now maintains a considerable influence in the affairs of that country. Peter's successor, Catherine I., that extraordinary woman who, from a menial situation, rose to the throne, was on the point of attacking Denmark, on account of Sleswick, then claimed by her son-in-law the Duke of Holstein; and this circumstance nearly involved England in a war with Russia. The Empress Anna, in 1730-40, sent to Germany an army of 30,000, to assist the Emperor Charles VI. against the French. She married her niece, a princess of Mecklenburg, to a prince of Brunswick, and declared their infant son the successor to her throne. It is well known that a palace-revolution placed Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, upon the throne, and transferred the Prince of Brunswick from the throne to a prison, in which, after having lingered for more than twenty years, he perished by a violent death.\* Elizabeth sent, in 1748, a considerable force to the assistance of Maria Theresa against the French; but the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle prevented her from taking any active part in that war. The same empress, irritated by purely personal motives against Frederick II. of Prussia, joined his enemies during

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\* The infant prince, who had been proclaimed as Czar-Ivan III., was confined in the fortress of Schlussemburg, and kept in an almost solitary confinement till 1764, when a Russian officer, named Mirovich, having gained over a number of soldiers of the garrison, made an attempt for his liberation, and to proclaim him sovereign of Russia. He had already penetrated to the prisoner's dwelling, when the officer on duty, acting in accordance with his instructions, in case of such an event, murdered the unfortunate youth. His parents and their remaining offspring were retained in prison at Kholmogory, under the Arctic Circle. They both died in captivity; but their children, after more than forty years' imprisonment, were finally liberated and transferred to Denmark, whose queen was their aunt, and where they lived, till the beginning of the present century, upon a pension from the Russian Court.

the seven years' war, when the whole province of Prussia proper was occupied by Russia, and its possession guaranteed to her by Austria and France. Elizabeth was succeeded on the throne by her nephew, the Duke of Holstein, Peter III., who, entertaining an almost insane admiration for Frederick II., restored to Prussia the conquered provinces. It was therefore only an accident which prevented Russia, about a century ago, from acquiring the important province, extending along the Baltic from Courland to the Vistula, which was yielded to her by the short-sighted policy of France and Austria. We have already mentioned that Frederick William, guided by his minister Baron Herzberg, concluded an alliance with Poland, but that, instead of fulfilling the conditions of the treaty, he joined with Russia in the second spoliation of that country, whose final dismemberment, in 1795, brought the dominions of Russia into immediate connexion with those of Austria and Prussia. We have also referred to the alarm among the German statesmen, which was occasioned by the claims of the Emperor Alexander to the duchy of Warsaw; and shewn how, notwithstanding the opposition of the Western powers, this acquisition was substantially effected.—Such have been the steps by which Russia has systematically encroached upon the territories, and sought to weaken the influence of the states of Germany.

The military position of Russia towards Prussia and Austria is thus described in the work from which we made our last quotation :—

“The present position of Russia in Poland is no less menacing to Austria and Prussia than it is to Turkey. The Russian frontier is now only sixty German miles distant from Vienna, and about fifty from Berlin.

“In case of a war, one battle lost by the Austrians may lead a Russian army to Vienna or to Prague, and deliver to it Galicia, accessible to the Russian forces from Podolia, Volhynia, and the kingdom of Poland, and which can then only be defended from Hungary, with which it has no other communication except the military roads constructed across the Carpathian Mountains, but which may be easily destroyed or blocked-up by the invaders.

“Prussia is exposed, in the case of a war with Russia, even to greater disadvantages than Austria, because a Russian army may easily get possession of Breslau, (only twelve German miles from the frontiers), where she would gain a strong military position on the Oder, and find immense resources in the rich province of Silesia.

“A still more vulnerable point is presented to a Russian invasion on the Vistula, because a Russian force entering at Thorn may easily occupy the banks of that river from the last named town to its mouth, and entirely separate from the rest of the Prussian dominions the province of Prussia proper, which, being surrounded by Russian

possessions and the sea, may be attacked on all sides by land and naval forces.

"It is true that Prussia has made considerable preparations to meet such an eventuality—that she has the fortresses of Thorn, Graudenz, and Dantzic, on the Vistula; and she has recently erected the fortress of Lyck, in Prussia proper, near the Russian frontier, and even fortified Königsberg.

"But experience has proved, that during the war of 1807, the fortresses of Prussia were no defence to that country, and that they fell one after another before the French conqueror. Supposing, however, that the Russian forces shall not be able to capture any of the Prussian fortresses, or maintain their ground on the Lower Vistula, or on the Oder, the mischief which they may inflict upon the rich lowlands of Dantzic, or in Silesia, can never be retaliated upon the comparatively poor Russian provinces which border the dominions of Prussia. Frederick II. was fully aware of these circumstances, having experienced their truth during the seven years' war; and the history of his times bears evidence to his constant efforts to keep on friendly terms with Russia.

"The same observation may be applied to Austria, because the devastation of such beautiful and rich countries as Moravia and Bohemia, to which they might be exposed, even in the case of a momentary success of a Russian invasion, can never be retaliated in the same degree, should an Austrian army penetrate even as far as the banks of the Dnieper.

"Now let us admit an eventuality exactly the reverse of that which we have discussed, and suppose that Russia, instead of invading the Prussian or Austrian territories, should be obliged to defend her own possessions against the united forces of these two powers. The Russians would undoubtedly fall back upon the Vistula, and occupy a strong position between that river, the Wieprz, and the Bug, both falling into the Vistula. This position, defended in front by the fortresses of Modlin, Warsaw, Demblin (or Ivangorod,) and Zamose, and in its rear by that of Brest, is considered by high military authorities to be most advantageous, and where a numerous Russian army may not only keep in check the forces of Austria and Prussia, but constantly menace their own dominions with an invasion, and prevent them by the same from penetrating further into the Russian provinces; whilst her army would draw without impediment from the interior of the country the necessary supplies and reinforcements. Should the Russian army not be able to maintain itself in the position we have described, it may then retire to the Beresina and the Dnieper, along the military chaussée constructed from Brest to Bobruisk, having its left flank covered by the impassable marshes of Polesia, and destroying behind it all means of subsistence and transport, so that its pursuit by the enemy would be rendered almost impossible.

"Supposing, however, that the invading army was to overcome all the difficulties of a march through a country generally barren, thinly populated, and moreover devastated by the passage of the Russian

forces, the Russians may occupy a strong position between the rivers Beresina and Dnieper, with the important fortress of Bobruisk on the first named river, the passage of which may be disputed by them with great advantage. They will be able in that position to receive with the greatest facility all kinds of supplies from the exceedingly fertile provinces of Little Russia, and which may be very easily conveyed to Bobruisk, and even to Borisow, by the Dnieper and the Beresina, in vessels towed by steamers.

"The invading army will be, on the contrary, in the greatest want of every kind of supplies, having neither magazines nor the necessary means of conveyance, and cannot reach the banks of the Beresina without undergoing great privations, and being constantly harassed by swarms of Cossacks and Asiatic tribes which Russia may employ on that occasion with great advantage. Its forces will be consequently reduced, its chances of success diminished in the same proportion, and its retreat attended by the most disastrous consequences. It is therefore not probable that such an attempt would ever be made by a German army. It may be however said that Russia may be assailed in a more effective manner from Galicia and the Bug, and that an invading army may, in case of a victory over the Russians, easily penetrate in that way as far as the banks of the Dnieper. In this case Russia will be able to make a stand upon that river, having the fortress of Kioff and its right flank completely protected by the marshes of Polesia, which extend from the mouth of Pripet falling into the Dnieper to the vicinity of Brest, the position of which may be rendered by the surrounding waters as impregnable as that of Mantua. She may also attack meanwhile from the Vistula and the Niemen the Prussian dominions, where she may inflict much greater injury than that which can be done to her south-western provinces invaded from Galicia."\*

Such is the military position in which Russia has been placed towards Germany by the successive dismemberments of Poland. We must add, that the advantages of that position to Russia, and its dangers to Germany, will be greatly increased by the completion of the railway connecting Warsaw with Moscow and St. Petersburg. The construction of this railway has been commenced, and is prosecuted with great vigour, whilst at the same time carriages, peculiarly adapted for the transport of troops, are now in progress. It has been calculated by competent authorities that an army of 50,000 men may be carried, by this means, in one week, over a distance which usually requires now three months of march.

The gradual progress of Russia in Turkey has secured to her advantages, especially against Austria and Southern Germany, to be added to those which she has obtained by her acquisitions in Poland. The treaty of Bucharest, in 1812, extended her

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\* *Panslavery and Germanism*, pp. 21-28.

frontier to the left banks of the Danube, and placed the most important of its mouths—that of Sulina—at her command. But the Danube is the most important commercial channel of Austria, passing through her dominions from west to east, and connecting her by the Black Sea with the Levant. It is no less important to all Germany than to the Austrian dominions, because it not only receives many navigable rivers, but, being now connected by the Maine Canal with the Rhine, and by railways with the first emporiums of Europe, it forms the most important commercial road between the west and the east. This road may at any time be stopped by Russia, who commands its entrance into the Black Sea, and who will acquire an entire command over a large part of its course, if she is allowed to take possession of the Danubian principalities. This is therefore a vital question for Austria; and Metternich, deeply conscious of this, was preparing, in the winter of 1828-29, for a war with Russia, in order to prevent her second campaign against Turkey. His projects were however thwarted by the indifference with which they were received by the English Ministry, who were then embarrassed, partly by the Catholic question, and still more by the decided opposition of Charles X. of France, who declared that if Austria was to make war on Russia, he would immediately invade her frontiers.

Besides her geographical or strategical advantages for the reduction of Germany, Russia has, particularly on the side of Austria, others which we may perhaps call *ethnic*. The majority of the Austrian population belongs to the Slavonic race, cognate with the inhabitants of Russia, and speaking dialects of the same mother tongue, those of the southern Slavonic population of Austria being very nearly related to the Russian language.\* She has, moreover, more than three millions of subjects belonging to the very Church of which the Emperor of Russia has now proclaimed himself the champion, in that appeal to the *religious* feelings of his subjects, and also of the Greek communion at large, which constitutes the most important element in the present Eastern crisis.

The national sympathies among the various branches of the Slavonic race have been successfully stimulated for more than twenty years by the efforts of several Slavonic writers, who have promoted what is called *literary Panslavism*. The first idea of

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\* According to the Austrian official returns, her Slavonic population amounts to rather more than 15,000,000, while her German population is scarcely 8,000,000. Moreover, only about half of this latter number forms a compact population within the province of Austria-Propria and the Tyrol. The remainder are scattered among the non-German populations. According to the Slavonic ethnography of Schaffvzyk, the Slavonic population of Austria, in 1842, numbered 16,791,000.

this kind was started by the late Kollar, a Slavonic Protestant clergyman at Pesth in Hungary, and a poet of considerable merit in the Bohemian language. He proposed that all the better educated Slavonians, particularly those who are engaged in literary occupations, should study the various dialects of their common mother tongue, and also the literature of each. This idea met with general favour, and rapidly gained ground, so that at this moment almost every Slavonic scholar of any standing is conversant with the inter-dialects of his native language, and their best productions. It was, however, almost impossible that this, originally a purely intellectual movement, should not assume a political tendency. It was very natural that the different branches of the same race, particularly those who have no political existence, striving to rise out of literary insignificance by uniting their separate efforts, should also desire to acquire a political importance by uniting the whole Slavonic race into one powerful Empire or confederation, which should secure to the Slavonians a decided preponderance in the affairs of the world. An empire so composed would comprehend more than eighty millions of souls, extending from the Adriatic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic Sea. And is it here necessary to observe, that Russia is the only existing power through which this gigantic, but not impossible scheme might be realized? The idea of establishing a federation of Slavonic Republics, entertained by some imaginative persons, is in present circumstances a Utopia not deserving serious consideration.

The idea of a *political Panslavism*, propagated not only by Russian agents but also by many sincere and disinterested Slavonic patriots, naturally created serious apprehensions and much angry feeling among the Germans. Instead of endeavouring to promote an independent national development among those Slavonians who are *not yet* under the dominion of Russia,—which would be the best means of arresting her ambitious schemes in that quarter, they began violently to assail Panslavism, maintaining that the Slavonians had no right to a national existence, and that the Germans could never allow to their nationality a political equality with that of the Teutonic race, thus playing the game of Russia in the most effective manner. Such sentiments were almost universally expressed by the German press on many occasions; for instance, when the illegal annexation of the Republic of Cracow by Austria met with strong reprobation on the part of the English public and government, many German writers exulted in this act of violence, considering it as a new triumph of their nation in its progress towards the East. The German Parliament, assembled at

Frankfort in 1848, manifested very unfriendly feelings towards the Poles of Posen, who maintained in their own country the rights of their nationality against the encroachments of Germanism, and the same assembly declared its intention to force the Slavonians of Bohemia, at the edge of the sword, to submit to their authority.\*

These hostile manifestations against the Slavonians produced a corresponding feeling among those towards whom they were directed, who succeeded in forming a powerful party in the Austrian Parliament, assembled in 1848 at Vienna, and transferred afterwards to Kremsier. The object of this party was to render Austria essentially a Slavonic state, by giving to her a predominant Slavonic character, instead of the German one which she is now maintaining. This line of policy was meditated by the Emperor Joseph II. at the beginning of his reign, but abandoned probably on account of the comparatively inferior state of mental cultivation which then prevailed among his Slavonic subjects. They have however since that time immensely advanced in this respect, and so also have their claims to political significance. The strength of the Slavonic party in Austria was greatly increased by the separation of the Croats from the Magyars, who had attempted to impose upon them the use of their own language for official purposes, instead of the Latin, the employment of which in all public transactions had kept together for many centuries the heterogeneous populations of Hungary, and the abolition of which, in order to be replaced by the Magyar tongue, may be considered as a principal cause of the ruin of that country. The German democracy of Vienna, supported by the Parliament of Frankfort, allied itself with the Magyars; it was therefore natural that the Croats took the part of the Court, and that they were supported in this view by the leading men of the other Slavonic populations of Austria. The object of the Croats in attacking Vienna under Jellachich, was not to prove their loyalty to the Austrian dynasty, but to secure the rights of their nationality, and to establish the supremacy of the Slavonic race in the Austrian state. They were, however, sorely disappointed in their expectations. As soon as the Hungarians were crushed, the Austrian government resumed its ancient Germanizing policy. This political course, which met with much approbation in Germany, produced a violent irritation among the Austrian Slavonians, and particularly the Croats, who, in order to shew their disapprobation of this tendency, proposed the introduction of the Russian language in all the public

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\* The same Parliament, professing liberal principles, sent a message to Radetzki congratulating him on his victory over the Italians!

transactions of their country. This strong manifestation of Russian Pan Slavism, in a population whose loyalty had preserved the Austrian Empire probably from a total dissolution in 1848, produced considerable alarm among the Austrian statesmen, and a painful impression upon all the thinking men of Germany; it did not however lead to any change in the Germanizing policy of the Cabinet of Vienna.

The Russian sympathies in Austria are not limited to the manifestation of the events which we have just mentioned; they have been widely diffused in the Austrian dominions by the Hungarian campaign of 1849, during which the conduct of Russia was as conciliatory as that of Austria was violent and unprincipled. The letter of Paskevich, recommending the vanquished to the clemency of the Emperor of Austria, and his refusal to comply with this demand, have not failed to produce the effect which was thus sought to be obtained. These circumstances have greatly increased the dangers of Austria; who has now to deal not only with the discontent of the Italians and Magyars, but also with that of the Slavonians. Her only chance of getting over this complication of difficulties was the conservative policy, which had hitherto been pursued by the Emperor of Russia, and which had inspired the cabinet of Vienna as well as the rest of Europe, with an apparently well-grounded security. But the present unprovoked attack on Turkey has now revealed a premeditated intention to carry out the vast schemes of ambition which the Russian Emperor has inherited with his crown.

It would be illustrating a truism if we were to expatiate here upon the causes which must hinder England and France from permitting Russia to take possession of Constantinople, or even to make new acquisitions from the Turkish territory. These have, moreover, been referred to in our last Number.\* But if the extension of Russia at the expense of Turkey is prejudicial in more than one respect to the political and commercial interests of England as well as to those of France, it is a question of the most vital importance to Austria—one in fact which is *to be or not to be* to that power. This is manifest when we consider the circumstances which have been already described. It is therefore natural that Austria should make the greatest effort to preserve peace; because, in case of war, she has no alternative but either to take part with the Western powers against Russia, or to join with the latter in order to obtain a share in the spoil consequent upon the dissolution of the Turkish

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\* See Article on *Our International Relations*.

empire. She at least cannot on any account remain neutral in the conflict which now seems impending in the East.

A single glance at the map of those countries may convince our readers of the truth of our assertion. By the occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia,\* Russia outflanks the Austrian possessions to the bank of the Danube, and if she is allowed to occupy the Turkish territory between that river and the Balkan, she will at once extend to Montenegro, and completely enclose the Austrian dominions from Silesia to the Adriatic. Let us add, that the whole frontier line between Austria and Turkey from Cattaro to Transylvania is, on both sides, inhabited by the same Slavonic race, speaking the same language, and animated at least in many cases by the same national sympathies and antipathies. Should therefore Russia permanently acquire this portion of the Turkish territory, she will gain, by her geographical position, as well as by her religious and ethnical influence on the Slavonic and Wallachian† population of Austria, such a preponderance over that state, that it must virtually become a vassal of the Czar. Should it, however, be the policy of Russia, as is more probable, to begin by establishing an independent state or states in Servia and Bulgaria, the influence of these states upon those Austrian Slavonians, who, as we have said, inhabit the Turkish border, will be so great that sooner or later they must separate from her and unite with their brethren who enjoy an independent political existence. On the other hand, if Austria, uniting with Russia, shall seek to extend her territory at the expense of Turkey, which was the intention of the Emperor Joseph II., and which is now recommended by some German politicians, she will add greatly to her internal and external embarrassments, by thus increasing the number of her subjects belonging to the Slavonic race and the Eastern Church. This will not only open within her dominions a wider field for Russian influence, but it will considerably strengthen that party which seeks to give the Austrian state a Slavonic instead of its present German character, and which cannot but immensely augment the difficulties of the cabinet of Vienna. We think it probable, however, that if the

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\* We strongly recommend to our readers the very interesting description of these Principalities contained in the work entitled, *The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk*, which we have placed among others at the head of this Article. It is a book of travels eminently deserving the attention of all persons interested in the present relations of Eastern politics, for its interesting descriptions and sagacious judgments. The author is particularly well informed on the commercial resources and relations of the Principalities. His work could not have appeared at a more appropriate season.

† There are about 2,600,000 Wallachians under the Austrian dominion, and about 2,000,000 in the Danubian principalities. They all belong to the Eastern Church.

war which now unfortunately appears to be imminent, shall take place, Austria will not hesitate between a RUSSIAN and an ANGLO-FRENCH alliance, but must join the latter. If she acts otherwise, she must at once lose Lombardy and have her commerce annihilated; whilst in declaring against Russia, she may, with the assistance of her Western allies, effect a territorial arrangement, which shall meet that formidable position which Russia now occupies in Poland towards Germany, and to which we have already referred in this article. We have shewn that this position is equally menacing to Prussia and to all Germany, as it is to Austria, consequently Prussia is as much interested as Austria in obtaining a change of this state of things, and in effecting it on a solid and permanent foundation. The vacillating character of the present King of Prussia, and his near relationship with the Emperor Nicholas, will probably induce him to preserve a neutral position; but if the alternative were presented to Prussia, either to have her Rhenish provinces invaded, and her ports blockaded, or to take advantage of the present opportunity to remove the danger with which she is constantly threatened on the side of Russia, she would not, we believe, hesitate long in adopting the latter course.

War is a great curse, and peace a great blessing; but we cannot help thinking that it is fortunate for Europe and the progress of her civilisation, that the Czar has chosen for his unprovoked aggressions on our Turkish ally the present moment, when England and France are cordially united, and when their forces are not engaged elsewhere. It is evident that Nicholas, after having so emphatically declared his intention to go forward *in defence of the orthodox faith*, in an appeal, without precedent in the history of Russia, which was addressed as much to the Greek Christians of Turkey as to the religious enthusiasm of his own subjects, cannot now withdraw his pretensions, without diminishing that influence over the former which Russia, for so many years past, has been labouring to consolidate. We trust that if we shall be obliged to draw the sword in this just quarrel, it may not be returned to the scabbard until a solid peace, such as will effectually remove every cause of uneasiness on the part of Germany as against Russia, shall be established. We particularly rejoice in the cordial union between England and France, and in the straightforward and honourable manner in which the French Emperor has acted on the present occasion. Instead of supporting Russia like Charles X. in 1829, or hankering after her alliance like Louis-Philippe, he has preferred the friendship of England; and we hail this not only as evidence of a sound foreign policy on the part of France, but also as the harbinger of her gradual return to a liberal government at home.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Administration of the East India Company; a History of Indian Progress.* By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. Author of "*The History of the War in Afghanistan.*" 1853.
2. *Memorials of Indian Government; being a Selection from the Papers of Henry St. George Tucker, late Director of the East India Company.* Edited by J. W. KAYE. 1853.
3. *India as it may be.* By GEORGE CAMPBELL, Bengal Civil Service, Author of "*Modern India.*" 1853.
4. *India as it ought to be.* By Major W. HOUGH, Author of "*Political and Military Events in India.*" 1853.
5. *The India Question of 1853.* By H. THOBY PRINSEP, late of the Bengal Civil Service. 1853.
6. *Letter to John Bright, Esq., M.P.* By J. C. MARSHMAN. 1853.
7. *The Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana.* By Mrs. COLIN MACKENZIE. 2 vols. 1853.
8. *India Reform Tracts.* I. to IX. 1853.
9. *India under a Bureaucracy.* By JOHN DICKINSON, Jun. 1853.
10. *An Address to Parliament on the Duties of Great Britain to India in respect of the Education of the Natives, and their Official Employment.* By CHARLES HAY CAMERON, &c. &c. 1853.
11. *Minutes of Evidence before the Houses of Lords and Commons.* 1853.
12. *Hansard's Debates.* June and July. 1853.

OF the individual merits, or rather of the peculiar characteristics, of all these several works, we shall probably speak incidentally in the course of the present article. But we have no intention of minutely examining their contents. The exuberance of the growth of books and pamphlets, only imperfectly represented by the above catalogue, is sufficient indication of the pressing importance of the subject. Only six months have passed away since we last addressed ourselves to an inquiry into the character of "*The Government of the East India Company.*" Since that month of February more has been written, and more has been said upon the subject, by writers and speakers in this country, than during the entire preceding period of our literary and political existence.

On the 3d of June 1853, the President of the Board of Control, Sir Charles Wood, brought forward, in a five hours' oration, the ministerial scheme for the future government of India. From that time up to the present hour of publication, the East

India Company have been formally on their trial. We shall speak presently of the result of this great judicial inquiry—of the verdict and of the sentence. But it becomes us first to speak of the real nature of the question that has been before the public, and of the temper in which it ought to have been, if it has not been, considered.

Throughout the last two centuries and a-half, that great public body, known as the East India Company, has been the link which has connected the British nation with the country and the people of Hindostan. But the administrative character of this great body has been tardily developed. The government of the East India Company is scarcely yet a century old. It has slowly taken shape, and risen into consistency out of a series of temporary shifts and transitory expedients; and it is still little more than a congeries of fragments of different systems—a mass, as it were, of compromises, without any presiding harmony and uniformity to render it readily intelligible to the student who would acquaint himself with the constitutional peculiarities of the Anglo-Indian Government, without tracing its rise and progress. It is only by studying the historical antecedents of the administration of the East India Company, as now established, that we can rightly estimate its present character. Doubtless, if with our present experience we had to frame *de novo* a great administrative system—if we had to re-constitute and re-organize all the departments of the State, to fabricate an entirely new set of agencies and authorities—legislative, executive, fiscal, and judicial—and to prepare for them new codes whereby to regulate their administrative functions—the result of the wisdom and experience of the present day would differ greatly from the system or no-system which has been the heterogeneous growth of a series of experimental reforms. An edifice constructed piecemeal from time to time, upon no fixed principle, is always more or less unsymmetrical. All government, therefore, to some extent, is a bundle of inconsistencies—of relics of barbarism tied up with new sprouts of civilisation. It always bears the mark of progress upon it—of exploded errors and successive experiments, continued strivings after unattainable perfection. Even in the most enlightened European countries, where a continued succession of the same race of men have legislated for their own countrymen, this constitutional patchwork is strikingly apparent. But in India, where there has been a diversity of ruling powers—where the Mussulman has usurped the throne of the Hindoo, where the Mahratta has expelled the Mussulman, and the Frank has subjugated both Mussulman and Mahratta, the anomalies and inconsistencies of which we speak are necessarily greater and more palpable.

Experiment has followed experiment—one system has been engrafted upon another—until out of a succession of changes, each one wise and beneficial in itself, there has arisen what must in truth be regarded as the most singular piece of patchwork in the world.

But, at all events, under this patchwork system of administration our Indian empire has grown into what it now is—the most magnificent foreign dependency that the world has ever yet seen, and it has not so expanded and consolidated itself in spite, but in consequence, of this patchwork. If we had been in too great a hurry to make European institutions of the best Westminster Hall stock strike root in the soil of Madras and Bengal, we should have seen, instead of a triumphant success, only a destructive failure. We have heard English legislators ask, with reference to the present system of Indian government, “Do you think if we had to begin over again we should ever make such a thing as that?” In all probability we should *not*; but the “thing” has been shaped in accordance with local and incidental requirements, and it is only by this gradual progression, this successive generation of new parts, which, it must be acknowledged, makes in the end a very unsymmetrical whole, that we have been enabled to reconcile so many conflicting creeds and antagonistic institutions, and to establish a government capable of working at all. The question now is, whether it has worked so well during the Past as to give us any confidence in its working for the Future, or whether it would be more expedient to “begin over again,” and to establish, after an entirely different model, a new system of government, more in accordance with our modern ideas of political institutions, but perhaps less adapted to the requirements of the particular country and the particular people the sovereignty over which has been committed into our hands.

Now, it appears to us that some error has been encouraged and some injustice has been committed by those who have commented upon the shortcomings of the government of the East India Company as defects peculiar to the system of administration maintained in this peculiar case, rather than as failures common, in a greater or less degree, to all human institutions. Doubtless, under the government of the East India Company, poverty, ignorance, and crime have thriven; but where do they not thrive? In Great Britain and Ireland we have no scanty growth of them. We admit and deplore their existence. We are continually legislating against them; but they grow apace, in spite of our legislation. Taxation, too, is a grievous burden in India. Its pressure is severely felt. The labouring man, in his mud hut, with his handful of rice for his daily meal, and

his rag about his middle, is compelled to contribute his quatum to the necessities of the State. But is the English labourer untaxed? Has he not also to contribute a portion of his wages, earned painfully by much brow-sweat and weariness of frame, that palaces may be built and armies may be maintained, and, if need be, battles about which he knows nothing and cares nothing, may be fought? In India, the state of the laws is disfigured by all sorts of anomalies and contrarieties, and in the administration of justice many errors are committed, and little consistency preserved. But this again is not peculiar to our Eastern dependencies, though the difficulty of securing an unbroken succession of unimpeachable judicial decisions is, in such a country, necessarily much aggravated. Moreover, it must be admitted that in India the public money is not expended in the manner which would most contribute to the happiness of the people. But where is it so expended—where is there not extravagance in one direction, niggardliness in another? Where is the public money not grudged when only the people are to be benefited? By the accidents of our position in India some of these evils may have been aggravated, but they are not peculiar to the system of administration, whereby the affairs of that country are directed—they are not necessarily inherent in it—they are not fairly referrible to it. Evils of this kind may, and we know do, co-exist with forms of government more theoretically appreciable—they may, and we know, do disfigure administrations shaped after the fairest constitutional models. It is altogether an error and an injustice, therefore, to argue that because these evils exist, the system which permits them should be cleared away, root and branch. It is one thing to permit, another to encourage. Reformation, too, is one thing, revolution is another. It is only when the case is very desperate indeed—when improvement under the old system seems hopeless—when there are no signs of ameliorative progress—when, in the grand paradoxical words of the poet, all life dies and death lives, in stagnant marshes of corruption, and amidst noxious jungles of misrule, that the cry of “*Delenda est*” is to be raised. Only desperate diseases require the application of desperate remedies. When, under an existing system, good government is impossible, then, but not until then, are we to be-think ourselves of *Revolution*.

It seems to us, therefore, that they who clamour for the entire abolition of the present system of Indian Government, be-

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\* Colonel Sykes, in a Letter addressed to a London Journal, has shewn that the pressure of taxation, according to the rate of wages in the two countries, is higher in India than in England.

cause there are admitted to be certain defects in its constitution and certain shortcomings apparent in the aggregate result, err grievously in their conclusions. Nor are those who, assuming the converse of the proposition, argue that if the present system has worked well, it ought not to be altered, otherwise than "peccante in this kinde" themselves. A system may work well and yet be improvable. It may work well—and yet work better. It has been often said of the speech wherewith Sir Charles Wood introduced the New India Bill, that if his premises were correct his conclusions were unsound—indeed, that the practical course of the Aberdeen Ministry has been inconsistent with the hypothesis of good government under the Company's rule. But to us this appears entirely fallacious. The Indian minister declared in effect, that the system had worked sufficiently well to warrant its retention. But he did not declare that it was so theoretically or so practically perfect that no modifications could be advantageously introduced. His argument went to no greater length than this—the system has worked so well that we are not called upon to supersede it by another. But the probability is that it would work better still, if it were to be modified and amended. This, indeed, is the principle of almost all modern legislation. Our representative system, on the whole, works well, and yet it is continually being amended. Sir Robert Peel's new tariff worked well, and yet it is not maintained that because it worked well, his followers are guilty of any inconsistency in supporting the amended tariff of Mr. Gladstone. Sir Charles Wood says, that what is called the "double government," has worked well; but neither he nor any of his supporters maintain that it cannot be amended. Whether it has now been amended, is an open question, which we shall come presently to consider; but it is certain that a system may work well and yet be capable of improvement.

That the system *has* worked well is denied, in some quarters—but not by men practically acquainted with the subject or capable of appreciating the difficulties of Indian administration. The balance of evidence, indeed, is greatly on the other side. It is not maintained by experienced writers on Indian affairs—by Mr. Tucker, Mr. Marshman, Mr. Kaye, or Mr. Campbell—that the government of India has not been a government of progress. Neither has any such assertion been made by public speakers who have had actual experience of the condition of India as it was a quarter of a century ago, and as it is at the present time. Writers and speakers of this class express one common opinion to the effect, that under each successive charter, India has been governed with more and more wisdom and beneficence. "For this much," says Mr. Kaye, "at least is certain, that when the

Company began to think less of trade, they began to think more of government. Under the Charter Act of 1813, which deprived them of the monopoly of the Indian trade, their administrative efficiency considerably increased. But it was under the Act of 1833, which left them without the compromise of the China monopoly—which deprived them of the last remnant of their trading privileges, and took from them even the name of a Merchant Company, that greater progress has been made towards good government, than throughout all the long years—the long centuries—when trade was uppermost in their thoughts. I believe that the Directors of the East India Company, since they ceased to be the managers of a leviathan mercantile firm, have taken more serious and enlarged views of their duties and responsibilities as guardians of a country inhabited by a hundred millions of fellow-men. I believe that there has been more wisdom in their councils—more nobility in their aims—more beneficence in their measures. They have now become a purely administrative body; and it is impossible for any one, tracing, step by step, as I have done, the growth of that close connexion which now exists between them and the people of India, not to mark a progressive enlargement in the scope of their views, and a progressive improvement in the character of their measures. There have been more good things done for India—there has been more earnest, serious, enlightened legislation for the benefit of the people, under the Act of 1833, than during the previous two centuries and a quarter of British connexion with the East. And yet never has a benevolent government, recognising the great truth, that peace is the mother of improvement, ever been confronted, in its career of internal amelioration, by so many impediments to success.”—*Administration of the East India Company*, pp. 134, 135.

It is no sufficient answer to this that much has been left undone, that some mistakes have been committed, and that some neglect is apparent in matters of the first importance to the happiness of the people. The most strenuous upholders of the present system of Indian Government do not contend that either theoretically or practically it is a perfect government. All they maintain is, that it has made reasonable progress, that it is continually advancing in the right direction, and that there is much hope for the future to be gathered from a retrospect of the past. Fairly to judge the administrative efficiency of the Anglo-Indian Government, we should look at India, as it was in 1833 and as it now is in 1853. We do not know one of the ordinary tests by which the progress of a nation is estimated, tests either moral or material, which would fail us in such a trial. From the elaborate work of Mr. Kaye, from the brief but pregnant pamphlet

of Mr. Marshman, from the comprehensive speeches of Sir Charles Wood and Sir James Hogg, may the reader gather in detail—what we sketched in hasty outline before the discussions, which have since borne so much literary and oratorical fruit, had commenced—an account of all these several proofs of physical and moral advancement. No declamation, however sounding, no invective, however biting, can do away with these mountains of fact. The declamation is only so much bellowing to drown the roar of the waves; the biting is no more efficacious than the biting of a file.

But assuming that the government of India—the “double government,” has hitherto borne only the bitter fruits of tyranny and oppression, we are still incapable of understanding the arguments which have been advanced, and the course which has been pursued by the opponents of that system of “double government” which is said to have fulfilled its mission by accomplishing the ruin of the people. It is argued by Mr. Bright, and that small body of able and enthusiastic gentlemen, known as the “India Reform,” or “Young India” party, who have relieved with their fanciful oratory these midsummer debates, that little or nothing has been done for the benefit of the people, because all the time of our Indian rulers and all the money in their treasury have been devoted to the prosecution of unprofitable wars. It is admitted that these wars have been made, for the most part, not by the Court of Directors, but by the Board of Control, or by statesmen sent out to India in direct communication with, and supported by, the Board of Control. It is notorious, indeed, that the policy of the East India Company is essentially pacific—that there is nothing more distasteful to them than the waste of their financial resources upon foreign wars. And yet arguing that India is misgoverned because the country is kept in a chronic state of warfare, and admitting that these wars are made by that moiety of the “double government” known as the Board of Control, Mr. Bright and his associates clamour for the abolition of the other moiety, and the retention of that which, by their own shewing, is the very “*fons et origo*” of all the evil they denounce.

Nothing, it appears to us, can be more illogical than this. Indeed, it would seem, from the printed speeches, that Mr. Bright and his followers have either misunderstood or misquoted the authorities they have adduced in support of their arguments against the “double government.” It has been contended, for instance, by some writers—and in our opinion with undeniable justice—that the powers of the Board of Control, especially in the Secret Committee, are too absolute and supreme. But it is no argument against the principle of a double government that the

power is not wisely distributed between the two authorities—that one absorbs more than its share, and that evil arises from this unequal distribution. On the contrary, the very indication of these defects is a proof of the recognition of the soundness of the principle, for it is because the principle is only imperfectly fulfilled in practice—because the mutual control intended to be preserved in this system of double government is not adequately maintained—that these defects have arisen. Mr. Kaye and Mr. Tucker, who have been quoted by Mr. Bright and others as authorities against the system of double government, only maintained that the absolutism of the Board of Control in the Secret Committee is mischievous in its results. The passage from the former writer quoted by Mr. Bright, on the introduction of the New India Bill, was this:—

“It should ever be uppermost in the minds of those who, considering the constitution of the Indian Government, and its effects upon the happiness of the people, would judge rightly of the responsibility of its different agencies and authorities, that the whole foreign policy of the East India Company is regulated by the Board of Control; that in the solution of the most vital questions—questions of peace and war—affecting the finances of the country, and therefore the means of internal improvement, the Court of Directors have no more power than the mayor and aldermen of any corporation town. The happiness of the people of India is dependent less upon the will of a deliberative body of four-and-twenty English gentlemen, a large majority of whom have studied India under an Indian sky—who are experienced in the languages and the usages of the people, and to whom the system of administration in all its details is as familiar as household words—who have, as a body, no connexion with party, no dependence on the fate of ministries, whose official lives do not hang upon an adverse vote, and who can, therefore, pursue from year's end to year's end a consistent course of administrative conduct—than upon the caprice of a single man, who may be gone to-morrow, who may preside over the India Board and govern India for a fortnight, and then be suddenly deposed by some gust of Parliamentary caprice, by the mistaken tactics of an inexperienced party leader, or the neglect of an inefficient ‘whipper-in.’”—*Administration of the East India Company*, pp. 132, 133.

If this be an argument against the system of “double government,” it is only an argument against it so far as it bears upon the mischief arising from the delegation of so large an amount of power to one moiety of the government—that moiety being a single man, who is seldom chosen on account of any particular fitness for the office of Indian Minister, and who is liable to be suddenly displaced on the occurrence of any one of those numerous mischances which continually threaten the existence of our English cabinets. The arguments of the writer are all in favour of a double government that shall be *really* a double govern-

ment—a government of two parts mutually controlling one another. He contends not for the abolition—but for the perfection of the system. If he has anything to say against the system, it is that it is not *sufficiently* a double government. Mr. Tucker's arguments are all in the same direction. What he was most anxious to secure was “a disposition of the powers of the Board and the Court in such a manner as to maintain a just equipoise without compromising the efficiency of the system.”—[*Memorials of Indian Government*, p. 33.]—“Unity of design and action,” adds this able and honest statesman, “is very essential in the exercise of political power; but the plan before us would seem to put us forward before the public as an administrative body, to be entrusted with certain mechanical functions, whilst all substantial power would rest with the Board. It would make us something like a steam-engine, which the hand of the engineer is wont to stop or put in motion at pleasure. Now, the very worst system of administration is, I think, that which assigns ostensible responsibility without actual power, and bestows unlimited power without direct responsibility.” In this last powerful antithetical sentence, Mr. Tucker hits the blot. The Court of Directors have hitherto enjoyed responsibility without power, and the Board of Control power without responsibility. We do not here speak according to the statute, but according to the fact. The Court of Directors have been rendered a convenient scape-goat. Whatever has been done amiss has been laid to their charge. It matters not how powerless they may have been. It matters not how strenuously they may have protested against measures which they could not prevent. If those measures were carried into effect, through the agency of the Board of Control, the Court of Directors have been denounced by public writers and public speakers, and have suffered in public estimation, on account of misdeeds of which they have not been the instruments but the victims. Whatever, therefore, may be the law, the fact is, that the Company have borne the responsibility, whilst all the real power has been in the hands of the Board of Control.

This is the real defect of the “double government.” The remedy lies upon the surface. Either the power of the Board of Control should be diminished, or its responsibility increased. “It is unquestionable,” says Mr. Tucker, “that where large powers are to be exercised there should be direct responsibility; and that there should also be found knowledge and experience to regulate their exercise.” Hitherto there has often been in the Board of Control, not only power without responsibility, but power without knowledge. It is very certain that in the formation of a new Cabinet, the office of Indian Minister is one which is never held of any great account. It generally happens, not

that the man is to be fitted for the office, but that the office is to be fitted to the man. It is not asked, "Whom have we amongst us capable of presiding at the Board of Control?" but "What shall we do with — if we do not give him the Board of Control?" We do not presume that Mr. Bright and his associates will question this obtrusive fact. And yet whilst so much is said about improving the character of the Court of Directors, we hear nothing about the necessity of improving the character of the Board of Control. The arguments of the India Reform party have hitherto resolved themselves into this, that because the Board of Control is bad, the Court of Directors is to be abolished—because the Indian Minister appointed by the Crown is ignorant and irresponsible, and yet powerful, his power should be increased, his irresponsibility diminished, and his ignorance left just where it is.

Whatever may be the arguments of the Ministers who have introduced the new India Bill, they have practically endorsed those put forward by the India Reform party. If their conclusions do not keep pace with their premises, it is not because, whilst admitting that the present system of double government has worked well, they have attempted to improve it, but because these attempts have been made in the wrong direction. The fact is, that we have here again the old story of the man and the lion. The sculpture was wrought by the man, and so the lion was undermost in the struggle. Doubtless, if the Company had manipulated the new India Bill, the power of the Crown Ministers would have been diminished. But as the Bill was framed by the Crown Ministers, and it was necessary, on account of the pressure from without, to do something, that something consisted in the *diminution of the power of the Court of Directors*, and the *expansion of the Crown element* in the new Indian constitution. Certainly, no case has yet been made out—no facts have been adduced—to warrant this practical conclusion. All the facts, illustrative of the evils of the old system of double government, only tend to show that the Board of Control have hitherto possessed too much power and too little responsibility; and that if the Court of Directors had really been more influential in the double government, the great blunders and the great crimes which have so retarded the domestic improvement of India would never have been perpetrated.

Let us examine, somewhat in detail, the nature of the proposed remedy. Under the new India Bill the Court of Directors of the East India Company is to be more limited in number. Its twenty-four members, or (including the six directors, "out by rotation") its thirty members, are henceforward to be reduced to eighteen. Of these eighteen members, six are to be

nominated by the Crown. The salaries of the Directors are to be slightly increased; and, on the other hand, their patronage is to be diminished. All the civil patronage of the Company is to be taken away from them. Those valuable "writerships," of which we have heard so much, are henceforth to be the property of the public. There is to be an open competition for them. The more valuable portion of the military patronage is to share the same fate; commissions in the Engineers and Artillery corps, and a certain number of those in the Infantry—that is to say, all the appointments known as Addiscombe appointments, are to be competed for in the same way. In other important respects, as in the uncontrolled selection of members of Council, the powers of the Company are to be restricted. In short, as regards the Home Government, the general tendency of the new India Bill is to weaken the authority and lower the dignity of the East India Company, and to increase the power of the Crown.

All these several restrictions have been opposed in Committee by no inconsiderable section of the House of Commons, but upon each point a Ministerial majority has been obtained. It may be doubted whether, in every case, Ministers, though they have had the best of the divisions, have had the best of the argument. Upon the subject of the reduction of the number of Directors, we are surprised to see Sir Charles Wood quoting the authority of Mr. Tucker. That experienced and upright Director was of opinion that, though the territorial business might be done by "twenty, or even sixteen Directors," it would be expedient, for the following reasons, to preserve the present number inviolate:—

"We are more likely to find the knowledge and experience necessary for conducting such diversified and complicated duties in the larger number. The patronage can, with more safety, be assigned to the larger number. There is a greater probability of our commanding the services of men of high character and independent fortune. One of the practical advantages of the present system, strange and anomalous as it may appear in theory, is, that it collects together men from different branches of society, possessing habits of business, and varied knowledge and experience in almost every profession and department of the public service; and these different elements operate mutually as checks upon each other. Their connexions are numerous; and supported, as they generally have been, by the proprietary, and by this once powerful city, they constitute a great and influential body, which no ministry could safely attempt to coerce while they act upon sound public principles. Their power and independence would diminish with the diminution of their number; and they would no longer constitute a barrier to protect the interests of India against the selfish policy which too often displays itself in this country."

Now, whether the views here expressed be sound or unsound, whether Mr. Tucker's authority be of any or no weight, it is certain that the ministerial proposition to reduce the number of Directors derives no support from it.\* But, in our opinion, Mr. Tucker's views are extremely sound—his authority of the greatest weight. In 1833, when the above passage was written, the arguments it contained were considered to be conclusive; and the old number of Directors was retained. Now, what has happened since to invalidate these arguments, and to warrant an opposite conclusion? The Company's territories have been greatly extended, and the territorial business of the Court greatly increased. If, in 1833, it was desirable that there should be twenty-four Directors, why is it now desirable that the number should be reduced to eighteen? It is very fairly argued by the chairman and deputy-chairman of the Court of Directors, that, "taking into consideration the magnitude of the British empire in India, the varied circumstances of its vast population, the extent and number of the native states embraced within the area of the government of the paramount power, or bordering on its frontier; the extent, and in many respects the different character of the native armies of the three presidencies; having reference, moreover, to the variety of revenue systems which obtain in India, and to the large operations of finance as connected with the government at home and abroad, which require to be undertaken from time to time; and adverting to the fact, that the duties of the Court are continuously performed, from day to day, throughout the whole year, without any vacation, it must be apparent that to secure the presence in the Court of Directors of the requisite personal knowledge and experience on all affairs relating to this, the largest and most important of the British possessions, the present number of Directors is necessary." [*Letter of the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of the East India Company to the President of the Board of Control, July 1, 1853.*] We have yet to be made acquainted with anything on the other side more cogent than these practical considerations added to those stated by Mr. Tucker, to induce us to forego the opinion that there is little wisdom in the reduction of the number of Directors. The tendency of the measure is certainly to diminish the independence of the Court and to degrade its character in public estimation. If it be desirable to retain, even for a brief period, the Court of Directors of the East India Company as a governing power, it is

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\* It may be observed that Sir Charles Wood not only cited Mr. Tucker's authority orally in the House of Lords, but adduced it in his letter to the Court of Directors, of July 5, 1853. And as far as we can see, it is the only argument which either speech or letter contains.

desirable to uphold its dignity. But we cannot help thinking that the measure by which the Court is to be suddenly reduced to a moiety of its present numerical strength, is as gratuitously humiliating to the East India Company as it is unworthy of the Crown Ministers who have decreed it. If the downfall of the Company be determined upon, at all events care should be taken "*ne non procumbat honestè.*" Nothing can be more impolitic than to cover it with shame.\*

In the first instance, according to the provisions of the new bill, the Court of Directors is to be strengt. Aied by the displacement of nine working members of the old Court, and the substitution of three Government nominees. The three following vacancies are to be filled up, as they occur, by Ministerial nomination. The Court will then consist of eighteen members, twelve elected by Proprietors of East India Stock, and six nominated by the Government of the day. To the principle of this limited nomination we see no very cogent objection. We believe that the evils of the canvassing system have been much exaggerated. But it is certain that many men, whom it would be extremely desirable to associate with the Home Government of India, have been deterred by their insuperable aversion to the canvass, from seeking a place in the Direction. It is not certainly a consequence of high reputation that the men so distinguished should make the best Directors. Some of the very best Directors who have ever sat in the Court have been men of very limited Indian experience. But, making every allowance for occasional disappointments—admitting that great names are often great delusions—we still recognise the expediency of connecting with the councils of Leadenhall Street such men as Lord Metcalfe, Mr. Elphinstone, Mr. Holt Mackenzie, Sir George Clerk, Sir George Pollock, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Wilberforce Bird, Mr. Willoughby, and other men of the same stamp, who have brought home with them great Indian reputations and great Indian experience. It is not to be doubted that such men have been deterred by the canvass from seeking a place in the Home Government of India. To secure the

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\* The Court of Directors, now consisting of thirty members, is to be weeded by itself. One half of its components are to be cast adrift in April next. We do not allude to the personal considerations suggested by such an arrangement as this—to the embarrassing position in which the Directors, thus called upon to sacrifice and be sacrificed, are placed—to the many cases of individual hardship involved in the sudden expulsion from office of men who have spent some of the best years of their lives in the endeavour to obtain an important and honourable appointment. But we cannot help commenting on the loss of dignity entailed upon the Court by a measure involving so many circumstances of ludicrous perplexity, and which has already brought down upon them a shower of ridicule against which nothing can shelter them.

services of men so distinguished and so qualified, it is proposed that a third part of the Directors should not be elected, but nominated. The power of nomination, as we have shown, under the new India Bill, has devolved upon the Crown—that is, the Government of the day. The clause, however, in which this was decreed, did not pass through committee in the House of Commons without a severe contest, originating in an amendment proposed by Mr. Vernon Smith, to the effect that the power of nomination should be vested not in the Crown, but in the Court of Directors. Neither arrangement is free from objection. But it appears to us, after an attentive perusal of all that has been said on both sides of the question, and much previous consideration of all its bearings, that the balance of argument is in favour of nomination by the Court of Directors, a *veto* being given to the Crown.

The only legitimate object of the contemplated change is the infusion into the Court of Directors of greater ability and experience than can be secured under the existing system, and if men of high character and attainments are as likely to be nominated by the Company as by Her Majesty's Ministers, we can see nothing to justify the preference that has been given to the latter. As it is not contended that the ministerial element is not sufficiently strong in the "double government," and there can be nothing gained by any gratuitous degradation of the Court of Directors, it is only by assuming that the Government of the day is more likely to exercise the power of selection with wisdom and discretion, that we can recognise the expediency of the new arrangement. But what is there to justify any such conclusion? The Court of Directors being in no sense a family party, but an association of men differing greatly from one another, in respect of character, profession, political opinions, social connexions, and personal interests, would be little likely to enter into a conspiracy against the common weal, and to be swayed by private considerations to select men not qualified to discharge their duties with advantage to the State. Taking the narrowest view of the question, relying not at all upon the honour of the Directors, we may still confide in their prudence. Nothing could be more suicidal at such a time than an abuse of the trust reposed in them. A bad selection would be an act of gratuitous and unmeaning folly, the perpetration of which it is almost impossible to conceive. An objectionable appointment would be cancelled by the Board of Control, and a cry would go forth that the Court had been tried in the balance and found wanting. There is everything under such circumstances to induce the Court to exercise the power of selection with wisdom and discretion, and nothing, as far as we can see, to render likely the perpetration of a job.

But the same cannot be said of nomination by the Government of the day. Nothing is more notorious than that ministerial patronage is turned to political uses, and made the prop of a party. We have no reason to think that these India House appointments would form an exception to the general rule. But if there be in connexion with the great subject of Indian government any one truth more incontrovertible than all the rest, it is this, that it is essential to the prosperity of India that the government of the country should in no wise be a government of Party. We can conceive nothing more mischievous than that any number of the Directors should be political tools, deriving their existence from, and subservient to, the minister of the day. *The safeguard of India has hitherto been the freedom of the East India Company from all political bias.* The Court of Directors are of no party. There is no such thing as a party question ever discussed at the India House. Every question is tried on its own merits. Its justice or its policy is regarded without a thought of its effects upon the position of contending parties. The war in Afghanistan was made by a Whig statesman. The war in Scinde was made by a Tory. But both measures were denounced with equal emphasis by the same body of men in Leadenhall Street. The East India Company has long stood up as a barrier between India and Party, and such a barrier it is above all things desirable to maintain.

We look with extreme jealousy, therefore, upon any measure, the tendency of which is to weaken the independence of the Court by infusing into it the political or party element which obscures the abstract justice and policy of great measures, and makes personal considerations paramount in the councils of the state. That the system of ministerial nomination proposed in the new India Bill will have this pernicious tendency is not to be questioned. The first selections will, doubtless, be made without reference to any other considerations than the individual fitness of the nominees. Indeed, there is reason to believe that in the first instance, whether the nomination were left to the Company or to the Crown, the same men would be selected. But we have no guarantee for the continuance of this impartiality. The watchfulness of Parliament may subside. The difficulties of the ministry may thicken. A weak government may, in course of time, be substituted for a strong one. A time may come when all the patronage in the hands of ministers must be turned to party uses, when every tide-waiter's or letter-carrier's appointment must be given with an especial object; when parliamentary support must be purchased at any cost, even at the cost of honour; when everything must go down before the one great overpowering instinct of self-preservation. In such a crisis

what hope can there be, when corruption is rioting everywhere, that purity will preside over the distribution of the Indian patronage? And it is not only that in such a conjuncture the minister of the day may appoint to seats in the Leadenhall-street council men whose adherence is to be purchased, or whose services are to be rewarded; but that, through these Government nominees, much of the ordinary India House patronage may be turned to political uses. The late discreditable revelations of the manner in which the Dockyard patronage was recently applied to electioneering purposes, have not certainly done much to strengthen our faith in ministerial nominations.

It is true that the new India Bill, by reducing the amount of patronage in the hands of the Directors, limits the extent to which the Government of the day can, through its nominees, convert appointments in the Indian service into instruments of political advancement. But as a large number of cadetships still remain in the gift of the Company, and as these, in the present over-stocked condition of all the home professions, are eagerly coveted, much harm may still be done by an undue exercise of the influence of the Crown, as represented by the Government of the day. At the same time we are not sure that the new system of competition, which is to throw all the civil appointments and all the scientific military appointments open, under certain restrictions, to all her Majesty's subjects, will, however excellent it may be in theory, be attended with those practical results which its projectors anticipate. The subject is one of very great importance. We propose, therefore, to consider it in detail.

Under the existing system, no person can hold an appointment in the covenanted civil service of the East India Company, who has not passed through the required educational ordeal at the civil college at Haileybury; and no person can enter Haileybury without a nomination from an East India Director. As, except in very rare cases of incompetency or misconduct, every Haileybury student receives an appointment in the Company's covenanted civil service, a Haileybury nomination is tantamount to a gift of one of these appointments. As the offices in this covenanted service are worth from £400 to £10,000 a-year, these "writerships" constitute the most valuable portion of the patronage of the East India Company. It is now proposed to strip the Company entirely of these perquisites of office, and to open Haileybury College to public competition.

Now, the principle of public competition is one, the abstract excellence of which all reasonable men must acknowledge. We willingly concede that the British dependencies in India should be in no wise regarded as a great farm in the hands of a few private individuals—that the perquisites of office are of no mo-

ment or account in comparison with the welfare of the people—that all monopolies injurious to the public weal should immediately cease and determine—and that, therefore, if the administration of British India can be carried on in a manner more conducive to the interests of the people under a system of public competition, than under one of private nomination, it is indisputable that the youth of England should, without reference to the great question of Leadenhall Street connexion, be suffered to compete freely for the loaves and fishes of Indian office. But a grave doubt here suggests itself as to the practical effect of the proposed system upon the future efficiency of the Indian civil service. The new bill provides that, “subject to such regulations as may be made by the Board of Commissioners for the affairs of India, any person being a natural-born subject of Her Majesty who may be desirous of being admitted into the College at Haileybury or Military Seminary at Addiscombe, or of being appointed an assistant-surgeon in the Company’s forces, shall be permitted to be examined as a candidate for such admission or appointment.” We can have no clear conception, therefore, of the manner in which the competition is to be carried into effect until we know what the regulations are to which the competition is to be subject. It is obvious that regulations might be framed, which, under the specious name of open competition, would render the system a closer one than that which exists at the present time. The whole thing, therefore, may be little better than “a delusion and a sham”—a pretext for transferring, under cover of a popular idea, the civil patronage of the East India Company to the hands of the Ministers of the Crown. But we will assume, for the sake of argument, that the proposed competition system is to be a reality, not a pretence—that the principle will be really carried out, and that any well-educated youth in the country will be permitted to present himself to the Haileybury examiners, to say that he is a candidate for a writership, and to claim that his qualifications should be put to the test.

The only important question then is, whether the young men thus selected from among numerous competitors (we assume again that the competition will be eager and crowded) will, on proceeding to India, make better administrators than those, under the existing close system sent out by the Court of Directors. If this can be demonstrated, all argument is at an end. There is nothing more to be said upon the subject. But the conclusion, plausible as it is, must not be too hastily accepted. In the first place, we know at least that the Civil Service of the East India Company, as at present constituted, is not wanting in administrative zeal and ability of the highest

order. A few exceptional cases there may be ; but, as a whole, it may be said of our Indian civilians, that a more intelligent, a more industrious, a more upright body of administrators does not exist in any part of the world. There is justice in what Mr. Kaye says upon the subject, and we are not inclined to question the soundness of the test as far as it goes :—

“ It was said by Canning during the debates on the India Charter of 1813, that there could not be anything radically wrong in the system which had produced all the able Company's servants, who had given their evidence before the Parliamentary Committees. Forty years later the same remark might be made, with this pungent addition. The system cannot be radically wrong which has produced the able Company's servants whom the Queen's Ministers have selected from time to time, not merely to govern the Crown colonies, but to extricate them from difficulties into which they have been thrown by the intemperance or incapacity of men who have not been trained in the Indian service. When great colonial embarrassments arise—and they do arise sometimes—it is commonly to the talents, to the temper, to the discretion, to the firmness, and to the integrity of some servant of the Company, that the perplexed Minister looks for the saving hand that is to extricate him from his dilemma.”

In Jamaica, in Canada, in Ceylon, at the Mauritius, and at the Cape, the civil servants of the East India Company have administered the affairs of the Crown colonies with as much advantage to the State as credit to themselves—and the signal examples of administrative efficiency, to which we allude, all belong, not, as we have seen it said, to a period of two centuries and a half, but to the last fifteen years of our rule. Under no system are we likely to rear abler administrators than the Metcalfes, the Andersons, and the Clerks, of whom we are now speaking. But these, it may be said, are merely exceptional cases, rising out far above the dead level of the service, and not to be taken as specimens of their class. To a certain extent, this, of course, must be granted. The Company's civilians are not all Metcalfes any more than Her Majesty's officers are all Wellingtons. But because Metcalfe and Wellington are great men, it does not follow that all their comrades were small. Our conviction is that the efficiency of the Indian civil service is to be tested by a surer and more comprehensive standard than that afforded by the production of a few great names. And it is unquestionably of far more importance that the service should be stocked with good revenue and judicial officers of all ranks, than that it should be adorned by a few Metcalfes and Clerks.

We are not of the number of those who contend that because a system has been found to work well, no effort should be made to improve upon it. The “let well alone” principle may be

carried to such an extent as to stand lamentably in the way of progress. Something in the onward march must be hazarded, or no great social improvements will ever be brought to perfection. But there are some experiments more uncalled for and more hazardous than others, and we require at least to be assured, when violent changes of the kind are projected, that there is some reasonable ground for believing that the new system will be more beneficial than the old. Now, the present reform proceeds entirely on the hypothesis that the boy who distinguishes himself most in *collegiate* exercises, is likely to maintain the same forward position in all the *practical* concerns of adult life. It is assumed that we shall secure for the Indian service a better class of administrators by educating under a severer forcing process than is now necessary, a certain number of striplings up to the highest point of scholastic proficiency that can be attained at this period of incipient manhood. We do not know any kind of test that can be applied under the new system—we do not know any kind of examination that can be conducted—which will do more than ascertain, and that imperfectly, the relative amount of book-learning acquired by the different candidates for Haileybury scholarships. We have not a doubt that the degree of proficiency attained will be very great. We have not a doubt that the Haileybury “course” of study will be got up with consummate effect. But we must acknowledge that we have no great faith in the durability of attainments of this class. The fact is, that powers unnaturally developed prematurely decay :—

“Like those forced flowers which only bloom,  
One hot night, for a banquet room.”

We want more serviceable stuff than this—something of a rougher and readier kind—something that will stand the wear-and-tear of active life under an exhausting climate. And knowing as we do that much more than book-learning is required to make a good Indian administrator—and that the process by which large supplies of this book-learning are acquired at an early age, is often productive of lamentable degeneration of other qualities, even more essential to the practical success of the civilian in adult life in the East, we cannot help doubting whether the competition system, the very essence of which is this hot-bed process of forcing, will really produce a more serviceable class of administrators than those to whom is now entrusted the management of the domestic affairs of our Indian Empire.

Upon such a subject as this we hold that the authority of Mr. Tucker is of much weight.\* What he wrote, he wrote after

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\* Very much to the point also is the following passage—the growth also of actual experience—taken from a periodical to which frequent reference has been

half a century of experience—experience of the character of the civil service and the working of the system, gathered partly in India, partly in the India House. The following passage, written in 1843, relates immediately to the Haileybury process of education, but bears closely upon the question of competition:—

“Our excellent and accomplished professors at Haileybury wish to send forth men, like themselves, eminent and highly-finished scholars; but this is not what we want. We do not require *literary razors* to cut blocks. Our service presents a vast deal of rough hard work, for which *intellectual hatchets* are more suitable. We want young men of sound principles and good understanding and moral habits, with minds fresh and pure, and with frames healthful and strong to sustain the laborious duties of the service. Mark the attenuated frames of some of our first-rate scholars, and say if they are fit to undergo the fatigues and annoyances of a suffocating *cutcherry* for eight or ten hours successively. This was no uncommon occurrence with our judicial functionaries. Before the College was thought of, the civil service of India produced men of vigorous intellect and of a masculine character, fully equal in every attribute of statesmen to those who have succeeded. Not that I undervalue education; on the contrary, I appreciate it most highly, although it may happen, now and then, that the usefulness of the scholar is neutralized by the pride of the pedant. I must repeat, that we do not require for our service deep theologians, profound lawyers, erudite physicians or metaphysicians, or subtle political economists. The men most distinguished in our service have gone out to India before the age of eighteen;

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made during the pending debates on the new India Bill, the *Calcutta Review*:—  
 “There is no service in the world, no climate under the sun, in which the union of moral and intellectual with physical superiority should be an object of more earnest prayer than in the civil service of India: no profession where the ‘*mens sana*’ in the ‘*corpore sano*’ should be the point which all education should ever keep in view. Yet with numerous examples ringing in our ears, and with a foreknowledge that all their vigour will be required to meet the encroachments of a burning climate, this detestable practice of over-fagging is persisted in by the students of almost every generation. Even in the climate of England the effects of hard reading for a first class have ruined the prospects of many a gifted individual—many a noble heart has cracked under the pressure of preparation for an approaching degree. What then shall we say of such an expenditure of faculties on the part of those whose frame is to be exposed to the damps of Bengal or the hot winds of Hindostan, to the scorching of Googerat, or the noxious winds of the Coucan—who may have to brave, if required, the fatigues of a journey in the glaring months of May and June, or may be destined to imbibe a slow and secret poison from the leaden gusts of the Sunderbunds.” The same intelligent and experienced writer says, in another part of the same paper, “The first thing which strikes us when searching for practical results is the impossibility of predicting the future success of the man from the collegiate course of the student. We may look down the roll for a serious of years, and our eye be attracted by names sufficiently familiar from their after career, but distinguished at college by no single addition from the common herd. Again, we may see others apparently ‘marked, quoted, and signed,’ but whose after career has not answered to the promise of the early start.”

and when they felt a deficiency, some of them have educated themselves. I am not, however, at all disposed to depreciate the value of our College—far from it; I have myself too often had occasion to regret that I did not enjoy the advantage of a College education. Let us not, however, be led away by visionary speculations so far as to sacrifice a substantial good, or to incur a contingent evil, by giving an undue preference to scholastic learning. If our first soldiers and civilians had possessed the learning of the first James, India, I suspect, would never have been conquered by us; or, if conquered, would not long have been retained by the force of erudition. In fact, what we most want in India are men of good understanding, of moral character, and of industrious habits. There are some situations, no doubt, where talents and attainments of a high order are eminently useful; but, in general, the *substance*, and not the *polish*, is that to which we should most look."

It would be superfluous to enter a protest against the hypothesis, that in stating these arguments and advancing these authorities, we are, in any way, depreciating the value of such learning as is acquired in the schools. We estimate these scholastic acquirements as highly as Mr. Macaulay himself. But we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the literary proficiency of the boy fairly foreshadows the practical success of the man. It is hardly sufficient, to establish a point of this kind, that a few great names should be quoted—that it should be stated, as it was by the brilliant Member for Edinburgh, in the course of the debate on the second reading of the India Bill, that Chief Baron Pollock, Judges Alderson and Maule, and others, took the highest University honours. To the names he cited might have been added that of Lord Langdale; and, writing as we do with especial reference to the subject of Haileybury education, it would be a *bêtise* of extreme magnitude to omit the name of the present distinguished principal of that institution, Henry Melville, who was senior wrangler and Smith's prizeman. These were all Cambridge men. Oxford has put forth at least one notable illustration of the fact that the boy is father of the man in the case of Sir Robert Peel, who distanced all his contemporaries and took a "double first" in 1808. But these cases, adduced by Mr. Macaulay in his very clever but inconclusive oration, are, after all, only exceptional cases, culled from the University annals of the last fifty years. The cases, indeed, that support the competition principle are singularly few. If any valid arguments are really to be drawn from the revelations of the Oxford and Cambridge Calendars, we are almost afraid that the numberless records of distinguished University men, who have done nothing in after life to fulfil the promise of their youth, must be taken as a proof that a facility of acquiring book learning, whether

belonging to the *literis humanoribus* or to the exact sciences, is really no proof of the existence of that serviceable kind of intellectual energy which pushes a man, in after years, in front of his cotemporaries.

Indeed, we have often thought that these exhibitions of early intellectual development are very melancholy things to contemplate. Anything like forcing is bad. Sickliness, not health, comes out of it. An excessive expenditure of vital energy, whether physical or intellectual, at the most critical period of life—that of incipient manhood—is almost certain to bring down its punishment upon the spendthrift. This cannot be too emphatically repeated. Outraged nature is always resentful. There may arise cases, perhaps, in which the punishment is long deferred. There may even be some robust constitutions which seem to defy, from first to last, under the safeguard of a peculiarly happy organization, the ravages of excessive work. But it may be laid down, as a general rule, as intelligible in theory as it is apparent in practice, that any overstraining of the faculties in early life is followed by symptoms of exhaustion and decay in manhood—that any kind of undue excitement has its corresponding period of reaction and prostration—in a word, that to overwork the boy is to debilitate the man. Now, if there be any soil in the world for which plants of a hardy growth are required, it is the soil of our Anglo-Indian possessions. It demands a very large supply of vital energy to carry a man profitably through the work of an Indian civil servant. The best scholars do not, for this reason, make the best judges and collectors. The most proficient boys have not generally risen into the most distinguished men. For our own parts, we candidly acknowledge—trusting that the acknowledgment will not render us fairly amenable to the sarcasms of Mr. Macaulay, as writers to be classed with those worldlings who sing, *inter pocula*, such chants as the following :—

“ A scholar, when just from his college broke loose,  
Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose!  
Your *Noneds*, and *Bluturchs*, and *Omurs*, and stuff,  
'Fore George they don't signify this pinch of snuff.  
To give a young gent right education,  
The army's the only good school in the nation;  
My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool,  
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school—”

that we have never seen a pale-faced, gaunt-framed student, groaning under a weight of prizes at the Haileybury examination, without earnestly wishing to see a few less prizes opposite to his name in the college list, and a few more notches opposite to it in the cricket-score. We do not mean by this that

cricket is better than learning; but we do mean that health and energy and elasticity are very essential to the young Indian civilian, and that the forcing process of which we speak is destructive of all.

Now, if after his entrance into Haileybury, the young student, though he knows that only extreme incapacity or misconduct will deprive him entirely of the advantages of his nomination, "scorns delight and lives laborious days," only that he may take the foremost place among his contemporaries—and go out at the head of the list of the five or six writers who proceed every half year to each presidency—how much more violent is likely to be the application of the forcing system, when not the rank in the service, but actually the service itself, is the object of competition. The forcing will now be the work of years. Years of unhealthy intellectual excitement will precede the day of examination. The process will be carried on uninterruptedly after admission within the college walls; so that whatever may be the evil at the present time, it will be trebled under the new system. The amount of "cramming" which will go on, as soon as the new competition clause is brought into operation, will be something terrible to contemplate. We cannot think that it will work well. We do not know, as we have said, any mode of examination, in the hands of the ablest and honestest men to whom this responsible office can be intrusted, which can do more than determine the amount of actual knowledge acquired by each candidate. Presuming that the candidates are very numerous—and if they are not numerous, the principle is only imperfectly carried out—it will be impossible for the examiners to discriminate satisfactorily between mere acquired book learning, the result of hard cramming, and that which is the growth of a hardier, more serviceable kind of talent, which lasts a man throughout his life. And if they could so discriminate, they must give the preference to the result rather than to the capacity—to the actual rather than to the conjectural. We know no system of public competition and public examination which gives the examiner the power of classing candidates, with reference not to what they do, but to what they are capable of doing. He must be guided by actual results.

From all this we think it may be not unfairly deduced that the competition system, whatever may be its theoretical recommendations, will *not* have the effect of supplying the Indian civil service with a class of men better qualified to carry on the administrative duties of the three Presidencies. We do not assert—we are by no means of opinion—that the service cannot be improved. We should have been glad to see some regulations framed for the better training of the young civilian. We

believe that his educational antecedents under the existing system, do not prepare him to take part, with any certainty of an efficient performance of his duties, in the judicial business of the country. Whether to obviate this admitted evil it would be desirable to separate the judicial from the executive department of the service, we cannot now afford to inquire. "If," says Mr. Tucker, in an admirable paper on the education of the civil service, which we have already quoted—"If I were satisfied that the judicial branch of the service could be entirely separated, I should be disposed to make an exception in favour of a more extended course of education for that branch, because a more particular knowledge of the principles of law, of the rules of evidence, and of the practice of our courts, as well as a knowledge of our local code of regulations, might be highly useful to our judicial functionaries; but this service is so blended with the revenue branch that a complete separation, I fear, could not be effected without inconvenience." Mr. Campbell, however, a younger and a bolder reformer, who perhaps after half a century of experience would question the expediency of an entire separation of the two departments, thinks that it might advantageously be effected. Whatever may be our opinion of such a change as this, it is impossible not to assent heartily to what Mr. Campbell says upon the subject of legal training. "If we are to have a separate judicial department," he writes in his recent suggestive volume on *India as It May Be*, "it is absolutely necessary that the European judicial officers should be educated and professional jurists; and to get good jurists for India you must especially educate men to the profession. . . . To qualify men for such duties you must have the highest education added to great talent, and it is indispensable that the education should commence in England." It is certain that the judicial system, or no-system, which obtains in our Anglo-Indian possessions, is the weakest point of our Eastern administration. Writers of very different character, and very different general opinions—as Mr. Tucker, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Norton—concur in lamenting the recent degradation of the judicial branch of the service. It is very certain that there is something wrong at the bottom of this. But because the judicial service might be improved, and the present system reformed, it does not follow that a sweeping revolution is demanded. It appears to us, indeed, that the new India Bill initiates a revolution, but does not supply a remedy. We believe that out of the materials supplied as hitherto by the Court of Directors, a more efficient civil service could be provided. But we can as yet see no reason to anticipate that the new competition system will make any such provision.

These remarks on the proposed competition system have been written with especial reference to appointments in the Civil Service of the Company, but we believe that they apply with even greater force to the arrangement by which the Addiscombe military appointments are to be thrown open to all comers.\* It has been alleged, in the course of the recent debates on the India Bill, that the civil servants of the Company to whom the internal administration of our Anglo-Indian possessions is entrusted, are wanting in some of the essentials which render men competent to fill important judicial and fiscal offices; but it has never been alleged, even by the most vehement of the India reformers "below the gangway," that the officers of the Company's Engineer and Artillery regiments are wanting in any of the qualifications necessary to the most efficient discharge of their duties. It is not pretended, indeed, that under the existing system Addiscombe has not sent forth, generation after generation of well-instructed officers in no wise behind the most brilliant representatives of the military science of Europe. If we were called upon to name that institution which has sent forth the greatest number of men distinguished in recent history, as soldiers and *savans*—as diplomatists and administrators—we should emphatically name Addiscombe. It is the great merit of the existing system that it has supplied the Indian army with men, who are not merely soldiers—not merely *savans*—but men in whom the military and scientific characters are duly blended, who are at the same time men of thought and men of action, who can calculate an arc of the meridian, conduct the operations of a magnetic survey, regulate a mint, construct a canal, erect a fort, defend a beleaguered city, civilize savage tribes, besiege the strongest fortresses in the world, improvise raw armies in an enemy's country, explore unknown regions, conciliate barbarous potentates, lead our own soldiery through the most difficult defiles bristling everywhere with an armed population, or administer the affairs of newly-acquired provinces—all with equal success. It would be difficult to allege anything against the efficiency of those Engineer and Artillery regiments which have produced such men as Pollock and Whish—as Pottinger and MacGregor—as Everest and Boileau—as Forbes and Irvine—as Lawrence and Dixon—as Abbott and Shakespear—as Baird Smith and Lake, and others of the same stamp whom it would be easy to mention. But, relying not at all upon great names, looking only at the general efficiency of the services, we would confidently appeal to the highest military authorities in Europe with the

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\* Since this passage was in type, we have been gratified by learning that the Indian Minister intends to modify this part of the Competition Scheme, by leaving the Addiscombe appointments on their present footing.

question, whether the Company's Engineer and Artillery regiments are inferior to any in the world. We gather from Mr. Larpent's very interesting "Journal," that "the Duke" was continually complaining of the Artillery attached to his army in the Peninsula. Since the period of which the journalist wrote, the general efficiency of that branch of the service, though the corps has had few opportunities of distinguishing itself, has greatly increased. We do not doubt that in the event of an European war, the "Ubique" regiment would be equal to the occasion. We only say that the conduct of the Indian Artillery, in every war, has evoked the commendations of the greatest generals who have served in India; and by none has it been more eulogized than by the latest of our military commanders—by Napier, by Hardinge, and by Gough.

We do not know what is to be gained by interfering with a system which has admittedly borne only the best fruits. We are certain that no system of preliminary competition will have the effect of improving the character of these services. If any lesson of experience, bearing directly on the question, is to be gathered from the history of the past, it is this:—That, as far as the forcing process has been applied, under the existing system, it has been found singularly inefficacious. The Addiscombe system is a system of internal competition. The engineer and artillery appointments—being about a third of the whole—are competed for by the cadets. It is not to be questioned that among these young engineer and artillery officers are to be found the very flower of their respective terms. But the most distinguished students have not generally become the most distinguished officers in after life. Indeed, it is melancholy to think how many who have held the foremost place of all in these scholastic competitions, have achieved nothing in the great practical contests of the outer world. Death has in too many cases, brought their career to a premature close. It would be easy to show that a large number of those who have earned the highest distinctions at the seminary—distinctions rarely to be gained except after years of previous training and intense study at the institution—have so expended their vital energies in early life, that their debilitated constitutions have been unable to sustain the wear-and-tear of the exhausting climate of the East, and, after a few years of prostration, they have sunk, with all their unfulfilled promises, into the grave—or, if death has not solved the question of the expediency or in expediency of the forcing process, they have returned with enfeebled health and exhausted energies, perhaps with obscured intellect, to England. These are no imaginary pictures. We write with a list of names and a record of circumstances before us.

We have only one more general observation to make with reference to this system of competition. The Indian services can never be really "thrown open to the public" so long as education at Haileybury and Addiscombe is as costly as it is at the present time. It would be almost as consistent to throw open a royal park "to the public," with the stipulation that no one shall enter it except in a carriage-and-four, with out-riders, as to say that Haileybury is open to the public, as long as the cost of education is more than £200 a-year. We know that direct appointments in the Artillery and the Line, have been given by East India Directors to certain educational institutions for competition among the students, and that the mere necessary expenses of outfit and passage-money have, in some cases, sufficed to deter qualified candidates from coming forward to compete for them. We mention this only to shew how the liberality of such a system as that decreed in the new India Bill, may, after all, be more in word than in deed—how, in fact, its boasted openness and freedom may be little better than mere delusions.

We must now quit this important subject, but before doing so we may advantageously call attention to the chapter in Mr. Campbell's work on the "Civil Service" of the East India Company. We do not concur in this able writer's conclusions. We do not think that it would be expedient to transfer the education of the young writer to one of our two great leading universities. But there is much practical information in the chapter, and some of the suggestions are worthy of attention. Mr. Campbell is a young man whose energy and ability would probably have secured for him a forward place in any profession. Of the Indian civil service to which he belongs he is likely to be one of the brightest ornaments. We differ from him extremely on many important points; but this difference of opinion does not tend to obscure his merits.

We have now dwelt on what we conceive to be the most important portion of the new India Bill. We have treated purposely, in a matter-of-fact manner, of the practicalities of the question. There are other clauses, however, on which, if time and space had been allowed to us, we should have commented. The arrangement by which the government of Bengal is to be detached from the Supreme Government, and the administration of its affairs placed under an independent Lieutenant-Governor, as in the north-western provinces, is a measure which is likely to be laden with advantageous results; and, if common report, which points to Mr. Halliday as the first Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, be not a liar, we may assure ourselves of its good working.

But, after all, quitting these individual details, and looking at the broad general question of the prosperity of India, we cannot say that we see much in the new India Bill to render us hopeful of the future. It was, doubtless, intended to be an onward movement, but it appears to us to contain all the elements of retrogression. It seems to promise a worse—because a more party-ridden home government and a deteriorated body of local administrators. It weakens what was really the strong point of the existing system, and gives us nothing strong in its place. It hardly touches any admitted defects. It spoils what is good and leaves unremedied what is bad. If any one desire thoroughly to acquaint himself with the pernicious effect of party influences on the government of India, he should turn to Mr. Tucker's "*Memorials of Indian Government*,"—a collection of masterly papers, distinguished by as much high principle as solid sense—by as large a practical knowledge of all the subjects discussed as by power and facility of expression. We do not think that there is any volume extant which treats so largely of the practicalities of Indian government, and there is not one that inculcates so forcibly the necessity of keeping India beyond the reach of the baneful influence of party.

But we are not without a hope that something good may come out of the new interest—if, indeed, it be a reality—which has been awakened in favour of the affairs of our Indian possessions. We need not say that we differ from those energetic reformers, known as the "*Young India*" party, who denounce the atrocities of the Company's government and clamour loudly for its total extinction. But we do not think that this activity will be wholly without its uses. We cannot say, with reference to the general demeanour of the House of Commons during the recent debates on the New India Bill, that anything more than a very languid kind of interest has been excited. Excepting on rare occasions, as when, for example, Macaulay or D'Israeli was addressing the House, or Bright was indulging in some biting personalities, the attendance has been meagre, and the attention distracted. It cannot yet be said that Parliament has begun to interest itself in Indian affairs. But there is an increasing number of men in the House who take a deep individual interest in affairs of Indian government. Some of these at least are men of moderate views and high character, as Mr. Thomas Baring, Mr. Monkton Milnes, Lord Jocelyn, and Mr. Vernon Smith—men whose judgment neither party nor prejudice can obscure. These differ greatly from the "*Young India*" conclave; but "*Young India*," as we have said, has its uses.

Though there is evil in unhealthy excitement of any kind, we

cannot help thinking that there is an unhealthy torpor, which is even a worse symptom. Incessant agitation, for agitation's sake, would be both mischievous and absurd. But Parliamentary vigilance is greatly to be desired; and it were well that the Legislature should never forget that we *have* vast Indian possessions. Much has been said about the advantage of a Government directly responsible to Parliament. But what benefit is there in responsibility to a *Parliament knowing nothing and caring nothing about India*? The first thing for Parliament to do is to reform itself. If our senators would take more interest in Indian affairs, India would, doubtless, be better governed.

We rejoice, therefore, in the activity of the "Young India" party. We hope that they will add to their numbers and prosecute their studies with unwearying perseverance. We are certain that the first effect of increased knowledge of the subject will be the increased moderation of their views. If they continue, as we trust they will, to publish "India Reform Tracts," and to make speeches in Parliament, we feel assured that each succeeding Session will show how increased knowledge brings increased humility and increased toleration; and how increased humility and increased toleration will bring with them an increase of power. They are for the most part men of ability, and we are bound to believe of strong and sincere convictions, and it is only because they are wanting in moderation that they are without influence in the House.

Our observations have been entirely of a practical kind, and have related almost exclusively to the provisions of the New Bill. We are well aware that all the higher points of interest arising out of the great condition-of-India question have been left untouched. Nothing has been said by us about the education—nothing about the evangelisation of the natives of India, because little or nothing has been said about these great things in the debates to which we have alluded, and the Bill, which is the especial subject of our inquiry, is altogether silent about them. We hope before long to have an opportunity of doing greater justice to these important themes than could be done in such an article as this. It is admitted by all who have given their attention to the subject, by Mr. Marshman, by Mr. Kaye, and other writers, that the sums expended by the Indian Government on the education of the people is grievously small in proportion both to the extent of the population and the revenues of the state. If Parliament will take upon itself to control the Indian minister, and to prevent the continual perpetration of ruinous wars, the East India Company will have more money to spend upon the education of the natives, and will not, we trust, be unwilling to spend it. In the meanwhile, it is not to be denied that the Government

educational institutions have done something, at least in the large towns, to diffuse among the higher classes of natives the light of European learning, and that similar establishments, supported by private individuals or associations, have exerted themselves also, with immense success, in the great cause.\* We hope that the time is not far distant when there will be but one uniform system of education in all the schools, whether supported by Government or by missionary bodies, throughout the whole of India—when it will no longer be thought a dangerous innovation to suffer Scripture truths to be taught openly to the children of Hindoo and Mahomedan parents. Already in this respect is a striking change visible in the views of men holding authority. Worthy hopes are taking the place of unworthy fears. The gospel, and the teachers of the gospel, are venerated in high places. Though “the Camp” stands out boldly in the foreground of Anglo-Indian life, the “Mission” is not wholly obscured.† Never, indeed, has there been juster ground for a hopeful assurance that all things are tending towards the emancipation of the heathen in India from the chains of ignorance and superstition by which they have so long been bound.

Cautious it is always necessary to be; but caution must not be suffered to degenerate into timidity. There is “a stretched out arm” that will always protect us so long as we dare to do

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\* We may quote here with much gratification, Mr. Kaye’s notice of the rise and progress of what is now the Institution of the Free Church of Scotland in Calcutta. —“It was in the month of May 1830, that Alexander Duff, a minister of the Church of Scotland, arrived at Calcutta. He was then a very young man, but his wisdom was far in advance of his years. Never was purer zeal—never sturdier energy devoted to a high and holy calling. He went out to India charged by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland with the duty of establishing an educational institution for the purpose of conferring on native youths all the advantages of a sound and comprehensive European education—an education, indeed, of the highest order, ‘in inseparable conjunction with the principles of the Christian faith.’ It was a great experiment—a few years before it would have been a dangerous one. But Duff never so regarded it. He began his work; and he waited. He opened his school with seven pupils; and ere long he had 1200. There was never any reservation on the part of Duff and his associates. It was openly and unequivocally avowed that the Holy Scriptures were taught in the schools. But the native children came freely to the Christian institution, and regarded their Christian teachers with affection. There are missionary schools scattered over all parts of India, and freely the children come to be taught, but there is not one which, either for the magnitude or for the success of the experiment, can be compared with those presided over by Duff and his associates. Bombay and Madras share worthily in these honours; and the educational achievements of their Scotch divines deserve to be held in lasting remembrance.”

† In Mrs. Colin Mackenzie’s very interesting work, “The Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana,” the reader will find much very important and novel information relative to some of our principal missionary establishments, especially those connected with Scotland. The book is obviously that of a very intelligent lady, who has seen much and thought much, whose sympathies are always in the right direction, and who does not abstain from the expression of her strong convictions. It is a very important contribution to our stores of Anglo-Indian literature.

right. We may not have been altogether unprofitable servants, but we have an account of our stewardship still to render, and we have not yet acquitted ourselves of the great debt of gratitude to Providence for the mighty things that have been wrought in our behalf. Our Indian Empire, it has been truly said, is the admiration and envy of the European world.

"There is not," continues Mr. Kaye, "a foreign State that does not wonder at the marvellous success which has attended, not only the progress of our arms, but the progress of our administration. France, under the burden and the trouble of a new Empire in Algeria, seeks counsel from the East India Company as to the true mode of governing Mahomedan subjects. Austria looks on with respectful wonder, gravely confessing a right understanding of all the elements of our national grandeur, except our marvellous Empire in the East. Prussia sends forth her princes to see the great marvel for themselves, and to tell on their return how we conquer kingdoms and how we retain them. Russia, with ill-disguised chagrin, tries to believe the falsehoods of our enemies, and yet knows in her inmost heart what is the wisdom and beneficence of our rule. The marvel and the mystery are more patent to stranger eyes than to our own. We think too little of the mighty Providence which, out of a petty mercantile adventure, has evolved the grandest fact recorded in the History of the World.

"We should never close our eyes against the great truth of this mysterious interference. It should enter largely into all our thoughts of the practicalities of Indian administration. The face of God has never yet been turned away from us save when we have done manifestly wrong. Often, in the weakness of our faith, we have doubted and hesitated; we have given ourselves up to petty shifts and temporary expedients, only to find that the very essence of political wisdom is to dare to do right. When that large-minded director of the Company, Charles Grant, declared that 'if from unworthy fears we should disavow our religion, he should fear that the Great Author of that religion would be provoked to withdraw his protection there from us,' he uttered sentiments which, forty years ago, were declared to be those only of an amiable fanatic. But what was once believed to be the wild mouth-ing of enthusiasm, is now looked upon as the language of calm and authoritative reason. Since our Indian statesmen and soldiers began to take more solemn views of their duties as Christian men, and the Directors of the Company have recognised more clearly and more gratefully the wonderful interposition of Providence in their behalf, they have achieved an amount of practical success such as never attended their efforts, when they suffered manifold idle fears and vain vaticinations to arrest the stream of Indian Progress."—*Administration of the East India Company*, pp. 661, 662.

There is not a passage in the volume from which this extract is taken, which more commands an unreserved assent. The very essence of political wisdom is to dare to do right.

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